

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING:
A MISCELLANY
OF
MISSIONARY INFORMATION
FOR YOUNG PERSONS.
VOL. I.
FOR THE YEAR MDCCCXLIV.



LONDON:
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PREFACE.

At the completion of the first volume of the "Wesleyan Juvenile Offering," it becomes the grateful task of the Editor to express his satisfaction with the very wide circulation it has obtained, and the benefit which has resulted to the great cause of Christian Missions among the Heathen by the information which has thus been so extensively diffused among those young persons who, by their character and position, are the hope of the church and of the world. May our young friends, each in their several spheres, become "wise to win souls," by giving and collecting for the support of Missions, and, as Providence and grace may indicate, by becoming themselves messengers of God's mercy—Missionaries—to the heathen world !

Our best thanks are also due to those Missionaries at home and abroad who have contributed the most interesting portion of the contents of this volume ; also to James Backhouse, Esq., and other authors, who have permitted us to make free use of their valuable publications for the information of our young readers. With such encouragements as we have had, it only remains for us to persevere. This we will do to the best of our ability ; and we trust that our young friends also will persevere, until, in the con-

version of the whole world to Christ, "God's work shall appear unto his servants, and his glory unto their children; and the beauty of the Lord our God shall be upon us."

*Wesleyan Centenary Hall and Mission-House,
Bishopsgate-Street-Within,
London, November 20th, 1844.*

. IN our Number for January, 1845, we hope to give a small wood-cut from Mr. Baxter's new and splendid coloured engraving of the "Landing at Taranaki." It is illustrative of a very interesting incident in the Missionary life of the late Rev. John Waterhouse. He had accompanied the Rev. Charles Creed and Mrs. Creed to Taranaki, in New-Zealand, and had landed to receive and introduce them. When the women saw Mrs. Creed in the boat, they cried, "O mother, O mother," and, rushing into the sea, carried her in triumph to the shore. We do not doubt; many of the friends of Mr. Waterhouse will eagerly purchase Mr. Baxter's beautiful picture.

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TO OUR YOUNG READERS.

GREAT interest has lately been excited among our young friends in behalf of the Missions of the Wesleyan Missionary Society ; and the happy results are now seen in their liberal contributions and zealous efforts on behalf of the "Christmas and New-Year's Offering."

It has been suggested to us by several correspondents, that we should take this opportunity of affording to our juvenile Subscribers and Collectors some Missionary Information, as an acknowledgment of their past services, and as an incentive to future exertion.

We had previously been discussing the expediency of commencing a Missionary Miscellany for our young people ; and, on due consideration, we have resolved to do it now, and to *present to each Juvenile Collector a copy of the First Number.*

The Second Number, for February, with which you may be supplied through any Bookseller or Wesleyan Minister, *will be sold for One Penny* ; and we hope you will not think it dear.

We intend to describe the different countries where the Missionaries live and preach. We shall give some account of the foolish and wicked customs of the poor Heathen. We shall tell you how some of them have been converted to God, and how much happier they are as Christians, than

when they were Heathens. We shall also tell you about the Schools for their children,—and various other things which you may like to know, in order to make you love the Missionaries, and encourage you to continue and increase your efforts for them, that they may have the opportunity of preaching to the ignorant and lost.

There are Missionaries in some countries which are not literally Heathen ; such as Ireland and France. We shall tell you about these countries, and what the Missionaries are doing there.

We shall give you some interesting information concerning our Missionary Ship, and the countries which it has visited, and concerning the dangers by sea and land to which the Missionaries are sometimes exposed. Occasionally, we shall introduce one or two *wood-cuts*, and, indeed, shall spare no pains to make you like our little book.

Wesleyan Mission-House, London, Jan. 20th, 1844.



JUVENILE MISSIONARY OFFERINGS FOR THE YEAR 1843, MADE AT CHRISTMAS, OR EARLY IN JANUARY, 1844.

THE General Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society cannot send Missionaries to heathen lands without money. They have to pay money for their passage on board ship, sometimes as much as One Hundred Pounds for one Missionary ; and they have to give to the Missionary Clothes and Books, and Beds, and Tables, and Chairs, and Knives and Forks, and Pots and Pans, to take with him to some heathen countries, such as West Africa and New-Zealand, as he would not be able to buy them from the people of those countries.

During the last seven years or more, so many Missionaries were sent out, that the Committee did not get money enough to pay all their expenses. Whilst they were at a loss what to do, about two years ago, they thought they would ask the children and young people to give something for the Missionaries, and to beg something for them from their parents and friends and play-fellows. This was

done so kindly and heartily, that more than Seven Thousand Pounds were received in two years, as "Juvenile Christmas Offerings."

The Committee requested that the children and young people would again assist them, at the last Christmas also. They have done so very gladly, and next month we hope to be able to tell you how much has been sent to us by the children of this Christian country, to enable our Missionaries to go to the poor Heathen, and teach them and their children the way of salvation by Jesus Christ.

The following are a few of the letters which the General Missionary Secretaries in London have received on this subject. Every one who reads them should be happy to think that so much good is done, and should be determined, by the blessing of God, to give some help to so good a cause.

"I ENCLOSE you £5, the Juvenile Christmas and New-Year's Offerings to the Missionary Fund, for this poor Circuit.

"I am glad that your Committee had the moral courage not to withdraw any man in the foreign work, from any useful field of labour already occupied, nor decline attending to those loud and pressing calls from heathen lands where Providence has so manifestly opened our way, and obviously invites or commands us to enter upon the glorious work. And I can have little doubt that the call will be responded to, by the Connexion, to the Committee's satisfaction, the honour of Methodism, the promotion and extension of the good work, and the glory of God, and the consequent triumphs of the Saviour, in the spread of the Gospel, and the conversion of immortal souls.

"Tullamore, Ireland."

W. CROOK."

"I SEND you a Post-Office Order for five pounds, as the result of the effort made in this town in behalf of the Juvenile Christmas Offering. There were forty young persons engaged in the good work; and it was truly delightful to witness the joy which beamed in every countenance on New-Year's day, while the money was being presented. I preached to the children first, and then took in the collections. Some of the children were only two years of age. I may receive a few shillings more, and can add them to my subscription-list. It occurred to me, since your last Circular arrived, that the collection at the early service on Christmas morning, in every chapel throughout the Connexion, should be devoted to the same hallowed object. I do not think any Steward in the Connexion would object; and the additional sum of perhaps One Thousand Pounds would be of great advantage.

If spared, I purpose acting on the plan next year. What more appropriate time for presenting an early gift, in token of gratitude to Him who presented himself, on that morning, as His subscription to save the world, and make it truly rich ?

"Tralee, Ireland."

W. G. CAMPBELL."

"It was most pleasing to witness the interest which the children in Montrose manifested. One little girl, who came to me for a Card, said she wept when her brother and sister got one the previous year, and she was not allowed to have one.

"Montrose."

D. EDGAR."

"I HAVE great pleasure in informing you, that this Circuit has done better with the Christmas Cards than last year: then the amount raised was under Three Pounds; this year we have raised Sixteen Pounds, twelve shillings. This sum (deducting one shilling, the cost of sending it) I have this day paid into the Wolverhampton and Staffordshire Bank.

"Wolverhampton."

JOHN GEDEN."



NEGAPATAM.

Extract of a Letter from Mrs. Batchelor, Wife of the Rev. Peter Batchelor, Missionary in the East Indies.

HAVING, in the communication with which you favoured me some months since, requested to be made acquainted from time to time with the prosperity of the girls' school in Negapatam, I now perform that pleasing duty. Twelve months having elapsed since its commencement, we have had sufficient time to observe its working after the novelty had passed away. I am, therefore, happy to inform you, that the numbers continue about the same, though our labours have, in a great measure, been confined to the imparting of instruction in the Tamul language only. This has arisen, partly from the fluctuating state of the East Indian population, and partly from bigoted opposition. On this account, however, we have little concern, considering that Hindoo children possess the first claim to our time and attention. We feel more strongly, each succeeding moment, the imperative duty laid on us to do all we can to raise the condition of these poor creatures, and long for the dawn of that day when the whole female population of India shall be accessible to instruction.

Had we skill to paint in colours sufficiently strong the state of mental darkness and degradation in which the females of India are at present found, we imagine the Christian women of England would be more importunate at a throne of grace in their behalf, and more self-denying in their contributions for the purpose of "Female Education in the East." From the young bride of six or eight years, to the bald-headed widow of sixty or seventy, they may in a great measure be said to "groan, being in bondage."

The Hindoo wife is never regarded as a companion for her husband ; and the following remarks, made by an intelligent Christian native on the subject, will serve to exemplify this fact :—" We go," said he, " into the house of an European, and we find him advising with his wife about his various concerns, and by this interchange of confidence unburdening his mind. We return to our own homes, and we painfully feel that the females, to whom we are and must be united, cannot be made acquainted with our affairs ; we cannot ask their advice, or make them our confidants." And the case of a Hindoo widow is still worse : she is amongst the most unfortunate of beings ; the loss of her husband being considered as a punishment for sins committed in a former birth ; and she is accordingly regarded with horror and detestation by all her friends. Never again permitted to mix with her relations and acquaintance, as formerly, after having her head shaved, and the marriage-token cut asunder, she is appointed to the menial work in the family. Her children are placed under the guidance of her deceased husband's nearest male relative ; and the only food she receives is what the others leave. The following are some of the lamentations uttered by these unfortunate ones :—

" My beloved, you have left me ; you have left me, and I stand desolate among the jovial women ! The time is come when I must be cast out ! The hair that was once decked with flowers, must now be covered with dust ! The string of the marriage token is snapped asunder, and I must stand desolate in the streets ! Whom will my children call father ? I am a solitary sinner ; what shall I do ? Why have you departed, my king, the apple of my eye ? Why have you left me alone ? The marriage-cloth is not creased ; the flowers with which my hair was decked are unfaded ; the wreath of flowers adorning my neck are still in their beauty ; the jessamines have lost none of their odour ; but you have left me alone, and I have no more pleasure in life !"—What breast is there that will not heave a sigh at the recital of such miseries ? What heart is there that will not beat with pity ? and what lips which will not utter the prayer ;—

" Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man ? "

The boarders in our native female school amount at present to eighteen ; and we flatter ourselves that the progress they have made in their studies, as also in needle-work, is good. Our esteemed friend, the Rev. T. Cryer, examined the school a few weeks since ; and, we believe, he considered the advancement of the children to be satisfactory. We have also the two elder daughters of Mr. Franklin with us. May the blessing of our heavenly Father rest upon our humble endeavours, and may we be enabled to go on and prosper.

I received from the Misses Roberts a supply of German wool, which was very acceptable.

I am exceedingly obliged by the promise of patterns, &c. Intelligence from respected and beloved English friends always gladdens my heart. Perhaps you will allow me to mention, that slate-pencils, needles, pins, cottons, remnants of print, for making native girls' jackets, scissars, &c., will be thankfully received.

Negapatam, Nov. 7th, 1843.

M. BATCHELOR.



KAFFER CHILDREN.

THE Rev. William Shaw, Missionary in South Africa, in a letter dated June 13th, 1828, says, "This day, according to previous appointment, we held a public examination of the children of our school. They were assembled in the chapel about eleven o'clock A. M.; when, after singing and prayer, about twenty-nine of the children recited portions of Scripture in a manner highly honourable to themselves, and creditable to the master, Mr. Roberts. The first and second chapters of Genesis, part of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, part of the Catechism, a hymn on the creation, one on redemption, and another to the Trinity, were successively repeated by the children in the Kaffer language. A Hottentot boy also repeated, in an interesting manner, a Dutch hymn; and three Kaffer girls, who reside in our house, Konki, Gobati, and Nonooshi, (the two former, daughters of Chiefs,) repeated, with a correct pronunciation, the following verses, which Mrs. Shaw had written for the occasion :—

KONKI.

God the Father reigns above,
But to us makes known his love;
He has sent his holy word;
Let us, therefore, praise the Lord.

GOBATI.

Jesus Christ has shed his blood,
To bring us Kaffers back to God:
He has sent his Spirit down,
To make soft our hearts of stone.

NONOOSHI.

But will Kaffers find a place
In the kingdom of his grace?
Is it written in his word,
We shall dwell with Christ and God?

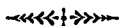
KONKI.

O yes; if we seek the Lord,
It is written in his word,—
Black and white shall all sit down
In the kingdom of his Son.

"Two English youths, who are here training as Government Interpreters, also recited on the occasion a portion of the Scriptures in the Kaffer language. The Chiefs, Pato, Kama, and Congo, were present, and a number of the natives. When the Chiefs heard their own children reciting the Scriptures, they appeared to be much affected. Mr. Young, who had come from Mount Coke, addressed the children; and, at the close of his exhortation, Kama spoke to the following effect:—'The children have done well: I am glad to hear them. We must all learn to know this great word; and it is right that the children learn to read it.' Congo then addressed the children, and said, 'Children, learn ye; make haste to learn; do not be ashamed; it is a great thing to know how to read and write. We old people, your fathers, would be glad to learn; but we are stupid: therefore I say, learn ye; and we shall hear from you this good news of God.' Pato then concluded all in the true Kaffer form, by saying, *Inkos! inkos!* (that is, 'thanks! thanks!') 'I thank you that you came to me and my people: we were in the dark, but I see the light is now among us. Go on and teach; never be tired, though we are a bad people,—a people without ears. Children, you must learn; neither the tending of calves, nor any thing else, must hinder you.' About sixty children were present.

"Let the young in our favoured land bless God for their privileges, and pray for the poor Heathen. Sad, indeed, will it be, if the Kaffers should rise up in judgment against them; if, while they are saved, the children of Britain, or the reader, should be cast into outer darkness."

The Rev. Samuel Young adds: "Four years afterwards, Gobati and Nonooshi were converted to God under my ministry, and baptized by me at Wesleyville."



GRENADA.

I AM happy to inform you, that our new chapel at La Baye, in this island, is now completed, and that the liberality of the friends of Missions in this country has enabled us to meet the entire cost of the erection, so that there is no debt incurred. I enclose to you a rough and hasty sketch of the little sanctuary; and I propose the following account of the island and the Mission to accompany it.

Grenada is the most southerly of the Antilles, or the last of that range of islands in the West Indies, generally denominated the Caribbees, and lies only about eighty miles distant from Trinidad, and the Spanish Main. It is situated between the parallels of 12° 20' and 11° 58' north latitude, and 61° 20' and 61° 35' west longitude. It is about thirty miles long, and about fifteen broad. The scenery is every where grand and romantic. The

soil, though not so rich as that of Demerara and Trinidad, is of a fair quality, and well calculated for the growth of all kinds of tropical productions. The staple articles of produce, at present, are sugar, coffee, cocoa, and cotton. Sugar is, however, the chief, though it has been declining of late years. The natives cultivate and bring to market large quantities of ground provisions, such as yams, plantains, cabbages, and onions, as well as poultry, &c. The sugar cultivation generally extends a considerable distance inland from the sea shore, all round the island; but vast tracks of excellent land in the mountains still remain in native forest. This land would well repay the toil of the agriculturist; but the general complaint is want of more labourers. In the middle of the island, on one of the highest mountains, there is a beautiful lake of considerable dimensions. It has every appearance of a crater, and affords evidence that this was once a volcano. The water is good, and though there is no apparent outlet from the lake, it is no doubt the real source of most of the beautiful rivers which water this island, as they take their rise in a number of small streams which issue from the side of the mountain. No fishes are known to live in the lake, though they have been placed there repeatedly; yet the rivers of this island, as well as the sea-coast, abound with fish of the most excellent kind. St. George's, the capital, stands on the west side of the island, and is favoured with a superior harbour. The bay affords good anchorage for shipping, and the carenage is so well defended, that a fleet might shelter with perfect safety, in a storm. The town is generally well built with stone and brick. It is divided into two compartments by a high ridge, which terminates with Fort George, facing the sea. This ridge, and the sloping nature of the ground in every direction, cause the streets to be very hilly. Though this is an inconvenience to the inhabitants, it adds greatly to the beauty of the scenery. In fact I have seen nothing to surpass it in the West Indies. The town forms a perfect amphitheatre, terminating in beautiful patches of land, interspersed with cocoa-nut trees, &c., towards Hospital-Hill on the one hand, and Richmond-Hill on the other. These heights are mounted with strong fortifications, and on the one last named the barracks for the troops are situated. This island is now one of the general depôts of the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company. Sometimes three or four of the large steamers are floating in the carenage at once, which gives a liveliness to the place truly pleasing, and which cannot fail to benefit the colony.

Christopher Columbus, during his third voyage, in 1498, discovered Grenada, and found it fully occupied by a warlike race, the Caribbs. In 1650 two hundred French adventurers, from Martinique, colonized the island, and professed to make a purchase of it, by presenting to the natives *some knives and hatchets, a quantity of glass beads, and two bottles of brandy for the Chief him-*

self. Within eight months a war of extermination was commenced against the much-wronged Caribbs; in one expedition forty of them were massacred on the spot; forty others cast themselves headlong into the sea, and perished; and a beautiful girl, who became the subject of dispute between two of the officers, was shot through the head by a third, in order to put an end to the contest. Such are the wrongs which persons professing to be Christians inflicted on poor heathen Caribbs! What a heavy debt does the Christian church owe to the heathen world! And can it be paid, but by sending them the Missionaries who shall teach them the worship of the one true God, and the way to salvation and happiness by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ?

In 1763 this beautiful island was taken by the British, and was afterwards confirmed to us by treaty. In 1779 it was re-taken by the French, and was restored to the British again by the peace of 1783. A formidable insurrection occurred in 1795, on which occasion the French from Martinique joined the rebels; so that the island was not confirmed to the quiet possession of the British till the 19th of June, 1796. Since that period a gradual improvement has been going on in every department of society. It is matter of regret, however, that the moral and spiritual welfare of the people has been much neglected. The island has been divided into six parishes; St. George's, St. David's, St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's, St. Mark's, and St. John's. But, alas! they have most of them for years been parishes without Preachers, and the benighted inhabitants have been almost entirely given up to the superstitions of Popery and Heathenism.

In the year 1788 the Wesleyan Missionaries commenced their labours in this island; and though they had to contend with many difficulties, they were favoured with some degree of success. They found the Negroes in a great measure ignorant of the English language; and the Creole-French, in general use, was such a barbarous jargon, that scarcely any religious instruction could be conveyed by it. By persevering exertions, however, the Missionaries succeeded in forming societies, not only in town, but on two or three estates in the neighbourhood. They were warmly encouraged and supported by a few influential planters, who highly valued our labours, and who earnestly desired the instruction of their slaves, even in those days of darkness. Thus was the foundation of a good work laid in this interesting portion of the Mission-field.

Grenada, June 11th, 1842.

WILLIAM MOISTER.

The concluding part of Mr. Moister's account of Grenada will appear in the February Number, with a wood-cut of La-Baye chapel.



THE NEGRO TEACHER AND HER PUPIL.

OUR young readers have doubtless been led to believe that they are much more clever than the little Negroes of Africa and the West Indies; and the inference intended to be drawn is, that therefore it is to very little purpose to collect and give, in order that those may be taught who are so dull and slow to learn. If the fact were so, we could not allow the inference; but our Missionaries deny the fact. In those dreadful days when the Negro children were born slaves, and therefore did not belong to their parents, but to their masters, one of the Missionaries established a Sunday-school in a village where he resided, and a *few* of the slave-children were permitted to attend. One of them was the child of a domestic slave in the house where the Missionary lodged; and, though but a mere infant, she soon learned her letters. This was to her so delightful, that she wished to teach another child in the same house as far as she had learned; and she found her, as most children are, in need of a help to her memory. She therefore tried to connect the name of the unknown letters with any thing known to herself and her little scholar. In the case of the letter T, she seized the drink with which her kind mistress supplied them for breakfast in the morning; which, though generally known as *tea*, was only warm water and sugar. In order to quicken the dulness of her pupil, she asked, "What da you get in a morning fo you bruffast now?" The answer, however, was not what she expected,—*Tea*,—but, "*Warm water and sugar.*" But, nothing daunted at this disappointment, she said, with great gravity, "No, *Tea*; and da wha dem do call da letter: he name *Tea*." This will make our young readers smile; but it will not be at the ignorance or dulness of the infant schoolmistress; and probably they will conclude, that money will not be thrown away in teaching such children to read that word which, we hope, will "make them wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

Newbury, January 17th, 1844.

G. JACKSON.

 NEGRO CHILDREN.

1. *The power of conscience exhibited in a little black Negro child.*—A girl of very tender years was receiving instruction from one of her young mistresses, who was, and still continues, a faithful member of the Wesleyan society; and when the eighth commandment was explained to her, she immediately burst into a flood of tears, and ran away as fast as she could, quite regardless of the calls of her instructress to return. After her absence for a little time, and while her mistress sat wondering what could be the meaning of the child's conduct, she returned with some small

article in one of her hands ; and acknowledged she had been guilty, in taking from one of her mistresses that to which she had no right.

2. *The anxiety of the children in the West Indies to obtain instruction, and their capabilities to acquire knowledge, are proved in many ways.*—Now that they possess what all English children and people very much enjoy,—liberty, it is no uncommon sight to behold them, with their black faces and white dresses, at an early hour in the morning, going, with their dinners in a little pail in one hand, and books in the other, some two or three miles, to schools kept by steady, industrious men and women, which are very common in most of the islands. Their parents, now the *free* peasantry of the Islands, are very forward to procure little books for their children, which they purchase at the stores where different articles of dress are sold. I have, on many occasions, seen these little folks carrying water or a tray of goods on their heads ; and while the burden is carefully preserved with one hand, in the other a book is seen, which they study as they trudge along. Many of them are not a whit behind our children at home, in being apt to learn ; although some old-fashioned folks were accustomed to say and think otherwise. In an evening-school which I established for the instruction of the young, we had a lad (who was then a slave) that had never possessed advantages which some enjoyed ; and I have good reason to believe that he was treated very unkindly, and often beaten, as many used to be in those days. This boy possessed very peculiar features ; and I suppose that if some would-be-wise men had seen him, they would have classed him in near relation to the monkey tribe, and declared him unable to learn. But these learned gentlemen have often been in error. Out of nearly an hundred children taught in this school, none possessed the quickness of memory displayed by this boy, who very soon acquired the whole of our First Catechism. And many, many such delightful instances have been witnessed by the Missionaries of different denominations.

Chelmsford, January 16th, 1844.

JAMES ALDIS.



IMPORTANCE OF TRUTH.

WHEN the Missionary is far away in the land of the Heathen, he meets with many trials and discouragements ; but he has also comforts peculiar to himself. Though far from kindred and country, he is not alone : his heavenly Master is with him, to cheer and sustain him. Amidst surrounding wickedness, he can turn to those who have been brought out of darkness into marvellous light, and mark in them, with glowing feelings, the development of the image of his Saviour, as they grow in grace.

The disciple whom Jesus loved, when writing to his beloved Gaius, says, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth." Such was the joy of him who now pens these few words for his young friends who love the Mission cause. When one day he rode to a sugar estate in one of the West India islands, in order to visit some of the people of his charge, the Overseer of the property, pointing to one of the Negroes, said, "There is a man who never deceived me. I have known him intimately for seven years; and, during that time, *I have never known him tell a lie*. I wish I could say that of them all. He is an invaluable man; I do not know how I could do without him."

Such a testimony from one who made no pretension of the fear of God, and who was not likely to say such things of the newly-enfranchised slave, without good reason, was very cheering.

When this worthy Negro used to speak of what the Gospel had done for him, his eyes sparkled with joy. Before he heard the Missionaries preach, he would say, "I was like the stupid beast in the pasture, and was guilty of every sin; but now, blessed be God! I am happy in my Saviour." As a Leader of a class he was very useful in the society to which he belonged. His established character and well-known integrity gave him great influence, which he employed for the glory of his Lord among those who had been his fellow-bondsmen. Perhaps by and by some other good things may be told you about him. We only refer, at this time, to his love and practice of the truth.

No sin is more hateful to God, or more injurious to men, than the sin of lying; and yet it prevails all over the heathen world. O, what is to become of the Heathen, seeing that "all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone?" My dear young reader, do you fear a lie, and love the truth? Do you pray, that God may send out his light and truth into all the world? Will you try to do something to help in sending the Bible and the Missionary to the poor Heathen, that they may be led into the way of truth, and be saved? Nothing but the Gospel can save them. O, do send them the Gospel!

London.

PETER SAMUEL.



NEWFOUNDLAND.

EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION OF A MISSIONARY.

I AM thankful to Almighty God, that in this strange place I am alive to write to you; it is a mercy of mercies. It is now about a fortnight since I left Burin, from which I have not heard, but trust all is well. I left with a man and boat I had hired, in order that I might visit this extensive bay. We were out all the first day and night: at day-break we arrived at Newtown Sound Island; and after breakfast we sailed to Woody Island, where I

preached in the evening, and met the few members of the society. Next morning, (being Sunday,) we returned to Newtown, where I preached three times that day, baptized four children, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. On Monday, the wind being contrary, I visited some of the people, and preached in the evening.

On the 19th inst., we sailed for Harbour Buffett, Long Island, where about midnight we arrived.

On the 20th, I married a couple and preached.

21st.—I sailed from Harbour Buffett, and about noon arrived in Hay Stark, from which place we walked across the island to Spencer's Cove, and ten persons returned with us to Hay Stark, where I preached, baptized a child, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The night was so dark and stormy, that the people from Spencer's Cove had to remain at Hay Stark; and on the morning of the 22d, after I had held service, they prepared to return home, and pressed me to go with them; saying, "There is too much wind for you to put out to sea to-day." I did not like the look of the weather; and therefore consented to go with them. I said to the man in the boat, "Mr. Froome, I am going over to Spencer's Cove, and will endeavour to be back in the evening; and then we shall be ready to start in the morning: will you go with us?" He replied, "O no, I will stay here; and if the wind moderate, I will bring the boat round and call in for you." "Very well," I replied; "then you will be round early in the morning." I walked over to Spencer's Cove, and held service in the evening.

23d.—A fine morning and a fair wind; but no sign of the boat. I went upon the hill, again and again, to look out for the man and boat, but was at length informed, that he left Hay Stark shortly after we had left it. Every one wondered, that a man of his experience should attempt such a thing; but said, "There is no fear of him; for no one is better acquainted with the bay than he is. He must have gone before the wind to Arnold's Cove, or Southern Harbour; and it will take him some time to turn up, being so far to leeward. If you will just have service with us, he will be here by the time it is over." I held service, and then went upon the hill; but no sign of the boat! I said, "If four hands will row me down to the point of the island, perhaps we shall meet him, and I will get on board." They agreed to this; and when we came to the neck of the island where it is connected by a beach, I said, "There is a boat ashore." "O," said they, "she is in a good place; and the man has run her ashore and got out." But when we came nearer, we saw that her bottom was beaten out, and every thing was strewed about the land-wash. I jumped on shore the first, and went up to the boat; and O, the dreadful sight I shall never forget! There was the poor man on his knees, *dead*, in the standing-room of the boat. Her deck was all

off, and all our boxes and things smashed in pieces, and strewed about the beach. You may imagine what were my feelings, when the next man that came up fell prostrate on the beach at the sight. Owing to the wind and the weather, we have been obliged to bury the poor man here; but I have done all that the place and circumstances would allow, in giving him a decent interment. I hired men to carry me to Burin in a boat; and we were out most of yesterday, but could not make much way. I am afraid of any report getting to Burin before I do, either to my dear wife, or to the man's family.

I am astonished and humbled at the wonderful providence of God, in inducing me to go to Spencer's Cove; for in all my visiting, I never left the boat before, but always went in her wherever she went. It is almost certain, that had I been in her, we should both have been lost. In the midst of judgment, I have to sing of mercy. O, at your Missionary prayer-meetings, continue to remember us at the throne of grace. I hope shortly to see my dear wife, when more particulars, probably, will be sent to you.

Harbour-Buffett,

JAMES ENGLAND.

Placentia-Bay, Newfoundland,

September 27th, 1843.



ISLAND OF CAPE BRETON.

IN our Missionary Sabbath-school at Sydney, Cape-Breton, in British North America, a little girl about seven years of age, whose parents were Romanists, on going home one Sabbath, found her mother weeping in great distress, because they had no bread. She attempted to comfort her mother thus: "Mother," said she, "I read in my lesson at the Sabbath-school, that 'man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God.'?" The mother was comforted, and led to put her trust in God.

The younger of two little girls, whose parents were Romanists, was awakened and truly converted, and read the New Testament to her elder sister until she also obtained "peace in believing" on the Lord Jesus Christ. When the parents heard of it, they used all means to prevent them uniting with Protestants, took the Testament from the elder sister, and burnt it. But the younger concealed hers in the woods, and stole out every morning, to peruse those Scriptures which had been the means of saving her soul.

The daughter of a Romanist was converted through the instrumentality of our Missionaries; and, being on her death-bed, spoke to her father very earnestly about his soul, and prayed fervently for his salvation. Some time after he was taken ill, and began to pray. The Lord enlightened him, and showed him that he was to come to Christ alone for salvation. He became very fond of

the Holy Scriptures, read and prayed until he obtained the pardoning mercy of God. His Priest came soon after to hear him confess, and to give him absolution ; but he would have nothing to do with the Priest, for he had already received absolution from Christ. When I last visited him, he was happy in God.

A little girl in this Circuit, having attended a Missionary Meeting previous to the time for making the Christmas Juvenile Offering, held up her hand in support of a Resolution pledging to increased efforts in behalf of Missions. When she had received her Christmas Card, she told her mother that she had pledged herself to increase her efforts ; and as last year she had obtained but 2s. 6d., she must this year collect 5s. With some difficulty she realized her desire, and cheerfully presented the sum.

Ipswich.

MATTHEW CRANSWICK.



ENRIQUETA MARTINEZ.

DURING the operations of the Wesleyan Mission in Cadiz, one of the chief towns of Spain, the importance of Christian schools, for the benefit of both young and old, was often powerfully illustrated. One example may be acceptable to the readers of this *Missionary Miscellany*.

Among the children first brought for instruction to our day-school in that city, was Enriqueta Martinez, an interesting girl, about thirteen years old ; eminent above her equals in age for a fine natural disposition, and successful industry in the prosecution of her studies ; but, in common with all the natives of Spain, at that time, a Romanist. She had not been long enrolled with our pupils, when her father died suddenly, but without any saving knowledge of Jesus Christ ; and her widowed mother was left with herself and one brother, a youth of about eighteen.—heedless, like the Spaniards in general, of all that is good. Enriqueta then became the stay of her mother, whose whole heart seemed to be absorbed in promoting her happiness and advancement in the world.

I well remember, that, shortly after that event, I was one afternoon endeavouring to arouse a Bible-class, of which she was a member, to a concern for the salvation of their souls ; and was dwelling with delight on the blessed work in which our heavenly Master employed Peter, when he made him a fisher of men. "Would to God," said I, "that I could fish up some of you out of the sea of guilt and danger : where, it is to be feared, many of you will be lost for ever ! Which of you is willing to devote herself to Jesus ?" No one answered *then* ; but the stirring of conscience was apparent in some of their countenances. However, as I had but too often made fruitless appeals to men, women, and children,—and that in England, as well as Spain,—I scarcely

ventured to hope that the invitation would have been accepted more readily by those little girls than by others; not knowing that God had lodged that word in Enriqueta's heart, and by his Holy Spirit was pleading with her from day to day, that she should devote herself to him, and openly renounce the follies of the world, and the idolatrous superstition of her country.

Having consulted her dear mother, she came to the Mission-house one day, after school-hours, and requested an interview with me. It was some time before she could overcome deep emotion; but at last she said, "O, Sir, I could wish to become a Protestant,—a Methodist! Might this be permitted?" After speaking of the way of salvation for the penitent by faith in Christ, I advised her to seek first the approbation of her mother, that, if possible, they might be of one mind in so important an affair as that of her professing herself a Protestant. But she had already done so; and not only did *she* join a class, consisting of English persons, members of my family, (in which the language was changed for her accommodation,) but *her mother* attended with her, first to see and hear, and then to feel and speak for herself. Others were won by her conversation and example; and, in no very long time, twenty-five native Spaniards received class-tickets, as members of our church.

Here, I believe, was the first converted Spaniard who spontaneously joined us in Christian communion, in Spain itself; and this a child. Men and women followed forthwith; and the Lord himself came into the midst of our little assemblies. Such another was the captive maid by whose means Naaman the leper was brought to hear of God, and to be healed; and such are many other children at this day, whom the Father of mercies has taken into his arms to bless, and to make them a blessing. God honours them, and constrains us to love and care for them, and to invite them to learn how to join us in every good work of which they may be capable; and it adds greatly to our joy, when we see our dear children walking in the truth,—being made one family, the whole world over, in the love of the Redeemer.

Lynn, January 16th, 1844.

W H. RULE.



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THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.
FEBRUARY, 1844.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY OFFERINGS, FOR THE
YEAR 1843, MADE AT THE LAST CHRISTMAS,
OR EARLY IN JANUARY, 1844.

OUR young Readers will be glad to know, that their recent efforts in collecting for the Missions have succeeded to the extent of about *Three Thousand Five Hundred Pounds*, of which more than Four Hundred and Fifty Pounds were obtained from Ireland. The Juvenile Missionary Offerings already received at the Mission-House, have reached to nearly that amount ; and we expect that the balances yet to be remitted will make up the remainder. By this noble and spirited effort, the Funds of the Society have been greatly assisted ; and the Committee are cheered in their anxious and arduous work. We hope that, *throughout the year*, many of our young friends will both collect and give for the support of the Missions ; and we are sure, that if they read the "Wesleyan Juvenile Offering," they will be fully convinced that Missionaries are much needed in many parts of the world ; and that in those countries where Missionaries are already employed, they are made a great blessing to the people, both old and young.

LETTER FROM AN OLD MISSIONARY.

I GREATLY rejoice to learn, that you contemplate the establishment of a Missionary Periodical for our children ; for I am persuaded that we have never yet sufficiently interested them in the cause of Foreign Missions. What can be more delightful, than for the successors of those who were received by the Saviour, because "of such is the kingdom of God," to be, "one and all," interested in the extension of that kingdom ? What more advantageous, than that our children should join his triumph, and

cry, "Hosannah to the Son of David?" Human nature, however, is much the same now as then; and "successors" will doubtless be found, both to the opposing disciples, and the contemptuous scribes and Pharisees. What the "children" say, and what they do, will offend both professed friends, and open foes; but we have the answer supplied by the prophetic Psalmist, and by him who was both David's Son and David's Lord:—"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger." (Psalm viii. 2, compared with Matt. xxi. 16.) Let the "babes" work, and they will thus best refute the opposition of the sceptics.

I have seen something of this opposition, in connexion with our Christmas and New-Year's Offerings; which I trust will this year double the amount of the last. I have but recently come to this Circuit; and in some of the country places, nothing was done last year. However, I requested papers to be sent to each place, and in some instances, the effort was made with the slender hope that they "might possibly obtain a very few shillings." I returned from such a place last night; and the young lady who, almost alone, conducts the Sunday-school in one of our small country chapels, gave me 16s. from the school-children; and declared, 'twas worth all the money to see the glee with which the more successful children brought in their pence; and the interest of the scene was not decreased, by one who had been forestalled by her fellows, and had only obtained 2d., bursting into tears at her want of success. Now, Sir, in looking into the last Report, I find that the whole collection at the chapel in this village was only £1. 6s., and £1. 6s. 7d., the whole sum from our only collector. If in every such place, such an addition could be made, what a noble increase would be the result! Where this has not been attempted, it may now be too late to attempt it; of this our friends must judge; but if so, let it be borne in mind another year, and let every child "do its duty."

I rejoice that the "training system" is being introduced into our schools; but let us not forget, from the beginning, to "train" the children in the exercise of charity, as well as of their bodies and minds; and if so, our children will soon produce as much as, a few years ago, it was considered monstrous to expect from the whole Connexion. And, like ourselves, they will be all the better for this "training." The child who is taught heedlessly to squander his pence, when he becomes a man will probably squander his pounds; and, it may be,—for it has been,—disgrace his father's name, squander his property, and break his heart. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

AN OLD MISSIONARY.



ARRIVAL OF WESLEYAN MISSIONARIES IN
CEYLON.

IN June, 1814, five Wesleyan Missionaries landed at Point-de-Galle, in the Island of Ceylon. At the request of the late Lord Molesworth, they performed divine service in the Dutch Church. After the reading of the regular morning service by one of the brethren, Mr. Squance preached from 2 Corinthians x. 14. Under this first sermon preached by a Wesleyan Missionary in Asia, a respectable young man was awakened to a serious concern for the salvation of his soul; and through the further ministry of the Rev. Benjamin Clough, he was brought to the enjoyment of the peace and love of God. And such was his spiritual improvement, that, in 1817, the same young man was received by us as our first Assistant Missionary raised up in India; and he has now, for more than twenty-six years, faithfully discharged the important duties of a Minister of the Gospel.

In 1814 the first Wesleyan Mission-school was opened in Jaffnapatam, in the Island of Ceylon. Though the Dutch residents were very anxious that their female children should be taught the English language, yet, such was their pride, that they would not allow them to be in schools where black children were taught. Four little girls, however, of very respectable families, were so anxious to be taught, that, by perpetual importunity, they obtained the consent of their parents, and gladly got their names enrolled as our scholars. Their improvement in the English language, and in Christian knowledge, was very satisfactory; and, while yet young, they all became truly pious. One of them, when about sixteen years of age, died in the Lord. Two others were afterwards married to two of our most respectable Missionaries, and several years ago were joined to the church of the first-born in heaven.

JAMES LYNCH.



AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

IN the latter end of the year 1814, the Rev. Thomas H. Squance was dangerously ill at Columbo; and for some time his life was despaired of. While he was in this state, Mary Ann David, daughter of the Rev. Christian David, a native Preacher, a child about eight years of age, on coming out of her room one day, was observed by her mother to have been weeping. "Mary Ann, my dear," said her truly pious and affectionate mother, "what is the matter with you?" The question had to be repeated several times, as the child evidenced an unwillingness to mention the cause of her agitation: at last she sobbed out, "Mamma, Padre Squance will not die." "Why, my dear," said her mother,

"why do you say so?" "Mamma," replied the child, still sobbing, "I have prayed to the Lord Jesus, that he may not die; and the Lord Jesus has told me that he will not die." Just about that time he began to amend; and, thank God, he still lives.

JAMES LYNCH.



ENCOURAGEMENTS IN THE CEYLON MISSION.

IF any one were wishful to inquire into the state and prospects of the Ceylon Mission, it might be honestly and unreservedly answered, that the Wesleyan Mission there has every thing to encourage it. Not the least part of this encouragement is found in the fact, that the whole of the country is open to Missionary enterprise. The Missionary can go into any part of the country he may choose, and preach the Gospel of Christ without let or hindrance. Although the doctrines of the Gospel stand as directly opposed to the system of Heathenism, which forms the religion of Ceylon, as any thing could possibly do; yet the Missionary seldom, or never, finds much difficulty in getting an opportunity of preaching the Gospel in any part of the country. Many things may have concurred thus to clear his way amongst the natives; but, from whatever it may arise, whether from the public sanction and encouragement given to the Mission by the Government of the country, or whether from a notion universally prevalent, that there is scarcely any religion in the world in which some truth is not to be found,—from whatever cause it may spring, it is certainly a very cheering fact, that the Missionary has free access to every part of the land, and is held also in the highest respect by the natives of every class. It is no uncommon thing to find the Missionaries preaching the Gospel, and distributing religious tracts, to the crowds of Heathens who assemble together at their great festivals.

Another encouraging fact, which ought to be remembered, is, that the whole of the sacred Scriptures have long ago been translated into the languages of that country; and, besides, there are not less than twenty thousand children, who are educated in schools that are connected with the different Christian Missions; and the Bible is the principal school-book. In addition to the religious knowledge which is obtained at these schools, there are thousands of boys and girls who receive a Bible or a New Testament from the hands of the Missionaries, as a gift, when they leave the schools. In this way a knowledge of the word of God has become extensively diffused in every part of the country where Christian Missions are established.

The following anecdote may be selected from many others, for the purpose of showing the good—the real and substantial good—resulting from the translation of the Bible into the Singhalese language. A young lad, having been for some time in one of the

Wesleyan Mission-Schools, obtained a copy of the New Testament as a gift: when he left the school, he promised to read it at home with great care. Some time after this, he entered into the service of an English officer of the army. But it was not long before the officer had to remove from Ceylon to Bombay, on the continent of India, and he wished the young man to go with him. His parents were consulted, and their consent obtained; in packing up his boxes for the journey, he did not forget to take his New Testament. They had not, however, been long in Bombay before the young man sickened and died. The officer immediately sent a letter to his parents, giving an account of the last hours of his faithful servant. Amongst other things, he stated in his letter, that frequently during his affliction he found him reading his New Testament, which he begged leave now to send back to them, hoping that it might afford the parents some consolation to possess the book which had imparted so much peace and comfort to their son in the immediate prospect of death. The British officer further stated, that he often found him at prayers, in his native language, with the book in his hands; and that whenever he thus found him, he appeared to be exceedingly happy; that the truths of the New Testament appeared to be his only, and yet sufficient, support and happiness in his dying hour. This anecdote will be read with additional interest, by recollecting that the young man was not sufficiently acquainted with the English language to enable him to describe his religious feelings to his master; and the master knew hardly a single word of the boy's native tongue; and the language of Bombay, where they were then residing, was equally foreign to both of them. And yet, under these painful circumstances, when deprived of the means of disclosing his feelings to any one about him, his New Testament afforded him such high spiritual enjoyment in the hour of death. It must, therefore, be a delightful recollection, that this precious "book" is, at this moment, in the hands of thousands and tens of thousands of the inhabitants of Ceylon. How many other instances of the good resulting from the translation of the sacred Scriptures into the languages of that country have occurred, but which will never be known until the day of the Lord shall reveal them, no man can possibly say. There can be little doubt, but that the number is cheerfully great.

The number of sound conversions to God, which it has been the happiness of the Wesleyan Missionaries in Ceylon to witness, forms another encouraging feature of that Mission. But in Ceylon, as in other parts of the world, there are to be found some men who have made up their minds that, whatever others do, they themselves will never be converted. An instance of this kind occurred on one of the Stations in that country. There was a respectable and intelligent person, some of the members of whose family had already become enlightened by the preaching of the Gospel, that had formed this resolution. At the request of the

pious part of the family, the Missionary held divine service occasionally at their house. In order to make sure of his purpose of never being converted, the good man of the house, whenever divine service was held in it, used to shut himself up in another room, and would get as far from the sound of the Preacher's voice as possible. But, one evening, when he had, as usual, run into the adjoining room, to avoid hearing the word of God, the Preacher spoke a little more loudly than he had previously been accustomed to do; and, during the discourse, some sentence fell from his lips which arrested the attention of the man, and which turned his thoughts into a channel of religious meditation. He tried every means in his power to divert his thoughts from other sentences which he could not avoid hearing; but in vain. Almost unconsciously, he drew near to the door which led into the preaching room, and, at the close of the sermon, was surprised to find himself with his ear close to the lock-hole, listening with the utmost attention. How long he had been in that position, it was not possible for him to say. The next morning the Missionary had the happiness of listening to this ungarnished story, from the lips of the man himself. From that time he began to "walk in the fear of the Lord;" and some time afterward he obtained the "comforts of the Holy Ghost."

THOMAS KILNER.



THE LITTLE SUNDAY-SCHOLAR AT POINT-DE-GALLE.

THE benefit resulting to the parents of the children attending Mission Schools, is manifested in the case of a little girl, who was a scholar in the Wesleyan Mission-school, Point-de-Galle, Island of Ceylon.

The little girl was named Ango. Her father was dead, and her mother was in the habit of acting as *ayah*, or nurse, in respectable families, that she might support her fatherless children. Although, in the East, poor people's children are required very early in life to do something to maintain themselves and their parents, on hearing of a native or Singhalese school being commenced in the neighbourhood, her mother resolved to spare Ango, although the eldest of the family, to attend the school, in order that she might receive Christian instruction, and be taught to read and to sew. Ango was quick and intelligent, and remarkably clean and neat in her person. She was very regular in her attendance at school; and applied with so much eagerness and diligence to her lessons, that she presently was ready to enter the Testament class. It was a rule in the school, that those children who could read the New Testament in their vernacular tongue, and work well in common sewing, should, as a reward,

be taught English, and ornamental needle-work, so that they might be qualified for becoming servants in English families; as there are always a number of military officers whose ladies are glad to have female servants who know something of the English language, and have been instructed in the Mission-schools to fear God, to speak the truth from their hearts, and to be honest and just in all their dealings. On entering the school one day, I found that little Ango was absent, and instantly concluded, from her former punctuality, that something was the matter, and that perhaps she was unwell; so I resolved, without delay, to go to her house, and make inquiries respecting her. On going to her abode, I found that not Ango, but her poor mother, was sick. Every thing about the house was as comfortable as Ango could make it; and she was busy in attendance on her afflicted mother, who, it was evident, was seriously ill. She was reclined on a mat spread on the room floor, with a hard pillow to support her feverish head. I sat down, and entered into conversation with her, relative to the concerns of her soul. I had previously observed her at the Mission-chapel, induced to attend, partly at least, through the invitations of her little daughter. During my interview with her, I found the poor woman possessed some knowledge of her sinful state by nature, and of the way of salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. She listened with deep earnestness, while I endeavoured to lead her to a discovery of the depravity of her heart, and the riches of redeeming mercy in Christ Jesus. I observed a copy of the New Testament in the room, and perceived it to be the one which little Ango used in the Mission-school, but which she had brought home, in order to read to her afflicted and dying mother about Him who died on the cross for sinners of every colour and clime. At every subsequent visit, it seemed that she gained clearer views of the nature of true religion, and of the character and offices of the Saviour. I frequently selected portions of Scripture, suited to her case, to be read to her by Ango in the interim of my visits; till, in the course of a few weeks, her spirit took its flight, I humbly trust, to the paradise of God. Thus Ango, by being able to read the word of God, contributed greatly to the comfort and instruction of her dying parent; and had the happiness of soothing her passage through the dark "valley of the shadow of death." Who does not pray that the blessing of Heaven may richly descend on this little orphan girl, who, in circumstances of the utmost need, exemplified so beautifully the principles and practice of our holy religion? And who would not cheerfully aid in promoting the excellent institutions, so admirably calculated to diffuse a knowledge of those sacred oracles which are able to "make men wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus?" Every one, however poor and humble in his circumstances, may do something. Let

each one now ask himself, "What can I do, to send this blessed Gospel to the myriads ready to perish? By endeavouring to bless others, I subtract nothing from my own enjoyment, but may greatly enhance my own happiness, and promote the glory of God. By the gracious assistance of Almighty God, I *will* attempt something for the furtherance of so noble an undertaking,—that of making poor Heathens acquainted with the words of eternal life."

Diss, January 19th, 1844.

ELIJAH TOYNE.



THE VILLAGE OF OSSOOR, BANGALORE.

"Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it."—James v. 7.

SEVERAL years ago I occasionally visited the village of Ossoor, near our Mission-Station, Bangalore, where I was then resident. I often conversed with the people of that and the neighbouring villages, about the wickedness of idolatry, and the importance of the Gospel of God our Saviour, which I came to make known to them. On one of these visits I found myself alone with a very poor, old, emaciated man from a near village. Like most of the people of that country, he was shrewd and even acute in the character of his mind; but he was ignorance itself. Our conversation commenced by my endeavouring to make him sensible of the importance of knowing his Creator. The term seemed strange to him; the idea, stranger still, and perfectly new to his mind! For a minute or two he stood silent, looked grave and thoughtful, and then, with a smile of incredulity, perhaps of triumph, he replied, "Clever, Sir, as you are, and ignorant as you think me to be, you will find that I am not to be imposed upon in that way! My Creator! I have no more a Creator than other men."

Ignorance so deplorable I had never met with before. My heart was deeply affected. I tried to convince him of my having no intention to deceive him; and succeeded in doing this. His confidence was gained; and, in a long and free conversation which followed, the amount of what I could learn from him was this, which he often repeated: That he had always thought that he and all men had the same common origin, as all other things besides had; namely, that he and they were the produce of *Dava Boome*, "the earth, God!" in short, that men, as well as animals and vegetables, all sprung alike from the earth, though in different ways; and beyond the producing power of the earth, this poor man had no conception of his own origin, or of that of any thing else!

The "Missionary Notices" for the last month (January) contain a letter from Mr. Garrett, in which there is an interesting

account of the baptism of a Canarese woman at Bangalore; and the account states, that she had lived in a sequestered village near Ossoor, where she had heard something of the Gospel from several of her heathen friends, who had obtained their knowledge from some tracts, which had been distributed some years ago. Now, it is encouraging to notice that my visits to Ossoor were made some years ago; that I often distributed tracts and parts of the Scriptures there, in various languages; and what is more probable than that this very pleasing instance of heathen conversion, is the fruit of the "seed of the kingdom," sown on those occasions? It is true, that the very recollection of these visits has almost passed away from the memory of the humble sower: but the imperishable seed has been germinating ever since; and, in the case of this Canarese woman, we not only reap the first fruit of a glorious harvest to follow, but we see the type of, perhaps, innumerable cases of poor idolators, illuminated, and instrumentally saved, by this mode of preaching the Gospel to the myriads of India; the knowledge of whose conversion and final salvation will only be known when the books shall be opened, and every secret thing will be disclosed!

Let us "not be weary," therefore, "in well doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

J. F. E.



HEATHEN CUSTOMS IN THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

My young friends, you have abundant cause for gratitude and praise to God that you were not born in a land of darkness and Heathenism, but in this land of Gospel light and Christian privileges; yet perhaps you have never seriously thought about this matter, nor contrasted the difference between your situation, and the situation of those children and young persons who live in lands where the sound of the Gospel has not been heard, and where God is not known. They have many foolish, wicked, and barbarous customs, which we cannot write and read of without feeling our minds greatly pained; and if we have any love to the Saviour, and feel any bowels of compassion for the miseries of the poor Heathen, we shall be constrained to pray: "Send out thy light and thy truth:" "That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations."

Among many other very painful and wicked customs which prevailed among the Friendly Islanders in the South Seas, was that of cutting off the little finger. This operation was performed by the parents or friends of the parties, on account of some relative who was ill. The finger was amputated at the second joint, with a chisel,

or some other sharp instrument ; it was then taken to a spirit-house or idol-temple, that the heathen Priest might present it as a propitiation or peace-offering to their imaginary gods, who, they supposed, resided there, that their anger might be turned away, and health be communicated to the afflicted ; and at the close of the ceremony the finger was buried. The King and Queen, and all the Friendly Islanders who grew up in Heathenism, have had this cruel rite performed, and have lost either one or both their little fingers. Thus, although many of them have now embraced Christianity, and believed on Jesus with their hearts unto righteousness, yet they will carry the cruel marks of this heathenish custom with them to the grave.

Now, my young reader, there are two or three things which I wish to impress upon your mind from the above statement.

First. Thanksgiving to God for his great goodness and love to you. The lines have fallen to you in pleasant places. You have a goodly heritage. Have you pious parents, who instruct you in divine things, who pray with and for you, and take you to the house of God ? It is to your heavenly Father that you are indebted for them. Therefore “ be thankful unto him, and speak good of his name : ” “ seek his face, and you shall live.”

Secondly. Pity for the poor, miserable Heathen. They are very ignorant, and very wretched ; they have none to teach them the way to heaven, and are perishing for lack of knowledge ; but they are your brothers and your sisters, and they are crying to you for assistance, to save them from their heathenish blindness and wretchedness, and make them wise, and good, and happy.

Thirdly. Daily pray for them, and do what you can to send them the Bible, and Christian Missionaries, to preach to them the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. Instead of spending money upon things which you do not want, give it to support and extend the cause of Missions to the Heathen ; solicit aid from others ; and may God bless and prosper you in all your undertakings, and finally grant you life for evermore.

Bristol, January 24th, 1844.

S. R.



GRENADA.

ON being appointed to this Station in February, 1841, I felt much concerned to find that the field of labour occupied by the Society was very contracted, extending only to the distance of four miles on each side of the town, and that the more distant parts of the island were in a fearful state of moral destitution. I resolved at once to go round the island, and visit every parish, that I might be enabled to fix upon suitable places to which we might extend our labours. I set out in company with two friends on Friday morning, the 14th of May ; and we rode to Gouyave, a

distance of twelve miles, before breakfast. Gouyave is a beautiful little town, situated close to the sea, in the parish of St. John. I observed a Protestant church in a very dilapidated state, and a rectory, but no Clergyman. The Roman Catholic system was in full operation : there was a neat chapel, and an active Priest. Having refreshed ourselves, we proceeded on our journey ; and about four miles further, we passed through Grand Pova, another little village, with an excellent Protestant chapel, but no Minister. About four o'clock P. M. we came to Recourse Estate in Duquesne Valley, where we were kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Fairclough, who had long been wishing that we could instruct the people on their estates. Indeed, they had already engaged a female member of our society to teach in an infant-school at Recourse. Having rested on the Saturday, we all proceeded on Sunday morning to Sauteurs, where I preached in the Court-House, kindly granted by the authorities for the occasion. It was a fine day, and a good congregation attended. Sauteurs is another pleasant little town, not quite so large as Gouyave. It has an excellent Protestant church, but no Minister. The church is built upon a high neck of land, the foot of which is washed by the sea. It was down this very precipice that forty Caribbs dashed themselves in the year 1650, when pursued by the French. Not one of the original inhabitants now remains alive. They have all been swept away by the violence of their brethren of another complexion. Europeans will indeed have to answer for a large amount of cruelty and guilt, in the great day of judgment. In the evening I preached to a good congregation in Mr. Fairclough's school-room in Duquesne Valley. On Monday we proceeded in our tour round the island. At three P. M. we dined with George Patterson, Esq., at Conference Estate, and then hastened on to La Baye, where we arrived about sunset. With only half an hour's notice, we had a good congregation ; and I preached in the house of Mr. Fletcher, from, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The presence of the Lord was felt, and we received a token for good. A kind friend, unknown to us, furnished us with lodgings. The following morning we held a prayer-meeting at six o'clock, when a goodly number attended. Grenville, which stands on La Baye, is a considerable village. It has a good church, but no Minister. It is a place of considerable importance. A great quantity of sugar is shipped here, and there is a large surrounding population. Several of the inhabitants pressed me to visit the place again, which I resolved to do as soon as possible. We returned to St. George's through the parish of St. David's, which has a good church, and a Minister ; *the first Protestant Minister we had met with in our whole round.* The distance we travelled this day was twenty-two miles. We reached home in the evening, and felt truly thankful to God for his preserving mercy, having made a complete circuit of the island.

We felt so much encouraged with the prospect of good at Duquesne and La Baye, that we resolv'd to make an effort to give preaching to each place once a fortnight on the Sabbath-day. At Duquesne we have succeeded beyond our expectations; up to the present time we hold our meetings in the school-room, which our kind friend, Mr. Fairclough, has fitted up as a little chapel, with pulpit, benches, and lamps complete. At La Baye the Magistrates kindly allowed us the use of the Court-House for our meetings, for some time: afterwards we hired a large upper-room. But, feeling the necessity of a proper place of worship, we resolved to attempt the erection of a small chapel, though we knew not how we should raise adequate funds for the purpose. We commenced in faith, and Divine Providence opened out our way before us. We made an appeal to the public, and witnessed such a flow of Christian benevolence as I have not seen surpassed in the West Indies. On the first day I collected about £50 sterling. The amount was soon increased to £230. The Honourable House of Assembly granted £50, and Messrs. Hankey and Co., in London, gave £30, in addition to a suitable piece of land for the erection. Henry Berkley, Esq., gave £10; His Excellency Governor Doyle, £5; Hugh Henwood, Esq., £5; Matthew Welsh, Esq., £5; and Robert M'Queen, Esq., £5. Many other respectable subscriptions were received. Indeed the people generally came forward most willingly in this good work. The chapel was soon completed, and opened for divine service under the most pleasing circumstances. The building is thirty feet by forty, neatly finished and beautifully situated, on a little flat in the side of a hill close to the town, and commanding a view of the harbour. The cost of the erection was about £230 sterling; and, I am happy to say, we have raised the whole amount; so that there is no debt upon the premises. It contains twenty pews, *all let*; so that we hope soon to have a fund for a Teacher's or Preacher's residence.

This instance of Christian liberality may serve to show the friends of Missions in England the fruit of our labours, and the efforts made *on the spot*, in aid of the great and glorious work; and it should stimulate them to renewed exertions in the cause of Christ. If they will but help us *for a while*, the older Missions will not only become independent of the funds of the Parent Society, but they will aid it in the evangelisation of the world.

In the new chapel at La Baye, a sketch of which is given in the following page, we have organized a Sunday-school, and hope, by the aid of a small grant from the Parent Society, to be able to commence a day-school, which is much required. We have also a small society; and we feel confident that a rich harvest of precious souls will be reaped here, when this long-neglected part of the country shall be favoured with the labours of a resident Missionary, as recommended by the last District-Meeting.



This is the *fourth* place of worship erected, in connexion with the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in this island; and, at present, we have *only one Missionary* stationed here. Will the friends of Missions allow this lack of ministerial labour to continue? We have a few excellent Local Preachers, whom we highly esteem, and one of whom is an accepted candidate for the full Missionary work. Thus is the Lord raising up *native labourers* to our aid. But we would implore the Committee to allow a second Missionary for Grenada; and then the prosperity which we are permitted to witness on every Station will continue and abound more and more.

Grenada, June, 1842.

WILLIAM MOISTER.



MEMOIR OF AN OJIBBEWAY INDIAN.

JOSEPH SKUNK was one of the first scholars of the Indian school at Grape Island, in the Bay of Quinte, Western Canada. His disposition was lively and daring; and his talent for the acquisition of knowledge being quick and vigorous, he obtained, in our Sabbath and day schools, a very fair English education, and was a great favourite with his excellent Teacher, the Rev. Silvester Hurlbert.

At an early age he became the subject of powerful religious impressions. He felt that he was a guilty, polluted, and lost sinner

with a penitent and believing heart he sought the mercy of God ; nor did he seek in vain : he found redemption in the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of sins. After his conversion he not only endeavoured to make himself useful to his youthful companions, but his benevolent zeal took a wider range ; he longed to be extensively useful to his Indian brethren generally ; he therefore offered himself as a Teacher, and was employed in a school far away from his native tribe. On that distant Station he laboured with fidelity and success for about two years, when his health failed : he was attacked by a disease which baffled all human skill, and compelled him to leave a work in which he delighted, and to return home. He suffered greatly for a few months, and then sank into an early grave. During the whole of his affliction, although destitute of many of the comforts which his melancholy condition required, he evinced a degree of patience, meekness, and resignation, which afforded ample evidence that, while he was but young in years, he was a mature Christian.

He frequently expressed his firm confidence in Christ as his all-sufficient Saviour, and closed his short but useful life in the peace and hope of the Gospel.

JOSEPH STINSON.



DISTRIBUTION OF TRACTS IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

I HAD not been long in Van Diemen's Land, before I had ample opportunities of witnessing the frightful prevalency, among all classes, of drunkenness and profane swearing. In order to check these monster evils, I got printed at the colonial press a thousand copies each of Mr. Wesley's "Word to a Drunkard," and "Word to a Swearer." The distribution of these tracts produced a great and salutary impression. I give the following examples : Having occasion, one day, to visit the store of one of the principal merchants in Hobart-Town, I observed two of these tracts, lying side by side upon the counter, with a weight on each to prevent their being blown away. I found, on inquiry, that he had accidentally met with them ; that he knew not by whom they had been issued ; but that he thought them so suited to the habits of the people, and so eminently calculated to be useful, that he resolved all his customers should have the opportunity to peruse them ; and that it was for this purpose he had placed them in the conspicuous position which they occupied. I had left a few of each kind with the Police Magistrate, an intelligent and highly respectable man, who had shown me great kindness, and rendered me important services in the establishment of the Mission. This gentleman put the two tracts into the hands of

a Captain B., who was notoriously addicted to the practices thus condemned, saying to him, at the same time, somewhat pleasantly, "There, Captain, read them." The Captain was deeply struck with the faithful earnestness of these little monitors; his conscience was smitten; the tears gushed from his eyes while he was reading; and then, with much emotion, he exclaimed, "Ah! this is very true! Where can I get a supply of these tracts? I will send them to every one of my acquaintance." And that very day I furnished him with a supply for that purpose. Some time afterwards, on my calling at the house of a settler in the interior, he said to me, in reply to some inquiry I proposed, "Do you remember, Sir, when you called upon me last, you left me two little tracts? I read them carefully, and determined from that time to abandon my habits of drinking. I have kept my vow, and already realize the benefits of it. My health is much improved; my wife and children are happier; they are better clothed; the house is better furnished; my home is more comfortable; I have more peace of mind, and my circumstances are improving. I was fast sinking into debt; I am now getting out of it."

Preston, January 26th, 1844.

WILLIAM HORTON.



CONNEMARA, IN IRELAND.

HAVING just returned from one of my visits to the western part of this Mission, called "the Connemara district," I beg leave to submit a few observations on our prospects in that extensive field of labour. Although it is part of the county of Galway, it might with great propriety be regarded as a separate county in itself, at least as to extent, for it is about fifty Irish miles long, and thirty broad: it is, however, very likely that it was neither known to the geographer nor traveller when Ireland was first divided into counties; but now it attracts the attention of the tourist, the geologist, the antiquarian, the legislator, and I must also state, that it has its attractions, too, for the Christian Missionary. Connemara is mostly surrounded by the Atlantic; from which circumstance it is supposed that the word is derived. It signifies "the bays of the sea," the shore being indented by several bays or harbours. The population, although much scattered, is very numerous, and is increasing every year; the waste land, both of a mountain and marshy character, is immense; many respectable Protestants are turning their attention to it, and locating, I might almost say *emigrating*, to it. As far as I could find out, there are about sixty Protestant families throughout the district. The scenery is in many parts bleak and wild; yet there are many grand and impressive objects. Sometimes the eye traces a chain or range

of mountains, stretching into the distance for several miles; at other times the gaze is fixed upon a cluster of separate mountains, having the appearance of one vast pile surmounted by a number of lofty pinnacles, such as that called the "twelve pins." Here, again, are wide-spread valleys, intersected with beautiful sheets of water, teeming with the finny tribe; and these, again, studded with little islands, covered with a scanty shrubbery of wild ash, but all stunted in their growth. I have often been reminded of Cowper's description of Alexander Selkirk in Juan Fernandez, while travelling along those lonely valleys. For several miles together, there is neither the bleating of sheep, the lowing of oxen, nor even the barking of a dog, to break the silence of the scene; but it matters not, when "God is ever present, ever felt." But although the scenery of Connemara may not compete with that of Western Africa, as described by the graphic pen of the Rev. Mr. Freeman, yet there is no fetish-tree laden with the blanched bones of human victims, to shock the senses and distress the mind; and although here we have no paradisiacal gardens of date and fig-trees, no plains teeming with the spontaneous fruits of the earth, no fragrant beds of magnificent flowers, no splendid river to sweep along in majestic grandeur; yet there are thousands of blood-bought souls, of whom it must be said,—

"When rivers and oceans no longer shall flow,
When the world in commotion shall sever,
Those souls will live onward in weal or in woe
For ever, and ever, and ever."

And there are a few who can adopt the sentiment of another poet, and say, in reference to our Blessed Saviour,—

"Though strong and deep earth's rivers are,
His love is deeper, stronger far."

Galway, 1843.

W. G. CAMPBELL.

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THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

MARCH, 1844.



THE WANTS OF THE WORLD.

THE amount of spiritual destitution in the world, and the consequent necessity of increased Missionary exertion, greatly exceed what even many among Christians have hitherto imagined. Estimating the world's population at Nine Hundred Millions of souls, and regarding only two-thirds of these, or Six Hundred Millions, as immersed in Heathenism and idolatry, the question arises, What is the church doing for their salvation? By the church, of course, we mean the various bodies of evangelical Christians wherever found, and by whatever name distinguished. And what, we ask, is the church doing for the evangelization of the heathen world? From a "statistical survey of the various Missionary Societies" in operation, as published in Dr. Harris's admirable work, "The Great Commission," it appears that their united force amounts to no more than 1,461 ordained Missionaries, or one Missionary for upwards of 410,000 souls. What are these among so many? What must the wants of the world still be?

Supposing every Missionary employed capable of ministering to the spiritual necessities of 2,000 souls, (much too large a number for the spiritual oversight of any one Minister,) yet, even then, the number of Missionaries must be multiplied more than two hundred-fold before the Gospel could be preached to every creature through Missionary instrumentality. What need, then, to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more labourers into his harvest!

It is true that, as Missionaries are successful in planting churches in heathen lands, the great Head of the church

raises up from among those thus turned from dumb idols to serve the living God, those whom he qualifies and commissions to be the messengers of the churches to their still benighted countrymen, or to those who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death in regions beyond ; and, by the provision of a native agency, the demand for labourers on the churches of Europe and America may not be to the full amount that we have calculated. But still it must be apparent, that the number of these must be increased manifold before the world can be blessed with the tidings of salvation.

Of the 1,461 ordained Missionaries employed by all the Protestant Churches in Europe and America, 367, or more than one-fourth of the entire number, are in the service of the Wesleyan Missionary Society connected with the British Conference. These have under their care about one-half of all the members or communicants belonging to the different Missionary churches. Thus has the Lord of the vineyard honoured the labours of his servants in the foreign field, and so powerful is the call for gratitude to Him who alone giveth the increase.

But, comparatively great as this number is, it is not by any means what we are persuaded it *might* be, and what it therefore *ought* to be. The signs of the times plainly indicate the duty of attempting something much greater than has yet been done. Openings the most inviting are every where presenting themselves in the heathen world. Calls the most powerful are reaching us from almost every part of the earth. Men whom we believe to be both called to, and qualified for, the work, are panting, under the constraining influence of a Saviour's love, to declare among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. All this is the Lord's doing ; and we cannot but conclude, that where God has vouchsafed such openings, elicited such calls, and raised up such men, he has also intrusted to the church thus favoured the means of embracing those openings, of responding to those calls, of employing those men. Let us ponder well these things in our hearts. Let us ask what is our amount of individual responsibility. Let us act *individually* upon the high and holy principle of duty ; and we hesitate not to

avow our belief, that, instead of having to deplore a deficient Income, and to contemplate a reduction of our present Missionary strength, the *collective* result of such a course will be the provision of means, not only equal to our present outlay, but adequate also to the pressing necessities which are indicated by the openings and calls to which we have adverted, and to the cost which the employment of God's called, and qualified, and waiting servants would incur. T.



WATER-CARRIERS IN INDIA.

THE people of England can form no just estimate of the value of water in all countries within the tropics. For many months together not a shower of rain falls upon the parched plains; ordinary springs and torrents become dry; and, unless in the neighbourhood of large rivers and extensive lakes, water can be obtained only from deep wells. Some of these have been dug at the expense of private individuals among the Hindoos, as acts of charity or works of merit. But many of the largest and most useful wells in Madras, and elsewhere, have been prepared at the expense of the Government.

Among the singular sights which meet the eye of a Missionary in India, not the least interesting are the groups which assemble around the wells to draw water, especially in the evening. The women in their native costume, which has been in fashion more than three thousand years, carrying their earthen or brased pots, remind him of some of the events recorded in the history of Abraham and Jacob. The Missionary asks water to drink; and a woman of high caste, who would not allow her clothes to touch his, will pour water into his hand, which he may convey to his mouth. Whilst sitting at a well, the Missionary may convey instruction to the females of India by conversation; at any other time or place he would not be able to speak to them. Here he preaches to them concerning the Saviour, and the worship of God in spirit and in truth;

and is comforted by the recollection, that our blessed Lord preached at Jacob's well to the woman of Samaria.



The women in the wood-cut are of the Sudra caste. The men are water-carriers, who supply water from the leathern bags, which are slung over the back of the oxen. The water-bags are called *puckallies*. They are made of the hide of a full-grown ox, and are suspended on each side of the bullock or ox, so as to be equipoised when filled. Water is drawn from the well by a simple bag or bucket of skin, and the *puckallies* are filled through an aperture near the top. A flap covers this aperture to prevent the spilling of the water, or the admission of dust ; and, at the bottom of the bag, the skin of one of the legs of the hide forms a spout, by which the water may be drawn off. A string of leather easily and effectually secures this spout, by being tied round it.

A pair of bags contain about twenty-four gallons of water. Six gallons are sold for one *cash*, or somewhat less than a farthing. The water-carriers are supposed to obtain a tolerably good livelihood.

To Jacob's well a woman came,
For water, from a neighbouring town ;
A stranger there, unknown his name,
Had faint and weary sat him down

He meekly said, "Give me to drink,"
As water from the well she drew;
Ah! little did that woman think
The tribute that to Him was due.

He ask'd for water; but had she
Known that the Lord of Life was there,
For his salvation, full and free,
Had been her own, her earnest prayer.

Children, that kind and gracious Lord
Is just as full of love for you;
Implore his Spirit, search his word,
And you shall know and praise Him too.

He will the living stream impart;
He will the Holy Spirit give!
O come, and He will fill your heart!
O come, and drink of Him, and live!



THE HEATHEN IDOLATER CONVINCED OF SIN.

THE following extract from my journal will serve to show the young reader the necessity that exists for an increase of Missionaries in Western Africa, the part of the world in which the writer was called to labour.

"This day I was visited by one who, with his idolatrous mother, had spent much substance on the religious mummeries attendant on heathen idol-worship. In them he had sought rest for a troubled mind, but had found none.

"In a state bordering on despair, he sought unto the Missionary, in the hope of hearing from him that good news which had made not a few of his countrymen glad. When asked the reason for his seeking instruction at the hand of the Missionary, he replied, with considerable emotion, 'My soul beat my body so, that me no able longer to live;' that is, he felt such inward disquietude on account of sin, that life itself was a burden.

"How many there are in this dark land, like this dark-minded Heathen! Yea, their condition is even more deplorable; for near them no Gospel-messenger is found, to answer the inquiry, 'What must I do to be saved?' and no one to point them to 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!'"

Under such circumstances, will not you, my young friends, to the utmost of your ability, help to send the Gospel to those parts of the earth which are still "full of the habitations of cruelty?" Will not you make sacrifices, that the benighted Heathen may hear the glad tidings of salvation, and be made happy in the

enjoyment of the favour of God ? *O get all you can, save all you can, and give all you can, for this glorious object ; and forget not to pray that the knowledge of the Redeemer may be extended to every part of the earth, and all men be brought to the enjoyment of the benefits of his dying love.*

J. M.

CONVERSION OF THE SON OF THE CHIEF OF THE MANTATEES, A TRIBE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE Mantatee tribe dwell near the sources of the Caledon river, inland from Port Natal about two hundred miles. Some years ago they came from the far interior, and settled in their present position ; first destroying the tribe which previously resided there. They were considered a very warlike and ferocious people, when the first Mission was established there by the Rev. Mr. Allison, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Mrs. Allison observes : " When we arrived among them, we could go in no direction without seeing the skulls of those slain in war ; as it is the custom of the Mantatees never to bury them." The Mission Station, named Umperane, is situated at the foot of a high mountain. It consists of a house for the resident Missionary ; a very neat chapel ; enclosures for gardens and corn-fields ; and the residences of the people, consisting of huts, built of twigs and covered with grass, which are the only native buildings to be found in all South Africa. Many of these huts are erected on the shelves of the mountain ; and there are, in many places, several tiers of huts on the mountain-sides : and, on a dark night, the fires which, in warm weather, are made outside, illuminate the whole mountain, and give it a very singular appearance, especially to Europeans unaccustomed to such wild sights. To form an idea of the scenery of this part of South Africa, you must imagine extensive plains, covered with grass, destitute of trees, scarcely a bush to be seen ; and these plains intersected by low ranges of mountains, rising abruptly, almost like walls of stone, from the plains. These mountains are also destitute of trees, though slightly covered with grass ; and, in some sheltered situations, a few bushes may be seen. Springs of fine water abound at the foot of these mountain ranges ; and here the bulk of the people live, make their corn-fields, and herd their cattle. In time of war, they fly to the tops of the mountains, which are accessible through narrow passes, and are capable of defence by a few, against superior numbers. The Chief of the Mantatees is named Sikonyela. He permitted his son, and several other lads, to reside with Mr. Allison, by him to be educated, and trained in the knowledge of various useful arts, such as carpentry, brick-making, ploughing, &c. A number of girls were also under

Mrs. Allison's care, for instruction in sewing, &c. All these were soon taught to read and write, and some of them acquired a respectable knowledge of the Dutch and English languages. Mrs. Allison gives the following account of the conversion of Sikonyela's son:—

“In 1834, the oldest son of the Chief came to live with us, then only eleven years old; yet he was a great drunkard. We told him there was a God; and that he had an immortal soul; and that all impenitent drunkards would spend an eternity of misery in hell. Next morning, his mother brought him a basket of strong beer; for the natives of South Africa brew beer from Indian and Kaffer corn, and make baskets of rushes which will hold liquids. He immediately took it to the door, and poured it out, requesting his mother never to bring him any more; and from that day he has never tasted a single drop. In 1838, a gracious revival of religion commenced on the Station. Many of the young people in the school were convinced of sin, and found God's pardoning mercy. The young Chief, who for two years had been a serious inquirer, was in deep distress of mind. He wept aloud, while we spoke to him of the love of God in Christ, and began to cry for mercy. At the end of two days, the Lord spoke peace to his soul. It would be impossible to describe *our* feelings, when we heard him pour out his soul to the Lord, on behalf of the nation at large, and for his father. When the news of this change reached Sikonyela, he came to see his son; and the following conversation took place:—

“*Sikonyela*.—How do you know you are pardoned? What is it like?

“*The Son*.—For a long time I have felt myself a sinner; but last Saturday my heart became full of grief. I saw I should go to hell if I died. I felt God was angry with me, and I could not rest. I wished to serve God, and love him; so I went behind a large rock in the mountain, and there I prayed that the Lord would pardon me: but my heart became more sore. I wept, and I prayed that the Lord Jesus would wash me in his blood. While I was praying, I felt all my sins taken away, and my heart was filled with joy. I now love God very much. I feel very happy. I have no sorrow at all.

“*Sikonyela*.—I believe all my son says is true. I wish I felt the same.

“The youth was baptized, and his name is David; and he has walked consistently ever since.”

This was written in 1839: since then, amidst much persecution, the young Chief has continued to adorn his Christian profession.

Bolton, January 22d, 1844.

WILLIAM B. BOYCE.



TESTIMONY TO THE USEFULNESS OF A MISSION-SCHOOL.

To satisfy our young friends that something is being done for the Heathen children, I may be allowed to give the opinion of a competent person on the spot. After I arrived in South Africa, a Sunday-school was commenced at a village about four miles from Cape-Town. One Sunday, while engaged in it, Her Majesty's Attorney-General, the Honourable William Porter, called to see what we were doing. He attended to the children in their classes, and remained while I addressed them at the close. The next morning he wrote to Mr. Hodgson, expressing not only his satisfaction, but delight, with all he had witnessed at our school on the previous day, and begging him to accept a donation of two guineas, and to consider him a subscriber of one guinea per annum, as long as he should remain in the colony, besides his subscription to the General Mission Fund.

January 22d, 1844.

JAMES SMEETH.



THE PAST AND PRESENT STATE OF THE BLACK CHILDREN IN THE WEST INDIES.

THE black children in the West Indies are descendants of the Africans, who were stolen away from Africa many years ago, and brought into the West Indies as slaves; where they were sold as goods are sold in England, which our ships bring from foreign countries. This abominable trade having long been abolished, only few of those poor people are living in the present day; but their descendants are still inhabiting the West Indies in great numbers.

It was a painful sight, a few years since, to see many thousands of these poor black children in a state of slavery. They were liable to be bought or sold, just as the cattle in England are bought and sold. A master might sell a fine little boy, who stood by the side of his mother, smiling and showing his little white teeth, as the purchaser examined and bought him. Then he would be torn away from his parents and sisters, perhaps to see them no more. The distress was heart-rending; but while the mother was weeping to see her little boy torn from her, and while his piercing cry was still in her ear, she had the grief to see a fond little girl, who clung to her side, torn from her in the same way, to be doomed to work in the fields, under the lash of the cart-whip. These children were not taken and taught to read, as the children in England, but trained to work from childhood. I have often seen from fifteen to twenty of these little creatures, six or seven years old, in a company called a "gang," under the care of

an old woman, who followed them with a whip. Their work was to go to the fields and pluck grass, and bring it home to the stables for the horses,—each one with a little bundle on the head; and as they passed, they all would shout as with one voice, “How d’ye, Massa?” They wore no shoes, no hat; some had a slender garment loosely hanging about them, and others were without any clothing. They were kept thus at work till they could use a small hoe, when they were sent out to the field to work; and when considered sufficiently strong, they had to take the large hoe with those of the “first gang.” Here their work was often very hard; and many who were of a delicate constitution sunk under it. They worked hard for their masters all the six days of the week, and on the seventh—the blessed Sabbath—they were employed in their gardens, or repairing their huts, and going to the market!

Of children trained in this way, what could we expect but every thing bad? They grow up in ignorance and vice; slovenly in their persons, and very careless and often brutish in their habits. They were not taught to pray, but often to curse; not to sing the praise of our adorable Saviour, but foolish and lewd songs. They were often the subjects of great suffering, sometimes cruelly beaten by their masters, and, in a fit of anger, unmercifully treated by their own parents. A poor little boy one day stole a piece of money; and his father, in the madness of his rage, took a piece of cloth, dipped it into some tar, and bound it round the poor boy’s hand, and then held the hand to the fire, and let it burn! That boy has grown up; but his hand is of but little, if any, use to him. Children who have kind and Christian parents, or wise and pious teachers, and live in a country like England, know not the misery of poor children in far-distant countries, where the precious privileges of Christianity are not enjoyed.

J. PHILP.



THE POWER OF GOSPEL TRUTH.

AN aged man in the neighbourhood of Port-au-Prince, Hayti, having been invited by a friend to come to that city to hear the Missionaries, came one Sunday for that purpose. He sat for some time, as he told the Missionary who had officiated on the occasion, without being particularly struck with what he heard, until the Minister said, “He that liveth in sin is the slave of the devil.” “Ah!” said the old man to himself, “it is I: I live in sin, I am the slave of the devil. O,” he said, “it gives me such a pain in my heart, that I cannot rest. I thought I was free. Once I was the slave of man: now I am free from men; but I am the slave of the devil. Ever since,” he said, “that word has followed me every where: when I rise up, and when I lie down, I think of it; and when I go out to my work, and when I sit down to my meals,

I think of it. I feel like a man that wants something, which he cannot find. O, Minister, we are poor ignorant creatures; we know nothing; but you have the word of God, and you can tell us out of the word of God what we must do. I am willing to forsake what the word of God says I must forsake, and I am willing to do what the word of God says I must do. I beseech you, Minister, to tell me what I must do to be saved." The Missionary pointed him to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world; and subsequently he was made a partaker of that liberty wherewith Christ hath made believers free.

How thankful ought we to be for our religious privileges! and how careful, lest instances like this rise up against us to condemn us! May we improve the grace given unto us, and profit by every means!

JAMES CATTS.



ATTACHMENT TO THE HOUSE OF GOD.

MY late dear father writes, in September, 1824 :—

"Soon after the new Wesley chapel was opened in Kingston, I asked an old Negro woman who came to see me, which chapel she attended now. Turning towards the old chapel, she said, pointing with her hand, 'Massa, there my house; there my meat, there my drink. There me heary the good word first; and me can't leff dat place; for de word is sweet, sweet as de honey and de honeycomb.' Here her eyes sparkled with joy; and her feelings evidently were too strong for utterance."

PHEBE RATCLIFFE.



MISSIONS IN FRANCE.

EVERY part of the field occupied by Christian Missionaries has an interest connected with it, which makes it deserving of our best concern and most earnest prayers. It has been my privilege to spend some time in France; and I think too much importance cannot be attached to our Mission in that country. No good reason can be assigned why France should be overlooked. The Lord has always had a people there, whom severe persecution could not induce to deny the Saviour; and when they call for our help, hearts of stone must have taken the place of brotherly love, if we turn a deaf ear to their cry.

"But have not the French religious teachers, and a system of religion of their own?" They have. But is it a system that delivers them from fear that hath torment? Does it ennoble those who embrace it, and make them benefactors of their species? Are the French to be considered safe in the hands of those who teach

that the Holy Scriptures, and the traditions of the Church, are of equal importance in regulating the conduct? that penance, extreme unction, and other ceremonies, are sacraments, instituted by Christ, and worthy of being classed with baptism and the Lord's supper? that the mass is a propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead? that bread, in the eucharist, must be believed to be the literal body and blood, the soul and divinity, of the Lord Jesus Christ? that the Bible cannot safely be read without note or comment? that it must be withheld from many of their own people? and that those who are allowed to read it must receive the interpretation their Church is pleased to give of it, and not exercise private judgment, lest they become liable to punishment as transgressors? Is it safe and scriptural to invoke departed saints, to venerate their relics, to appear before images in an attitude of devotion, to offer adoration to the Virgin Mary, to anathematize whatever is disapproved of by the Romish Church, to believe that none can be saved out of her pale, to swear that heretics shall be persecuted whenever circumstances will allow, and to observe innumerable ceremonies which both reason and Scripture condemn?

The effects of such a system are such as might be expected. Multitudes of thinking men, who neglect to read the Bible, and judge of Christianity from what they see and hear, are driven to infidelity. Careless individuals observe a few outward forms, and persuade themselves they have nothing to fear beyond the suffering of a few purgatorial flames. And if you exhort a person of this class to provide for the safety of his soul, he will tell you he has nothing to do with it; that his soul is in the hands of his Priest, who, he believes, will procure for him exemption from the torments of hell, and admission into heaven.

Those who become more deeply concerned respecting their souls, for want of proper direction, are often exceedingly superstitious, and would make surprising sacrifices at the bidding of the Priest. Grave-yards are visited by numbers of individuals, who, at least once a year, assemble in the open air, to pray for the souls of departed relatives; and, though the weather is often so unfavourable as to threaten them with death from their exposure to cold and rain, they are not deterred from engaging in those acts of devotion, which, they are taught to believe, will be of essential service to departed friends. In some grave-yards, scarcely a tombstone can be found, upon which is not engraven a most imploring request, that prayer may be made for the soul of the individual, whose mortal remains lie mouldering beneath it. "Grant a prayer for her soul!"—"A prayer for the dead, if you please!"—and other similar expressions, succeed the epitaphs which attract the observation of grave-yard visitors. And when following the body of a deceased friend to its long home, I have seen a labouring man, some hundreds of yards from us, quickly throw down his spade, uncover his head, and kneel upon the wet ground, that by

prayer he might afford some relief to the soul which he believed at that moment to be suffering in purgatory.

During my residence in Calais, some of the French were extremely poor. One of these was visited by a benevolent lady, now residing in this country; and being deeply affected by the signs of poverty she witnessed, she presented a silver coin; and never, perhaps, was relief more thankfully received. The lady was astonished at the gratitude manifested; and said, "You are very thankful for a trifle, for I only gave you a shilling," when, in tears of joy, the poor woman said it was precisely the sum she had been anxious to obtain for three months. Three months previously she had lost a child by death, whose soul she declared had been in purgatory ever since, because she had not the means of procuring its deliverance; but that she should take that shilling to her Priest, and her child would be released. Nor could any thing the lady was able to say induce the poor woman to purchase the bread she so much needed, and leave her infant to the care of Him who had doubtless taken it to himself. I also knew of a young man, who was required to do penance for his sin against his Church, for having conversed with Protestants on the subject of religion. Well may gross immorality prevail in a nation where the simplicity of the Gospel is so little known!

Macclesfield, January 22d, 1844.

CHARLES CLAY.

MISSION-SCHOOLS IN IRELAND.

THERE are certain expressions very commonly quoted and used, that are very important as well as very true:—for example, we say, "The day of small things should never be despised;" and that "little beginnings sometimes lead to important events." Apply this thought to schools, as the medium of conveying instruction to the youthful mind. The writer would illustrate it by referring to Dr. Clarke's schools in Ireland.

That venerable man felt it in his heart to do something for the rising generation in his native country, and near his native place. Accordingly, in the year 1830 or 1831, he established six schools; and these schools continue in operation to the present day. The people yet alive who were present on the occasion relate the manner in which Dr. Clarke came out from Coleraine, and, on the road-side, collected the people around him, and addressed them on the importance of education. Houses were built, masters appointed, the word of God read and explained; and many educated in these schools now occupy useful stations in society.

There is one part of school-instruction very interesting to children, and very pleasing to visitors of schools; namely, the singing. The writer of this note could introduce the reader to one of

Dr. Clarke's schools, where there are more than an hundred children, all without shoes and stockings; and these, with heart and voice, following the Master, singing,—

“How glorious is our heavenly King!”

These children are very fond of singing Bishop Heber's celebrated hymn :—

“From Greenland's icy mountains,” &c.

Little did Dr. Watts think, when in his room at Abney-House, that he was writing words for such multitudes to sing. While the children in the British dominions on the Sabbath sing,—

“This is the day when Christ arose,”

the children in Greece, in their language, sing,—

Αὕτη εἶναι ἡ ἡμέρα
Ἀναπαύσεως γλυκῆς
Ὡ, τοῦ δροσεροῦ ἔρα
Τῆς μεγάλης ἑορτῆς

and in France, through the Sunday-schools, they sing,—

*O quelle journée heureuse
Celle où Christ vainquit la mort !
Par cette œuvre glorieuse
Des siens il fixe le sort.*

“There are diversities of operations, but the same God which worketh all in all.”

A little boy, in a school in the mountains of Donegal, died happy; but when he was dying he sent for the Teacher, and said, “I am dying; I am going to heaven; to my Saviour. When I am buried, do not keep a noisy *wake*; but sing hymns when I am carried to the grave, the hymns learnt at the Mission-school.” Many instances of this kind have occurred.

Another instance of the truth of the expression is found in a school at a village in the distant part of Donegal, not far from the Atlantic Ocean; and from this school, not only have scholars gone, year after year, for twenty years, to fulfil the duties of life according to their calling, but it has been remarkable for sending forth a great number of Teachers, male and female, who are now occupied in different parts of Ireland, conveying instructions to others.

Dublin, January, 1844.

W. O. C.



CONNEMARA, IN IRELAND.

ON Monday, the 3d instant, I set out from Galway, and came to my first stopping-place, called Arnasalla, sixteen English miles. Here we have few to hear, and only one member in the society; but one who is worthy to be named *good Pat Cottingham*. Though afflicted for years, and surrounded by untoward circumstances, yet like a column of Palmyra in the desert, he stands a noble monument of the zeal and toil of your Missionaries in this country many years ago. He is an excellent Irish scholar, and a good historian. He related a circumstance, which, it is said, led Queen Elizabeth to remark, "that the sound of the Irish language was like the barking of a dog." It was this: Having requested one of her Irish courtiers to give her a specimen of the Irish language, he did so in five words, which signify, "Black ox eat a raw egg;" and from the monotonous intonation of his voice, she said it was just like the barking of a dog. Now this may or may not have occurred, for all I know; but some bring it forward as a reflection on the Irish language, and represent it as a barbarous language. It should be remembered, however, that Elizabeth appointed professorships of the Irish language in Trinity College, Dublin, in order that the gospel might be preached throughout the Irish-speaking districts of Ireland. Had this been faithfully attended to, we should not now have to mourn over the distracted state of this country. It is gratifying, however, to know, that a Professor of the Irish language has been lately appointed in Trinity College; and some Scholarships have been obtained. May the reproach soon be wiped away! I trust, ere long, that the subject may be taken up by the Wesleyan Theological Institution, in reference to the young men from Ireland, who are placed under its fostering superintendence.

On Tuesday, the 4th, I travelled to Clifden, about forty English miles, which I found quite enough for myself and pony. Clifden is regarded as the capital of Connemara: the Irish name is *Cloughane*, which signifies a "rocky place," and which is truly descriptive. While travelling through the valleys to-day, I sometimes thought of the devoted Felix Neff; but his superior piety and zeal led me to shrink from any comparison, unless, indeed, it might sometimes be borne out in the long journeys and scanty fare which must be endured in travelling on an Irish Mission. In the course of the day I was overtaken by two poor travelling men. I addressed them in Irish, *Wil Berle agu?* (I give the words as they are sounded;) that is, "Have you English?" One answered, '*Louraim beggan de*; that is, "I speak a little." I entered into a lengthened conversation with them, partly in English, and partly in Irish, as I did not speak the latter with sufficient fluency to converse altogether in it. I spoke of the fall of man, the deceitfulness of the heart, the evil of sin, and its consequent punishment, &c. One of the

men was truly affected, and gave strong evidence of his deep concern by the tears which he shed ; but when I pointed him to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," and concluded with the following words,—

*O Rei na Rei, deu umpyum lath,
Deu trui sa'wail mè ;*

that is,—

"O King of Kings, I turn to thee,
Pity and save me ;"

any thing to equal his feelings I have seldom witnessed : his uplifted hands, his expressions of gratitude, and his streaming eyes, all proved his having received "the truth in the love thereof." He then gave me a sketch of his history, which is as follows :—About eleven years previously, he had, in a dream, a view of the heavenly world : he thought he was in the midst of the glorious throng, saw "the tree of life," saw "the river of the water of life," the glorious throne, &c. ; but he was informed he should go back to earth again, as he was not fully prepared for that glorious residence ; and then awoke. It appeared to me that he might have been reading the description of heaven as recorded in the Revelation, xxi. xxii. He then told me that he set out on a pilgrimage, and for seven years had no certain dwelling-place : he thought he was thus *preparing himself* for heaven. To this poor, mistaken, but sincere, Romanist, I had the opportunity of preaching Jesus. He went on his way rejoicing ; and, indeed, so did I. Being thus delayed, I did not arrive in Clifden until late in the evening, where I was cordially received by Mr. Lester, whom a kind Providence, I trust, lately sent here from Cashel. I was grateful for a cup of tea, after a ride of twelve hours.

Wednesday, the 5th, I visited the people and society from house to house, and preached in the evening to a good congregation. We have two preaching-places in the neighbourhood of Clifden ; one five, the other six, miles distant. The latter I visited on Thursday, the 6th. It is called Ballinakill, a coast-guard Station. There are some enterprising Protestant gentlemen coming to reside in that neighbourhood : they have taken large tracts of mountain land, and are spiritedly cultivating it. I was invited to dine by two of those gentlemen, who reside together ; and before dinner rather a curious circumstance took place. One of the young gentlemen brought me to see a tamed mountain-eagle ; but he drew rather too near, for the eagle flew at him with all the fury imaginable, and grasped him with his talons : it was with great difficulty and danger he tore him off. I could not help admiring these young men, for transporting themselves, in some measure, into the wilderness ; but the wilderness is budding for them, and already they may sing, in a literal point of view at least,—

“Lo, for us the wilds are glad,
 All in cheerful green array'd;
 Opening sweets they all disclose,
 Bud and blossom as the rose.”

I trust it will not be less descriptive of evangelical fertility ere long; indeed there are already some blossoms. The Protestants of the neighbourhood have subscribed towards the erection of a small church, and towards endowing a Clergyman. They also state, that they would gladly receive the visits of a Wesleyan Missionary, and subscribe to the funds. The religious destitution of many of these people is truly lamentable, no place of worship being nearer to some of them than twelve miles; others are entirely dependant on the occasional visits of either the Presbyterian or Wesleyan Missionary.

Galway, June 10th, 1843.

WILLIAM G. CAMPBELL.

LIBERALITY TO MISSIONS.

AN aged female in the Blackburn Circuit, being very ill, promised, that, if the Lord would spare her, she would give £20 to the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Her health was restored; and she redeemed the pledge by subscribing £5 annually for four successive years. As she is not in affluent circumstances, the writer, when conversing with her some weeks ago, said, “I suppose we must lose your subscription now.” Her reply was worthy of the cause which she had espoused: she observed, “The Lord has given me a house to live in; and while he thus favours me, I am resolved to *pay him the rent*, by giving £5 a year to our Missions.”

January 21st, 1844.

SAMUEL ALLEN.

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THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

APRIL, 1844.



A CHILD'S SELF-DENIAL FOR THE MISSION
CAUSE.

THE Swedish Missionary Society was formed in Stockholm, under circumstances which clearly marked the guidance of heavenly wisdom, in January, 1835 ; the annual subscription, entitling to membership, being about 8*s.* of English money. Many even of the poorer classes enrolled themselves as members, and a yet greater number contributed smaller sums to the important object. In 1840 it was found desirable to form an Auxiliary in Stockholm, fixing the annual subscription at about 3*s.* 4*d.* When the necessary arrangements were completed, I addressed a large Meeting in our commodious chapel on the subject, and invited those present, who could not afford the larger sum, to give their names for the lesser. Many became members of the Auxiliary at the close of the Meeting ; and, among others, a mother and daughter, after an interesting conversation of the following character :—

The child, about six years old, addressed her parent thus : “ Please, mother, do let me be a member of this little Society : we could not afford to join the big one ; but this little one would just do for me.” “ You know not what you ask,” replied the mother : “ our support is so uncertain, that frequently I cannot tell where to-morrow’s meal is to come from ; and, though I conscientiously and gratefully put into the plate at the prayer-meeting* as much as

* In Sweden, the Missionary monthly prayer-meeting *always* closes with a collection, it being deemed *improper* to interest an audience by detailing facts and claims from the Mission-field, and then not afford an *opportunity*, at least, of practically showing re-

possible, I dare not bind myself to pay even the small sum required for membership." "O mother," responded Lina, "I can be a member without taking any money from you." "How so?" asked the interested mother. "You give me every morning to my coffee a rusk ; (in Swedish, *skorpa* ;) now, I can manage to do without this ; and the price of it, I suppose, will be enough to make me a member of this little Missionary Society. Do, mother, let me be a member." "My darling child," said the mother, with a full heart and streaming eyes, "if you are willing to give up your rusk for the sake of Christ, I shall gladly follow your example, and we shall both be members." They advanced to the Secretary, entered their names ; and, up to the time of my being obliged, much against my will, to leave Sweden, my boys every Saturday collected from this pious mother and child the fruits of their self-denial for the Mission cause. British children, British mothers, emulate this spirit, and then our Mission work shall not languish from want of funds ! Jesus, by the present position of that great work, is bidding us look around on our worldly indulgences ; and, having surveyed the whole, and called to mind how he, though rich, for our sakes became poor, he demands an answer to the question, "*Lovest thou me more than these ?*"

Gravesend, February 8th, 1844.

GEORGE SCOTT.



PALANKEEN AND BEARERS IN INDIA.

ON Tuesday, the 24th of October, 1820, at four P. M., I set out on my journey to Negapatam ; having ten bearers to my palankeen, and six men to carry my baggage, cooking utensils, &c. The palankeen with which I was provided differed from those commonly used in India, being a double *tonjon*, admitting two persons to sit face to face, and being sufficiently long for one person to recline in. The possibility of thus changing the position,

guard for the work. At Stockholm these collections averaged about £3 a-month ; and silver spoons, gold rings and chains, and twice, a silver watch, were found in the plate. If four hundred and twenty-two Circuits averaged £5 a-year each in this way, upwards of £2,000 would be added to the income, *now* not obtained in any other mode.

on a journey, is a great advantage : the common palankeen does not admit of it, but requires a position like that of sitting up in bed, supported by pillows, easy at the first, but when long continued, very tiresome to persons unaccustomed to it.

In the first stage, I sat or reclined about two hours and a half, the poles of the palankeen supported on the shoulders of four men, who were relieved about every ten minutes by four others ; those who were not actually carrying, running before or behind ; the whole party talking, laughing, and singing, and moving at the rate of about five miles an hour.

When I first saw this mode of conveyance, I heartily pitied the men employed in bearing the palankeen ; and could not dismiss a strong sense of self-disapprobation for allowing myself to be carried by them. But this method of travelling is often indispensable to an European, in a torrid clime like India ; and in a country so extensive, where the roads are commonly little more than tracks, through swamp and jungle, where bridges are comparatively rare, and the passes of the mountains not unfrequently impracticable to any beast of burden without extreme difficulty and danger, experience has fully established its necessity. Travelling on horseback is the only alternative ; and with this mode, tents are required : the stages, too, must be short, unless the traveller can bear exposure to the dews of the night and the heat of the day. Observation has convinced me, also, that there is no description of men in India better satisfied with their employment, than palankeen-bearers : they are cheerful in the performance of the journeys they undertake ; and though they run thirty or even forty miles at one stretch in the course of a night, they are prepared to recommence their task on the succeeding evening. Six men once carried me thirty-two miles, between sunset and sunrise ; and on another occasion, six men took up my palankeen, at the Mission-house door in Madras, with the intention of performing a journey of six hundred miles, and said, they were ready to travel with me even to Kâsi, or Benares, (the most distant place a southern Hindoo thinks of visiting,) if I desired it.

The palankeen-bearers rarely quarrel with the people of the villages through which they pass ; but at the end of a stage they often dispute violently among themselves about the veriest trifles ; and when they are excited, their language and gestures are most extravagant, so as to lead a stranger to apprehend serious consequences. A friend of mine, a Danish Missionary, on his arrival in Madras, was dispatched to his station, in the interior, by palankeen. At the end of the first stage the bearers quarrelled violently : as he knew neither their language nor character, he imagined that he was the subject of their quarrel, and that they intended to murder him. His imagination was so wrought upon, that he supplicated them, in Danish, to have mercy upon him, and offered them his money and his gold watch, if they would spare his

life, and conduct him safely on his journey. They gazed at him with astonishment, not comprehending either his fears or his promises ; and his uneasiness continued until the next day, when he met with an European friend, who relieved him from all further apprehension, and advised the bearers to be more peaceable towards each other.

As their caste does not allow them to eat promiscuously with others, one of the party is usually occupied in carrying their pots for preparing food, and in cooking their meals, which consist chiefly of rice. Whilst at rest during the day, if they do not sleep, some amuse themselves with cards, or a sort of backgammon ; the more thrifty employ themselves in spinning cord, of which their fishing-nets are made, or in weaving the nets, with which, in passing through the country, they almost every day provide a plentiful fish-curry to their rice.



PALANKEEN AND BEARERS.

I rested the first night in a choultry, or *chattram* ; an edifice of one story, constructed of brick and chunam, or of granite, presenting no other accommodation than bare walls and a roof. One of my attendants, whose business it was to cook for me, kindled a fire outside the choultry, and prepared me a cup of tea. I then lay down, and slept undisturbed till three o'clock in the morning.

The moon shone beautifully clear ; I roused my men, who were sleeping on the ground around me, that we might continue our journey before the heat of the day. We had not proceeded far before we came to the banks of a river, much swollen by the late rains, but which, like many on the same journey, had to be passed without either bridge or boat, in the manner which I shall now describe.

On these occasions, the palankeen-bearers take off the greater part of their clothing, and fold it on or about their heads. They advance till about knee deep in the water, bearing the palankeen in the ordinary mode; when they stand still, and, by a joint effort, raise it upon the heads of six of them; (the traveller, of course, remaining in it the whole time;) they thus proceed to the opposite bank, sometimes up to the neck in water, the hands of those who are bearing the palankeen being held and supported by their companions. This plan of crossing rivers may appear dangerous; but the men are so careful, that it is seldom that any serious accident occurs. I have, however, heard of instances in which a sudden rush of water from the mountains has overwhelmed the whole party, and washed them into the sea.—*Hoole's Missions in Madras, Mysore, and the South of India.*



RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF A NEW-ZEALANDER.

JOSIAH TANUI, the son of a New-Zealand Chief, has arrived here from London: he slept in the same room with me; and as he was with us about a fortnight, I had many opportunities of conversing with him. I found him to have a very superior mind, and also very pious. I took him with me to class. The following is what he said:—

“I feel thankful to God he open my heart to receive gladness of salvation. I feel thankful Jesus Christ died for me. I feel thankful I take my sins to him; he take them all away. I feel thankful I feel peace, happy. I feel thankful God love me, I love him. I feel thankful, I go on my way rejoicing.”

Hobart-Town, Sept. 13th, 1843.

T. PADMAN.



EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION OF A MISSIONARY AND HIS FAMILY FROM DESTRUCTION BY LIGHTNING.

BEFORE I close, I must detail another instance of God's providence over us, in protecting and preserving our lives while in imminent danger; and must beg your indulgence, if I am somewhat minute, and therefore tedious. The circumstances were these: Tuesday, the 10th of this month, was one of our class-meeting days; and as our chapel is not yet up, I met the members in the parlour of my house, those who spoke the Dutch language first, who, being about ten in number, occupied me an hour. Mrs. Shepstone had retired with the children to her bed-room, for our convenience, but as soon as we concluded, returned with her children and the servant-girl, who had been with her, into the parlour; when I left for the garden, intending only to be away

for a few minutes, as many Kaffers were also waiting to be met. Those who had just left the house were still lingering about the door as I passed out. I observed some rain falling in the distance, about seven miles off; but with us none had fallen beyond a few drops, nor were the clouds over-head heavy. But when I had walked about twenty yards from the house, I felt I had received a stunning blow from the electric fluid on the left temple, and over the left eye, and was violently shaken, but more especially the left side and arm, in the hand of which I was at the time carrying a bright table-knife. I reeled and staggered, but did not fall, nor quite lose my recollection, though I have but a faint remembrance of the reports from the lightning; but on turning to regain the house, I saw the cloud of dust arise from the falling-in of the bed-room gable, into which the main force of the electric fluid had entered, taking the whole of the centre, from top to bottom, about four feet wide, entering the bed-room, and smashing all to pieces, or burying beneath its fall, bedsteads, &c., &c.; on the same floor in which Mrs. Shepstone, our four children, and the servant-girl, had been occupied for an hour, and which spot they had left only a few minutes before. To look on the destruction, and trace the apparently sportive power of this element, when coming in contact with the works of man, and reflect on the deliverance, called up feelings, and still do, which we will not attempt to describe. My son William also received a powerful shock; and two of the natives, who were standing near a large saw, were struck to the earth, and the saw was powerfully acted upon; while the mason who was at work on a scaffold at the chapel, and was at the time holding in his hand a spade, a trowel and file lying by his side, was struck to the distance of ten feet, and fell in the chapel; the trowel was sent about the same distance, while the file, which was not found till the next day, was forty feet from the place, and then had been dashed against the end wall of the chapel. This man was struck senseless, (though he could not have remained so for more than a minute or two,) and when he came to his reason, he was quite ignorant of what had happened; his arm in the hand of which he held the spade was much burnt, leaving a blue stripe nearly two inches broad, from the hand to the bend of the fore-arm; but he has since perfectly recovered. Those who were inside the house were mercifully preserved: the rush of dust, mixed with the electric fire as it rushed from the bed-room through the parlour, was said to be terrific, powerfully shaking several, but injuring none. The electric fluid, as it entered the gable of the house, never entered the flue of the chimney, but passed down each side of it to conductors in the bed-room, looking-glasses, dressing-cases, &c., and from one of these through a large chest, full of linen and clothes, to a small tin case, burning holes through every thing in its way, as though red-hot irons had been run through the chest; and the

articles thus burnt have the appearance, when held up to view, as if fired at with grape-shot. We have sustained in the things a heavy loss; but all is lighter than a feather, when compared with the weight of obligation which we feel we are laid under to the Almighty, for his protecting mercy in sparing all our lives. May they more than ever be devoted to Him who has thus redeemed them!

WILLIAM SHEPSTONE.

*Wilberg Mission-Station, near Buffulo's Vlei,
Kafferland, South Africa, Oct. 18th, 1843.*



A DEATH-BED SCENE.

JUDY CAMPBELL was a slave on one of the sugar-estates, in the Island of St. Vincent. She had been a member of our society for several years; and through the whole of her profession had adorned the Christian character. The observation of both the Attorney and Manager was truly pleasing: they remarked, "She was one of the best women on the estate." In the year 1834, she was taken very ill, and was visited by the Missionary, who entered fully into her state, and found her soul truly alive to God, and very happy in the prospect of eternity. When inquiring into the feelings of her mind, and the ground of her future hope, her language was, "O me Massa, me long to go home!" "To what home, Judy?" "O, to me Jesus, to me home above." "Are you satisfied of your pardon?" "O yes, me Massa; I know me Jesus forgive me all me sins, long, long ago. God is love, me feel him here; he warm me heart." She was asked, "Why do you love Jesus?" she replied, "O, for he pardon me all me sins." "You were a sinner then!" "O yes, me a big sinner; but blessed Massa pardon me all." "Are you afraid to die?" said the Missionary; she answered, "O no, me go when blessed Massa Jesus take me." "Would you not like to live longer, to be with your children? can you give them up?" She said, "Me no do any ting for them now, and yet de Lord take care of them; and if the Lord take me from them, he will take care of them." This she spoke with calm and holy confidence. She was reminded that she must not desire to depart, merely to escape pain and suffering. Her reply was remarkable: "O me Massa, me in no pain; me Saviour so good to me, me in no pain: me willing to live or die. My Massa's will be done." In a few days she was visited again, and found to be in the same happy frame of mind, evidently sinking fast, but ripening for glory. She observed to her Minister on his approach, "Me not gone yet, Massa." "But you will soon be there," pointing upwards. "Yes, Massa, me shall be for ever wid de Lord; me shall praise him for ever and ever." It was inquired by a friend,

"Do you pray much?" She answered, "Me dearee, me praise God all de night, and all de day." In this thankful and joyous state she continued until Saturday evening, August 30th, when her emancipated spirit took its flight, to spend an eternal Sabbath in her happy "home above." On the following evening her body was committed to the ground, "in sure and certain hope," amidst hundreds of spectators. Thus did Judy Campbell finish her course; leaving a delightful testimony, that, in all times and places, "the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth."

G. BEARD.



EAGERNESS OF NEGRO SLAVES TO LEARN TO READ.

I WITNESSED the great desire of the Negro slave-children and young persons to learn to read in all the colonies; but, in Demerara and Trinidad, where, if possible, opportunities were most scarce, the desire to learn led to the greatest exertion, proving how they valued the opportunity, by the distance they would travel to the Sunday-school, for an hour or two on the Sunday, walking six, seven, or more miles; and their progress was often cheering, when one often doubted, if they could learn at all, with such scanty means. In Trinidad, in 1831 and 1832, a little girl about seven or eight years of age regularly attended at the Sunday-school, though she had to come a distance of about seven miles. Her mother was a slave member of our society; they would start sufficiently early to reach Port of Spain by the time of opening the Sunday-school. The mother carried the child part of the way; but she was generally present at the beginning. The mother would attend preaching, and class-meeting, and the child another hour at the Sunday-school in the afternoon; mother and daughter would then return home, making a journey of fourteen miles.

Some of the young people would persevere, in a highly praiseworthy manner, and learn in the midst of the greatest difficulties; frequently would they have a spelling-book about them, and when opportunity offered, would call at the Mission-house, and ask my child, "Will Missy tell me what *t-h-a-t* spells?" and repeating the word a few times, would leave, musing upon it, till fixed in the memory; and at the next opportunity another word would be proposed to myself, or some one belonging to the Mission. We had constant proof of the Negro children, though slaves, being as capable of learning as the European children. As slaves, being greatly restricted in opportunity of learning, and often *prevented*, it might make them the more eager to secure so great a good as to be able to read.

To most of them, the opportunities for learning to read, or for

hearing God's word, were scarce ; but they were highly valued ; and thus the great labour of the spiritually-minded to attend the house of God, and of the juveniles to embrace any opportunity of learning to read, and the exertions they made, and the distance they travelled, appear almost incredible in this country. Persons of forty, fifty, or sixty years of age attended the Sunday-school, especially in Demerara ; anxious to learn to read the New Testament ; which many of these aged scholars in spectacles accomplished. How ought children and adults in this highly favoured land to value their privileges and improve them !

January 22d, 1844.

JOSEPH FLETCHER.



THE SPIRIT WORKING WITH THE WORD.

ONE Sunday morning I was preaching at a village called Bailey's Bay, about four miles from St. George's, Bermuda. After the service had commenced, I observed a Negro stranger come into the chapel. Whilst I was preaching, he appeared very attentive. A short time after the service was over, he went to the house of one of our members, and made the following remarks :—"The Preacher, Mr. Richardson, be a very good man, or a very bad man : if bad man, den he know someting of witchcraft ; for," said he, "Mr. Richardson, when preaching at Bailey's Bay, told all dat be in my heart. If he be good man, den God must have told de Preacher all about me."

THOMAS RICHARDSON.



HALLELUJAHS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF JAMAICA.

As I was riding over the Darlaston mountains, in the parish of St. Elizabeth, Jamaica, October 7th, 1829, in order to preach at the Gibraltar estate in the evening, I learned that the Moravian Brethren were about to lay the foundation-stone of a small chapel and school-house upon a property very near my road. I hastened to the spot, just in time to witness the ceremony, and to hear the addresses delivered. As I rode towards the consecrated place, and heard the swelling harmonies of praise which proceeded from it, those lines of our poet were forcibly impressed on my mind :—

"Hark ! the wastes have found a voice ;
Lonely deserts now rejoice,
Gladsome hallelujahs sing ;
All around with praises ring."

The situation was in a thicket, on the side of a mountain, a way

being cleared thereto; and, having reached it, I saw four Moravian Ministers, with several Magistrates, and other respectable persons, present, which was truly gratifying. But the most interesting part of the whole scene was the number of Negro children who had been brought thither from the Moravian schools around, all dressed in white, standing in a large circle, and sweetly singing praises to God. O the blessed effects of Missionary enterprise! If the feet of them who bring good tidings had not reached those mountains, there would never have been heard from the lips of that sable group the animating chorus which charmed my ear of, "Hosannah to the Son of David!"

WILLIAM BOX.



SUPERSTITION.

ONE of the first Wesleyan Missionaries who laboured in the republic of Hayti, having received an invitation to visit one of the mountain districts in the neighbourhood of Port-au-Prince, set off from that city early in the morning; and, after winding his way up the sides of the mountains, for the space of about three hours, arrived at the place of his destination. On his arrival, he entered into conversation on religious subjects with the Colonel, a native of Africa, to whose house he had been invited, and with others, who had assembled to meet him. After many questions had been answered, the Colonel observed, "Minister, they tell me a strange thing about you: they tell me *you never eat*." This rather startled the Missionary, who, having left home with the dawn, finding himself without breakfast, within a short period of the hour of noon, began to fear that, if his new friends entertained such an idea, he might be kept fasting the whole day; and he answered energetically, that it was a great mistake,—that he must eat to live, like other people. The Colonel assured him, that it was a common opinion in that neighbourhood, that the Ministers never eat.

We smile at the absurdity; but let us not forget the destitution of gospel light which gave rise to it; and that, if many of our fellow-creatures are superstitious, it is because they are without that gospel which we enjoy. Let us, then, do our utmost to send the everlasting gospel to those who sit in darkness, that ignorance and superstition may give way before the beams of the Sun of righteousness.

JAMES CATTS.



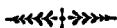
THE BITE OF A SNAKE.

If you take the annual "Report of the Wesleyan-Methodist Missionary Society, for the year ending April, 1843," and turn to the list of "former donations and benefactions, of ten pounds

and upwards," you will find there this record: "Mr. Lees, Sydney, 1826—29, £36. 1s. 9d." The liberality of this good man to the Missionary cause far exceeded that of any other person in England, or on the Foreign Stations, whose generous deeds have come under my notice. The sum here mentioned is but a small portion of his mighty doings for the Wesleyan Missions. Before the power of religion reached his heart, like too many of the "old colonists" of New South Wales, he was a man of very intemperate habits. This fearful vice grew on him to such a degree, that his drunkenness reduced his family to destitution. Nothing of his little property remained but one pig; and this he was about to take from the sty to pay a score which he had contracted with one of his neighbours who sold intoxicating drinks. At this period of his life, and in this crisis of his affairs, God made use of a singular means to convert his soul, and turn him from the error of his ways. Living in the midst of the woods of New-Holland, and, of course, making use of wood for fuel, he stepped one night out of his miserable hut, to bring in a log to lay on his fire. Stooping down for the purpose, he grasped in the dark, with the log of wood, a large venomous snake. The horrid reptile opened his poisonous jaws, and inflicted on his hand, or arm, a deep and most painful bite. Knowing how certainly and how soon death proceeds from the bite of some kind of snakes in that country, and fearing that he had been bitten by one of the worst, he *saw* himself as on the brink of eternity, and *felt* he was *awfully unprepared*. He fainted; and, recovering his senses, he began to cry unto the Lord for mercy. Now more concerned for the consequences of the deadly poison lodged in his heart from the bite of "that old serpent, called the devil," he prayed as in an agony, that God would pardon his sins, and save his soul from hell. His life was spared; by suitable application, he was cured of the bite of the snake; and through the ministry of the word of life, Jesus, the Physician of souls, applied the "balm of Gilead" to his wounded mind. To his broken heart, pardon and salvation were witnessed by the Holy Spirit of God; and he was enabled joyfully to exclaim, "O Lord, I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me." After the lapse of more than twenty years from this period, during which he "showed his faith by his works," I received a letter from a pious friend, who knew him well, which contained one only sentence in reference to the subject of these remarks;—it was this: "Good old John Lees is gone to heaven."

Sherborne, January, 1844.

BENJAMIN CARVOSSO.



DISTRESS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. James England.

I AM truly thankful to the Lord for bringing me safely home, and permitting me to sit down beside my dear wife, and address you. If you received my letter from Harbour Buffett, you will know the trouble and danger through which the Lord has brought me, while on my visit round Placentia Bay. I arrived in Burin early on Sunday morning. My wife was thunderstruck when I walked into the bed-room, and told her that I was ALL that had returned of man or boat which sailed from Burin; the boat was wrecked, and the man dead! * Before breakfast I walked over to Burin Bay, and had the painful task of giving the poor children the first hint that they were fatherless. I am thankful that no report had reached either that family, or my dear wife, before I brought the sad intelligence. I am sorry to find that his children are not the only fatherless mourners in Burin. In the same gale, two boats from this place were lost, and all hands perished. The wrecks of the boats have been seen, but not a sign of any person who had been in them. There were four men in each boat, and most of them were married. My dear wife and I have been this day to see a number of their widows and children. O what heart-rending scenes do they present! One family especially is the most affecting spectacle of wretchedness I ever beheld. There was the mother of seven children, sitting with the youngest on her knee,—not a morsel of bread in the house,—when she heard that her husband and crew were lost. The newly-made widow and her seven fatherless children, had not, have not while I am writing, a single blanket to put upon their miserable bed, in the prospect of a Newfoundland winter! And the poor woman told Mrs. England, that she had nothing in the way of clothing, but what she then had on, which was only a poor cotton gown. “O,” we said, on leaving the hut, “how many of the charities in England are bestowed upon objects not a tenth part so wretched as these!” Yes, there are boxes of clothing sent to Africa, West Indies, &c.; but poor Newfoundland is forgotten. If you should meet with any friends of Missions, who should feel inclined to send any article of clothing, however coarse;—any remnants of prints, calico, or cotton; any socks, &c., for children, (through the Mission-House,) to this place;—you may assure them it will meet with as pitiable objects as in any part of the world. I suppose there is no colony in the British dominions, where so many of its male inhabitants perish every year by storm and shipwreck, leaving widows and fatherless children in every bay, cove, and harbour. If our wealthy

* See the “Juvenile Missionary Offering” for January, pp. 12—14.

friends knew half so much about its human inhabitants as they do about its dogs, it would almost make their hearts bleed ! You may feel a little surprise at my writing in this way for the first time, after being so many years in this land. The truth is, though I have witnessed much poverty and distress, I never, before this year, beheld such sights of perfect wretchedness. I fear we shall see much of it this winter, as the fishing, in this part of the island, has been uncommonly bad, and many of the boat-keepers are from £50 to £100 and upwards in debt to the merchants, and have nothing for the winter, unless the merchants will let them have a supply for their families until next spring, (in addition to their present debt,) and trust them for the payment of all until next summer. In the midst of all, I and my dear wife are truly happy, and thankful to God for all his loving-kindness and tender mercies towards us. We have most solemnly devoted our hearts and lives afresh to the Lord, praying that he may long spare us to each other, and make us holy and useful wherever he may direct us.

JAMES ENGLAND.

Burin, Newfoundland, Oct. 2d, 1843.



MISSIONS IN FRANCE.

IT is well known that the desecration of the Sabbath in France is a national sin, which prevents prosperity, and brings down the divine curse. Theatres, and other places of amusement, are thrown open on that sacred day ; and crowds of people repair to them, in defiance of the solemn prohibition of Almighty God. Business is scarcely suspended at all ; but the Sabbath is a day on which riches are sought, sinful pleasures pursued, and laborious exercises continued. Some, who are considered quite religious, go to the confession early on the Sabbath morning, and then do a full day's work, as though God had never required his creatures to observe the Sabbath as a *day* of rest. It is difficult to make some of the French believe you are in earnest, when you exhort them to desist from their worldly calling on the Lord's day ; and, if convinced that you mean what you say, they make you laughing-stocks, and think you and your religion most ridiculous. One Sabbath morning, my house was visited by men who had been desired to bring their tools, and make some little improvements. I believe they knew I was a Protestant Minister ; but had no idea that I should seriously object to their working in the house, merely because it was the Christian Sabbath ; and therefore, when reproved for their impiety, they thought themselves censured very unjustly ; when desired to return until another day, they thought I was giving them unnecessary trouble ; and when given to understand that they would not be allowed to commence

operations on the Sabbath, I was met by a contemptuous smile, and apparently regarded as the greatest fanatic they had ever seen. We were conducting service one Sabbath morning, when we were interrupted by a noise in the roof, which proved to be occasioned by a workman, who was measuring the width and length of the chapel. The proprietor of the place, intending to make some alterations, had thought proper to come on the Sunday morning to make his calculations. He at first wished to be permitted to enter the chapel, and take his measurement, during divine service, promising that he would put us to very little inconvenience, and that he would require but little time to finish all he intended to do; and was not a little surprised, that what he considered so small a favour, should be denied him. Most appalling facts might be stated, to show that terrible evils result from the manner in which Priests and people conduct themselves in France on the Lord's day.

It is true that, in many parts of France, they have what is represented to them as the Protestant religion; but, in too many cases, the power of godliness is unseen and unfelt; and the form of godliness itself is but very imperfectly observed. We believe that some of the most eminent Ministers of the Lord Jesus reside in France, and devote their best energies to the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. And these are the men who beckon us into their field, and give us every encouragement to strengthen their hands, by increasing the number of our own Missionaries. But there are those who call themselves Protestant Ministers, who are grossly immoral, and of whose conduct the Romish Church itself would be ashamed. These are the men who say Methodism in France can now be dispensed with, for that, if it has been the means of reviving religion, they are upon the spot to take care of the flock, and therefore that we ought to retire from the field they modestly claim as their own. The French are certainly entitled to our deepest pity, and the most effectual service we can render; for multitudes of them have seldom an opportunity of judging of pure Christianity, from the lives of its professors.

"But are not the French our enemies?" If even that be admitted, what is more likely to destroy their enmity than the Gospel of peace? We carry not the sword in our hand, nor threaten vengeance against those who receive us not as the authorized Christian teachers of the present age. We tell them not that they must either become members of the Church to which we have the honour to belong, or be accursed, for that out of our church there is no salvation. But we beseech them to be reconciled to God; represent Christ as the only Redeemer of our guilty world; describe faith in Christ as the instrument of salvation; point out the necessity of regeneration, and entire sanctification, by the power of the Holy Ghost; entreat them to be at peace among themselves; pray them to regard all men as their

neighbours; exhibit the power of divine grace, which enables us to persevere in Christian duty in the midst of persecution; and seek to spread that Christianity which will turn swords into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and which, when universally enjoyed, will secure universal peace.

If the French are our enemies, they hunger, and we ought to feed them; they thirst, and we ought to give them drink.

Macclesfield, January 22d, 1844.

CHARLES CLAY.



CONNEMARA, IN IRELAND.

FRIDAY, the 7th, I visited Urrismore, five miles from Clifden. This is both a police and water-guard station. Here we have a small class; and how was I cheered by the experience of an English woman! She said, that, although cast on that desolate shore for the last ten years, she never lost the evidence of God's forgiving love. This was to me as an *oasis* in the desert. After preaching a mid-day sermon, and meeting the little class, I set out for another of my Stations, which I take up on my return to Galway: it is called Bonahoile. On my way to this place, two months ago, I called at Roundstone, a village rendered notorious of late by its being the residence of the Rev. Mr. Crotty, Presbyterian Missionary, but formerly a Roman Catholic Priest, in the town of Birr, King's County. His opposition from the Romanists has been very considerable, especially since he came to reside in Connemara. Persecution had been carried so far, that the people actually refused to sell him the common necessities of life: the police had to purchase what he wanted as if for themselves, and then send them to him by stealth. His wife and children can scarcely walk the street without being abused with all sorts of slanderous appellations. This is the church which professes to contend for liberty of conscience. The Magistrate had to interfere with the Priest on the subject. Mr. Crotty told me he was perfectly regardless of all their maledictions, and was determined to brave the storm. As I approached Roundstone, I had to stand and gaze on the proud waves of the Atlantic, as they washed the shore. The language of the poet occurred to my mind as descriptive of the scene:—

“What is life? 'Tis a delicate shell,
 Thrown up by eternity's flow,
 On time's bank of quicksand to dwell,
 And a moment its loveliness show.
 Gone back to its element, grand
 Is the billow that brought it on shore
 See, another is washing the strand,
 And that beautiful shell is no more.”

Alas ! how fleeting are earth's joys ! I little thought, while thus musing on the brevity of human existence, that I was so near realizing in my own family the truth of the above lines ; for, in a short time after, on my return home, after an absence of nine days, I found one of my dear children had taken her flight to a purer region, "where fears disturb not, nor possession cloy." The painful event took place quite unexpectedly, five hours before my return. I must not enlarge on the scene ; but I thought that if the Missionary has his sweets, he has his bitters also. I was saved from murmuring, thank God ; but "nature unproved may drop the tear ;" and who can forbear to weep when it is asked,—

"What is death ? To return to the ground,
And low in its slumbers to lie,
Till the trumpet the angel shall sound,
And call it away to the sky.
O, then shall this beautiful shell
Be more lovely and bright than before.
See, the beams of eternity tell,
That destruction shall seize it no more."

At Bonahoe, I find that there was one of the Wesleyan Mission-Schools kept for two or three years ; but it is now twelve years since its removal, and still the fruits remain to this day. The Romanists also remember it with gratitude ; so much so, that during the time of my worthy predecessor, Mr. Henry, no less than twelve Roman Catholic families offered to send their children, in opposition to the Priest, if we re-established the school. I believe the want of funds prevented our compliance. We could establish no less than four schools more on this Mission, under equally favourable circumstances ; but the funds are wanted. We are, however, truly grateful for the establishment of a boys' and girls' day-school in the town of Galway.

Galway, June 10th, 1843.

WILLIAM G. CAMPBELL.



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THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

MAY, 1844.



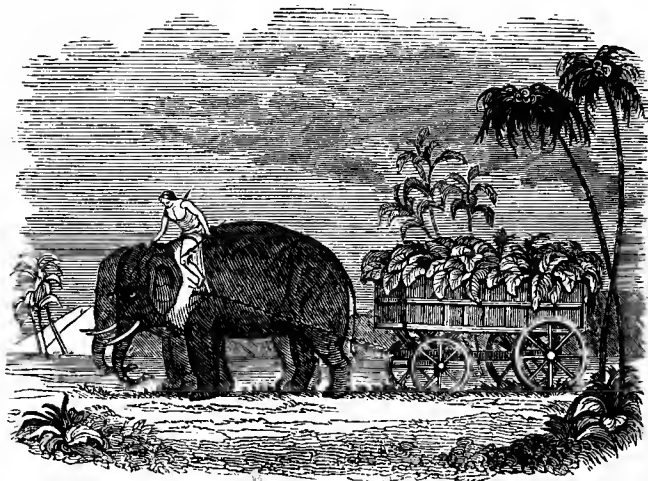
CEYLON MISSION.

By referring to a map of Asia, the juvenile reader will find the island of Ceylon, which has been the scene of the labours of Wesleyan Missionaries since 1814, at the southernmost point of Peninsular India. From the proximity of Ceylon to the continent of India, on the one hand, with which it is supposed, with great probability, at some time to have been connected, and from the similarity of language and religion, prevalent among the inhabitants of the South, with those of the Burmese empire on the other, the progress and success of Missionary enterprises in that island have all along been regarded with intense interest by the Christian public in this country. A few particulars relative to the state and prospect of Christianity in that island, so far as the Wesleyan Missionary Society are more specially concerned, may prove therefore acceptable to the readers of "The Wesleyan Juvenile Offering."

The appearance of the island of Ceylon is inviting and picturesque, and has long been celebrated. Its excellent pearls are found in a small oyster on the north-western coast, and yield a very considerable revenue to Government. It produces also a great number of metals and precious stones. The island abounds with lakes and rivers, while its shores afford numerous harbours to shelter the weather-beaten mariner. Snakes, insects, and reptiles in vast numbers are met with on shore, to the no small annoyance of Europeans. By the natives themselves these are but little regarded, partly owing to their being familiar with them from infancy, and partly owing to their reli-

gious belief. A great variety of birds and animals, such as are seldom seen in England, cannot fail to attract notice. The beautiful kingfisher sails on the wing just above the surface of the waters, while flocks of parrots soar over your head. Monkeys of different kinds leap from tree to tree, chattering and sporting by day; and jackals prowl about by night in droves, with hideous yells, disturbing the inmates of the little huts in the jungle, who not unfrequently find in the morning their poultry carried away, and are glad that their little children have escaped.

The bulky elephants are too remarkable not to be noticed: they at times do much injury to the plantations, but seldom direct their attacks against the human species. They, for the most part, live in herds, and a few, on being caught and tamed, are employed under the direction of the Government. They appear, however, very unwieldy and unsuitable as beasts of bur-



den. What would you think on seeing two large elephants, drawing after them a large, empty waggon; sluggishly raising one foot after another; with a man seated on the neck of one of the elephants, holding a long spike in his hand, turned up with a hook, by means of which he guides these tractable creatures? And yet this is a very

common occurrence, as represented in the accompanying wood-cut. Formerly elephants were in greater requisition than at present, so that there was a class or caste of persons whose business it was to catch and tame them. Horses are now found much more useful for general purposes, so that the elephant-caste is abolished. Elephants are chiefly valuable on account of their tusks, which at times measure six feet in length.

The rich and luxuriant foliage which every where abounds is exceedingly grateful to the eye, since it takes off the effect of the glare of the vertical sun, which, from the situation of the island so near the equator, is at times very intense. There are the mango, the fig, the pomegranate, the orange, the plantain-tree, with many others. The cocoa-nut tree apparently delights in a sandy soil ; it skirts the very shores of the island, its branches in many places overhanging the waters of the mighty billows of the ocean, while its useful fruit, and inviting shade, are heartily welcomed by every native man. There are also cinnamon-gardens, and coffee-plantations. Luscious pine-apples grow in the open air, and fields of rice wave to the refreshing breeze. And yet, amid these proofs of the power and goodness of Almighty God, the mass of the natives of this beautiful island are ignorant of the great First Cause, and are living in a state of Heathenism and idolatry ! The lamented Bishop Heber gives a very just description of the island and its inhabitants in the following well-known lines :—

“ What, though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon’s isle ?
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ?
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown ;
The Heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.”

It was for the purpose of aiding in the dissemination of a knowledge of Christianity among the inhabitants of Ceylon and the East, that the truly apostolic and devoted Dr. Coke, for the last time, set sail from his native land. He had been successful in raising the banner of the Cross in America, and

the West India islands, and now his heart beat high with the prospect of spreading the truth as it is in Jesus among the teeming millions of the East. Counting no sacrifice too great, with a band of devoted followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, he once more bid farewell to his brethren and friends in England, intending to go far off to the Gentiles, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. He saw the land of promise ; but was not permitted to enter it. The venerable Missionary was suddenly called to rest from his labours, and to enter into the joy of his Lord, during his voyage to India. I need not enter upon particulars relative to this inscrutable event of Divine Providence. They are recorded in the Rev. W. H. Harvard's "Narrative of the Mission to Ceylon and India." Suffice it to state, that, after encountering innumerable difficulties, the surviving Missionary party arrived in Ceylon, drew up plans for their future operations, some going to the north, and some settling in the south of the island. Although they found the people generally in an awful state of irreligion and demoralization, yet, by the blessing of God on their arduous and persevering endeavours, they were the instrument of awakening a religious concern among the various classes of society in the island,—English, Dutch, Portuguese, Tamul, and Singhalese,—which has been fostered and increased to the present day. There are now agents from other Protestant Missionary Societies in England and America, who are likewise contributing their amount of influence toward evangelizing the people. But, according to the last printed Report, there are, in connexion with the Wesleyan Missionary Society in Ceylon, 18 European and native Missionaries ; 136 Catechists, Superintendents of schools, and Schoolmasters ; 967 church members, and 4,286 children in the schools. To God alone be all the glory ! The work is of God, or it could not have succeeded against so many and so formidable obstacles. Who does not cordially respond to the sentiments expressed in the verse following the one of the hymn from which we have before quoted ?—

“ Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny ?

Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name."

Other particulars relative to the progress of the Ceylon Mission may be expected in future Numbers of this "Miscellany."

E. TOYNE.

HEATHEN PRAYERS.

WE read about heathen prayers in the Scriptures : "The Priests of Baal took a bullock, and dressed it, and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us. And they leaped upon the altar which was made : and they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them." (1 Kings xviii. 26—28.) Our Saviour said, "When ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the Heathen do : for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking." (Matt. vi. 7.)

Idolatry is much alike in all ages : in many parts of the earth in our day, the people wound themselves, thinking that the sight of their blood will move their gods to answer their prayers ; and they will repeat the name of their idols many millions of times, in hope of a good answer.

In several parts of India, a Brahmin, or Priest, goes down to the side of a river, and makes a god from the mud that lies on the banks. When he has formed it into a strange shape, he dries it in the sun ; and then he prays to what his own hands have made. First he strikes his elbows against his sides, then he snaps with his fingers round about his head, stamps with his left foot on the ground, and beats his cheeks with the fingers of his right hand, whilst his lips mutter strange sounds. When he has finished his devotions, he takes his mud-god, carries it to the river, and throws it into the water from whence it first came. This is heathen prayer !


The people called Gallas, in Africa, worship a large tree,

that grows on the side of one of their rivers. Crowds come from every part of the country, to ask of it every thing they desire : one asks for health ; another, for money ; another, for good crops ; and another, that he may overcome his enemy. Only the men are allowed to present their prayers at this spot ; for they suppose that females are unworthy of the honour of praying to the great tree !

The Tartars have a praying-machine. It is a round hollow box, fixed upright like a grindstone ; a string leads from it to what is called a spindle : by treading on this spindle, the machine turns round, just like a grindstone, when men sharpen their knives. Now, in the inside of the box are rolled up long pieces of parchment, joined together, sometimes to the length of several hundred feet : on the parchment a prayer is written over and over again, perhaps as many as a thousand times. When the machine is set in motion, the parchment-prayers are moved about, which, they say, pleases the gods, and brings down their blessing. The Heathen thus make prayer by wholesale ; for they suppose that every time the box moves round as many prayers are offered as are written inside.

Every Chinese, when he goes to worship his idols, takes with him two painted candles, and receives from the Priest, in return, six slips of scented wood. He then bows his head to the ground, to let his god know that he is about to pray : next he lays three of the pieces of wood on the altar, bows nine times, gives money to the Priest, and retires. During this ceremony, a large gong, or drum, is fiercely struck, so as almost to stun the people : this is done to call the attention of the god to the prayer that is offered.

Such are some of the ways in which Heathens pray. We might smile at them for their folly, did we not know that these prayers are offensive to the living God. "God is a Spirit : and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." (John iv. 24.) And every prayer must be offered in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, through whose blood and righteousness alone sinners can hope for acceptance.



AFRICAN FONDNESS FOR DRESS.

ON beginning the Khamies-Berg Mission in 1816, many of the people were so disagreeably greasy, and so strongly scented with boocho, that I have frequently been ill with the effluvia of a congregation, and glad to escape from it. But no sooner did they receive the Gospel, than they began to wash themselves, and were anxious to obtain European clothing. Indeed, they were so desirous of this, that they would put on and wear almost any thing they could obtain, however strange and grotesque they might appear in it. Jacob Links would lay aside his caross when he came to the chapel to interpret; instead of which, in cold weather, he put over his shoulders his mother's red baize petticoat, which answered as a gown, till we were able to procure him suitable clothing. My waggon-driver, on going to Cape-Town, procured several common cotton handkerchiefs, and might be seen wearing three or four of them on his head and neck, of different colours, at the same time. Old Trooi, the sister of the Chief, having received the present of a neat white cap, put it on her head, and with considerable consequence repaired to the chapel. She took her seat facing the pulpit, and had such a different appearance from her former self, that she became a gazing-stock for the whole assembly. The colour of her hands and face was such a contrast to that of her head-dress; her high cheek bones were so exceedingly prominent; she sat with such an appearance of superiority; that it was with great difficulty I could maintain the gravity requisite in the house of God. Since that time our people have improved so much, that our congregations are now in general decently clothed, and will vie, in this respect, with many assemblies in some of the country villages in England.—*Barnabas Shaw's Memorials of South Africa.*



KHAMIES-BERG MISSION.

THE pious natives of Khamies Berg continued to improve both in temporal and spiritual matters, and were as a "city set on a hill, which cannot be hid." Their light shone in worshipping God in their families. Often have I heard them engaged in prayer, before the sun had gilded the tops of the mountains; nor were their evening devotions neglected. As I have stood by the Mission-house, with the curtains of night drawn around us, I could hear them uniting in singing their beautiful evening hymn,—

"O Christ, eternal light divine,
Who constantly on us dost shine;
Thy presence shall be with us here,
Though neither sun nor moon appear."

Then falling around their family altar, though in a smoky hut, they felt the presence of the Most High, and the fulfilment of his promise, "The habitation of the just shall be blessed." On their fathers a Sabbath had never smiled; and they could remember the time when all their days were days of darkness, and when the shadow of death was brooding over them. But now, at the sound of the church-going bell, they poured from their huts to the house of prayer; and the Sabbath was a day of joy and thanksgiving. During the intervals of public worship, various groups might be seen sitting together, conversing on what they had heard, and examining the holy Scriptures. An aged man, who had long tried to learn to read, but never succeeded, would sit among the children, requesting them to instruct him. *Hoe zegt het boek?* "What does the book say?" was a common question; and on receiving an answer, he was delighted, and often expressed himself to me thus:—"Mynheer, before we received the Gospel, we were like an *egg*, before the chicken is hatched; we were surrounded with darkness, and could see nothing; but when the Gospel came, it broke the shell, and we now see the light of day."

At the commencement of the Mission, various methods were adopted for *calling the people* to public worship. For a time, the cross-cut saw was suspended, and struck with a hammer; afterwards the large waggon-whip was made use of, the stock of which is from fourteen to sixteen feet in length, and the lash from eighteen to twenty. This whip, when used by an expert waggoner, caused the mountain caverns to echo, and was heard at a considerable distance. Sometimes a young man would climb upon the roof of the chapel, and sound a large *bullock's horn*: but when John Irving, Esq., of Bristol, kindly sent us a bell, we dispensed with every other method, and its sound caused many a Namacqua to sing for joy. After the bell had been hanging for some time, Jan Willem, an eminent and devoted man, said in a public meeting, "*Als ik in de bergen zy*, (when I am in the mountains,) and hear the sound of the bell, I consider it as the voice of God, calling me to worship: it is a joyful sound, and I hope that I shall never live to see the day when it will be silent."

It is a divine command, "Is any merry? let him sing psalms." All the pious, whether aged or young, delight much in singing the praises of God; and some of the females have voices the most agreeable. By day or by night, on Sabbaths or week-days, both "young men and maidens, old men and children," were ready to unite in acts of adoration. One morning, an aged female Namacqua came, and desired that I would teach her the new tune she had lately heard: as my engagements were already too numerous, she was referred to the children of the school; she appeared to be at least seventy years of age; and in the afternoon of the day she was surrounded by a group of children, who had

undertaken the arduous task of teaching "*oud mamma*" the new song of thanksgiving.—*Barnabas Shaw's Memorials of South Africa.*

NEGRO PIETY.—"OPENING THE HOUSE."

TRUE religion will appear, not only in attention to the stated public services of the church, but in all the affairs of every-day life. The consistent disciple of the Saviour will act agreeably to that comprehensive rule, "Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." (1 Cor. x. 31.)

Since the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, many of those who, while in a state of bondage, were supposed to be incapable of appreciating the advantages of civil freedom, have shown a praiseworthy ambition to make the best use of their improved circumstances. The desire to possess a piece of ground, and a house they could call *their own*, has become universal.

To meet this desire, large patches of land have been divided into lots, and sold at prices sufficiently high to prove the value set upon independence by the purchasers. In this way various parts of the Island of Jamaica is studded with villages, which a few years ago had no existence, and but for the abolition of slavery never could have existed.

When the religious Negro has built his house, and got it ready for the reception of his family, he calls to see his Minister, and informs him, that he wishes "to have the blessing of God upon it;" and inquires, when it will be convenient for "Minister" to come and *open it with prayer.*

At the appointed time, the Missionary goes, and finds that every thing is carefully prepared for his proper reception. There stands the little cottage, bearing all the marks of its recent erection. All is fresh and clean; the little garden has been newly planted with cocoas, plantains, yams, beans, ochros, and other esculents peculiar to the climate, and surrounded with a low stone wall, or penguin fence; there is a gate leading to the house; and the whole is crowned with cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, or mangoe trees, throwing their luxuriant branches, covered with the richest verdure, up towards the clear blue sky, now tinged with the beams of the evening sun, which fringe with gold the fantastic clouds, into the bosom of which he is sinking in the far west; while the whole landscape, undisturbed by a breath of air, assumes an aspect of repose, as if witnessing in breathless silence the departure of the great ruler of the day;—all conspiring to give the scene its tropical character, and whisper to the beholder, that this is the "sweet home" of the *emancipated African.*

As the Missionary enters, he is greeted with the smiles and salutations of the master of the house, and the numerous friends he

has invited to join him in consecrating his new dwelling to God. Some, who are young or strange, cast their half-laughing side glances, and giggle for joy ; others, more bold, or who claim special acquaintance, step forward, and make many kind inquiries ; as, " How Minister do ? " " We heart glad for see wee's Minister ? " " How Missus, and all de pickaninny do ? " while others claim a shake of the hand, in which " Minister " is made to feel at once the strength of their affection and of their fingers !

The company being gathered together and properly seated, the Missionary takes his place at one end of the room with a table before him, on which a Bible and Hymn-book have been placed ; he gives out a hymn, which is sung by all present. After a prayer, suitable passages of Scripture are read, on which an address is founded, reminding them of the perishable nature of all earthly things, and urging them to seek " an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Another hymn being sung, one or two are called on to pray, and the whole is closed with a prayer by the Minister. The attention and devotion manifested on such occasions remind one of the resolution of Joshua, " As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

What a contrast does this furnish to the practice of many, who, satisfied with their superiority, despise the poor ignorant sons of Africa ! They plant, they build ;—but, instead of supplicating the blessing of God that maketh rich, and putting their families and property under his protecting care, they feast and revel on such occasions, as if they were companions of those who say, " Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Will not the piety of the humble Negro rise up in the judgment and condemn those, who are better instructed and surrounded with greater advantages ? " The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked ; but he blesseth the habitation of the just." (Prov. iii. 33.)

55, *Beaumont-Street, Mary-le-bone,*
Feb. 9th, 1844.

P. SAMUEL.



JAMAICA.

WHAT a glorious change has been produced by the efforts of Christian Missionaries in the island of Jamaica ! When Dr. Coke first visited it, in the year 1789, " the form of godliness " was scarcely visible. After his return to England, and through his exertions, Missionaries were sent to that island, with special reference to the spiritual instruction of the poor, ignorant, neglected slaves. Many of these Africans gladly listened to the Gospel, and sought and found salvation through Jesus Christ. As soon as their improved morals began to reflect on the wicked practices of some of the planters, they became indignant, and determined, if possible, to banish the Missionaries from the island, destroy

their chapels, and severely punish any slaves who should attend their places of worship. At a town called Bath, this cruel interdict had been issued by the Overseer of a gentleman's plantation. But George —, a member of the Methodist society, could not, would not bring his mind to deny himself the pleasure of attending the house of God. He went on the Sabbath, as usual. On the following morning the Overseer became acquainted with the circumstance; he ordered the poor man to be brought to the front of his house. He was laid down upon his face, tied by his wrists and ankles to four stakes driven into the ground; then two men, each furnished with a heavy whip, were commanded to take their place on either side of him, and to flog him. Lash followed lash; the blood flowed profusely: the innocent man writhed under the torturing hand of cruelty. At length, nearly exhausted, he turned his face towards his master, who was standing by unmoved, and cried, "O massa, massa! pity me! If massa no pity me, me shall die! Me no able to bear no more!" The only answer he received was an oath. A third man was then ordered to continue the flogging. After this he was taken to his hut. His friends rendered him all the assistance in their power; but on the second morning he died. This was flogging a man to death for no other crime than that of going to a Methodist chapel!

Now, though our Missionaries were not politicians, they could not witness such acts of barbarity as that just stated, without sending word to the parent country,—to England. At length the Government put an end to this cruel state of things. The abolition of slavery took place on the 1st of August, 1838. What now is the civil condition of the liberated Negroes of Jamaica? Perhaps superior to that of any peasantry in the world. They receive good wages; they are industrious and economical; and many of them have been able to purchase an acre or two of land, and build a comfortable house for themselves and their families.

And what is their present moral and religious condition? The Sabbath is consecrated to the Lord; Week-day and Sunday schools are very numerous; and thousands of them have not only joined our society, but have been converted to God, and are now loving and serving him. In Jamaica we have about twenty-six thousand members in church fellowship. Several black men, who were once in slavery, are now Local Preachers. Last year two coloured young men were received on probation as Ministers. Another pleasing feature in the success of our Missions in Jamaica is the fact, that the societies there nearly support their Missionaries; thus relieving the general fund, and enabling our Committee to increase the number of Missionaries in other parts of the world.

January 22d, 1844.

RICHARD SERJEANT.



AN ENGLISHMAN TAUGHT THE ALPHABET BY BLACK CHILDREN.

ON one occasion, when I was holding a love-feast at St. George's, in the island of Bermuda, an Englishman of the name of George Siggins stood up and said, "When I first began to attend the Methodist chapel in St. George's, I was so ignorant that I could not say my alphabet. I was convinced of sin one night when on sentry," (he was a private in the 20th regiment, stationed at that time in Bermuda,) "by an awfully sudden flash of lightning; and by hearing the Rev. Thomas Richardson, and others, preach, I was drawn to Christ. The way in which I got my knowledge of letters was by hearing the black children repeat their alphabet, and by inquiring of them the names of the different letters. Now I can both read and write."

THOMAS RICHARDSON.

THE HAPPY BLIND MAN.

"Godliness with contentment is great gain."

I REMEMBER attending a love-feast at Dieppe-Bay, in the island of St. Christopher's; when, among others, a blind man rose, and said, with much feeling, "I bless God for the Methodist Missionaries: before I heard them preach, I was very miserable. Being blind, the time used to hang heavy, and did not pass away fast enough. I could not really enjoy any thing. I would sit down and ponder, till the thought of my affliction was almost more than I could bear; and I was strongly tempted to destroy myself. But I went to hear the Missionary. The word came to my heart. I sought the blessings of salvation, and was made happy in God. Now I can thank God for my affliction. I can enjoy the society of my fellow-Christians. I can sit and think of the goodness of God all day long; and I am willing to stay here till the Lord take me home." "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." These are the seals of our apostleship.

January 24th, 1844.

JONATHAN CADMAN.

AN OLD BEGINNER.

SEVERAL years ago, when the Gospel had scarcely been heard by the native inhabitants of Gibraltar, a place which may be found at about the most southern point on the map of Europe, the Popish Preachers publicly assailed the Protestant religion, the pure and holy religion of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ;

threatened people who read the Bible that they should be sent to hell if they continued to do so; and, besides threatening the readers, they had often destroyed the books; and thus that sacred volume in which are the words by which we may be saved, might be seen burning in a court-yard belonging to the mass-house.

Just as those Preachers were boasting to their large congregations that they alone were the true Ministers of Christ, while all others pretending to be such were only "Priests of Beelzebub," and after they had challenged us to prove that our doctrines are true, the writer of these lines issued a public advertisement, announcing that he would preach at an appointed time in *la Iglesia de los Metodistas*, as the Spaniards called our place of worship; and invited the inhabitants of the town to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." Their attention was excited by the novelty of an English Minister preaching in Spanish; and on the Sunday evening, being the time appointed, the English could hardly make their way out, against the pressure of the strange congregation who came to take their turn. The singers kindly stayed to sing, for once, hymns they did not understand, and among a few others who kept their seats, the Preacher observed a dear old friend, a pious Captain of the Royal Artillery, who remained steadfast in his accustomed place to give him the moral weight of his presence and influence, that he might interpose in the riot, should the Priests raise one: for, shortly before that, they had attempted violence against his person. In the street without, the Priests were mingled with the crowd, to note the names of those who should enter; but that operation turned out rather too perplexing to be executed, and they left us in undisputed possession of the field. The confusion subsided as divine service commenced, and the multitude heard in deep silence a sermon without any controversy in it, only about "Christ and Him crucified."

Perhaps some were disappointed at not hearing strong words levelled at the Friars; perhaps some were pleased with what they did hear: certainly one was profited. This one was an old inhabitant, a Genoese by birth, more than fifty years of age, and possessed of some property, just enough to have lived on comfortably, if there could be peace to the wicked, but very ignorant, not knowing so much as one letter of the alphabet. His temper was most violent, he was insufferably quarrelsome, a confirmed drunkard, and in every way immoral. He came, like others, to see or hear something new; but the word of life touched his heart, got possession of his whole soul, and the hand of divine mercy bound him that night as with cords to the horns of the altar. He became a constant hearer, met with us in class, and found peace with God. But as he could not read, he felt himself to be destitute of the happiness which is derived from the Bible, and other good books,

and from being able to join with understanding in the various parts of public worship. "What shall I do?" said he. "Learn to read, to be sure," was the reply; "it is never too late to learn." "And so I will," resolved our convert, at last made humble and teachable as a little child. He took his first lesson that very moment, took a spelling-book, and went home again some letters richer than he came. By perseverance, almost entirely alone, he mastered the task, and could soon spend the greater part of his time retired in his own room, reading the Bible, and offering up prayer. We soon found out the secret of his success. He used to shut the door, kneel down before each attempt at reading, and pray God to teach him. Those petitions were fully answered, and his profiting appeared to all. Instead of raging against his neighbours, as formerly, he bore in silence greater provocations than most men have to suffer; instead of living in drunkenness, he practised abstemiousness; and from being ungodly in all manner of conversation, he became so averse to worldly company, that when any such came into his house, he would quietly go up into his chamber.

In this manner he proceeded for some years, giving entire proof of a real change of heart; and those who had hated him for some of his vices, now seemed to hate him no less for his religion. For a long time he rose above the whole, and, although eccentric in his manners and habits, was irreproachable in all his conduct: however, his mind, which had been so long disordered by intemperance, gave way at length under the burden of domestic trial. He was meek and harmless, notwithstanding, but unfit to be trusted at large. His family sent him away to Spain, where he died.

His body was the victim of sin, degraded by ignorance, and ruined by long intemperance. His soul is, we confidently hope, happy in that mansion of eternal rest which the Saviour went to prepare for him in our Father's house. But might he not have shone as a light of the world, if, in connexion with a sound conversion to God, his mind had been cultivated, and his life directed by a truly Christian education, by such a training as may now be provided for our children, to save them who are, as this poor Juan M—— used to say, "like lambs among the wolves?" Surely, O Lord, "the entrance of thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple."

Lynn, Jan. 31st, 1844.

W. H. RULE.

CONNEMARA, IN IRELAND.

SATURDAY, 8th, I returned to Galway, passing through the town of Outerard, which is also visited once a month. It is a rising town, and lies fourteen miles west of Galway. Here Popery is rampant; and the means she uses to extend her influence are worthy

of her darkest days. The following circumstance occurred a few days ago in that neighbourhood : A Protestant man, who had been dangerously ill, was asked by his wife, who is a Romanist, if she might send for the Priest. He gave no opposition ; and, in a very short time, his reverence was on the spot. The first act was to baptize the dying man, to make him a Christian ! When this was done, he performed the marriage ceremony, in order to legitimate his offspring ; and, lastly, he anointed him. The report of his *conversion* was immediately circulated far and wide ; and, in a few days after, the poor man died, as it was said, "in the faith." His remains were carried in triumph, on the day of interment, to the Romish chapel. The Temperance band attended and played through the town, when mass was offered for his soul. He was interred according to all the ceremonial of the Church of Rome. I could not help thinking that the words of our Lord apply with great force to this system : "For ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte," &c. ; but how fearful the "woe !" So much for Popery.

In reflecting on the labours of the past week, and on the country through which I travelled, I am forced to ask the question, what are the labours of one man in such a vast moral desert ? It is true we can preach to the Romanists along the way, when we meet them, and even kneel down with them in prayer on the side of the road, as I have often done ; yet nothing, comparatively, can be effectually accomplished by the occasional visits of one man ; for such is the state of the country in the winter season, that the visits of the Missionary from Galway cannot be regular. To paint the moral destitution of Connemara, would be as difficult as to climb the lofty summits of its mountains, or penetrate its sequestered glens ; but this moral waste will yet become as the garden of the Lord ; these cliffs, and rocks, and precipices, shall fling to each other the oft-repeated echoes of praise and prayer, instead of the wild notes of *Repeal*, which now, like a speaking-trumpet, reverberate through mountain, hill, and dale. Ye British Christians, help poor Ireland ; and now, especially, act the part of the good Samaritan, by pouring into her bleeding wounds the wine and oil of the glorious gospel of the grace of God. I am convinced of the absolute necessity of greater attention being paid to the cultivation of the Irish language, by your agents in this country, especially if you wish to benefit the adult population of the Irish-speaking districts. It is supposed, there are two millions who speak and think in the Irish language, and about the one-eighth of that number who speak nothing else. A very valuable letter was inserted in the Methodist Magazine, a few years ago, on this subject, from the pen of the Rev. Elijah Hoole. He asked, if any national change took place, whereby we could obtain uncontrolled access to the Roman Catholics, what facilities had we at present to meet the exigency ; and urged our young Preachers especially to turn their

attention to the subject. It is, however, gratifying to know, that, by the silent and unobtrusive efforts of Wesleyan Methodism, there are no less than from eight hundred to a thousand members in our society in Ireland, who were formerly members of the Church of Rome. The Mission-school system, now under the wisely-directed agency of the Rev. W. O. Croggon, has contributed to this in no small degree. I close this rough statement with a few lines on Ireland, said to be written a thousand years ago in Latin, and lately translated into English verse, thus:—

“Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
By nature bless'd, and Ireland is her name.
An island rich, exhaustless in her store
Of veiny silver, and of golden ore.
Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth,
With gems her waters, and her air with health;
Her verdant plains with milk and honey flow;
Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow;
Her waving furrows float with bearded corn;
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn.
No savage bear with lawless fury roves,
Nor ravening lion, through her sacred groves.
No poison here infects, nor scaly snake
Creeps through the grass, nor toad among the lake.
A country worthy of its pious race,
In war triumphant, and unmatch'd in peace.”

This description is surely worthy of her most palmy days, long before she was visited by the agents of the Papal See; and is thus introduced by way of contrast to her present painful and distracted condition. But I trust the day is not distant, when Ireland shall again be denominated an island of saints. So prays one of her devoted sons, and your humble servant,

Galway, June 10th, 1843.

WILLIAM G. CAMPBELL.

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THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JUNE, 1844.



TRICHINOPOLY.

IN the evening we approached Trichinopoly. The first view of it was striking: the rays of the setting sun were glancing on the rock, which rises from the level plain to an astonishing height, in the centre of the Fort; the buildings on the rock, having an appearance of strength and impregnability, reminded me of the scenery presented to my mind by the romances of early youth, or seemed a realization of the rocks and castles I have fancied in the evening clouds. Close to the rock, I found something better than imaginary gratification, in the kind welcome of the Rev. Mr. Rosen, and in the refreshing sleep I enjoyed during the night, in a bungalow or shed of bamboos and palmira-leaves, erected on the roof of his house for the advantage of cool air.

Rising early, Mr. Rosen accompanied me to the top of the rock. The ascent is by steps of stone, built or cut in the rock, and is partially covered in: about mid-way is a large Hindoo temple, whose endowments are said to yield a monthly income of many thousand rupees; and on the summit, which is rather narrow, is a smaller temple, on the top of which the British flag was hoisted. The view afforded from this eminence was varied and extensive. Enclosing the rock is the Fort, built in the form of an oblong square, adorned with tanks and public buildings, and entirely filled up with regular streets, containing, I was told, thirty-five thousand inhabitants; to the east, the sun was rising on the fertile plains of Tanjore; to the south, the cantonment, and the garden-houses of Europeans,

extended a few miles beyond the Fort ; to the north was the river Cauvery, on an island of which we could see the great temple of Seringham and the groves surrounding it ; and the horizon to the north-west was bounded by hills of a bold and a rugged appearance, through which the Cauvery winds its fertilizing course, and where lay my road to Bangalore.



THE ROCK OF TRICHINOPOLY.

It being Good-Friday, I attended service in the church connected with the Mission erected by Swartz.* The Lutheran service, and a sermon in the Tāmūl language, were read with distinctness and propriety by a native Catechist. Mr. Rosen then administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper ; the communicants, chiefly natives, were so numerous as to fill the table four or five times.

The heat throughout the whole day was excessive, and occasioned an exhaustion of strength and spirits I had not hitherto experienced : I thought the rock gathered the heat, which, with the reflection of the sun's rays from its surface, rarefied the air so as to render it inadequate to the purposes of respiration.

* It was in this church that the late much-lamented Bishop Heber officiated on the morning of his death.

The kingdoms of Tanjore and Trichinopoly continued in the hands of native Hindoo Sovereigns after the establishment of the Mogul or Mahommedan empire in India. Tanjore was seized about 1650 by Venkajee, brother of Sivajee, the founder of the Mahratta empire, which was also Hindoo: his descendants still occupy the throne. In 1736 Trichinopoly was treacherously wrested from the widowed mother of the rightful Hindoo Sovereign, by Chunda Sahib, the Finance Minister of the Nabob of the Carnatic; the latter being Provincial Governor under the Nizam or Viceroy of the Deccan, whose appointment proceeded direct from the Mahommedan Emperor of Delhi, or Great Mogul. The unfortunate Princess died in prison; and Dost Ali, the Nabob, confirmed Chunda Sahib, who was his son-in-law, in the possession of Trichinopoly. He was soon dispossessed by an army of Mahrattas; but in the course of the constant wars which at that time were waged in the Carnatic, Trichinopoly once more fell into the hands of a Mahommedan governor, Mahommed Ali. It is no part of the design of this narrative to enter upon the details of the ruinous wars which revolutionized the Carnatic. The French and the English continued in open hostility with each other, even when their respective Governments in Europe were at peace. In the broils which arose among the native Princes themselves, or between them and the Mahommedans, or in the contest for the Nabobship among the latter, the French and English were always found taking part, and always arrayed against each other. The result was briefly this, that Mahommed Ali, having been acknowledged by the British as Nabob of the Carnatic, and his right having been maintained by them against all competitors, showed some tardiness in complying with the wishes of his brave allies; the consequence of which was, that the British took the administration of the affairs of the Carnatic into their own hands, and have continued to maintain the Nabob and his descendants in idle state and useless pageantry to the present day. With little interruption, the country now included in the Presidency of Madras continued to be afflicted with the horrors of war until the death of Tippoo Sultan, and the capture of Seringapatam, in 1799.

Meantime, in the gracious providence of God, the way was opened for the extension of Christianity in this part of India. In 1750 the apostolic Swartz arrived at Tranquebar, with two other Missionaries, to reinforce the Danish Mission. After labouring here with great success for several years, in 1764 he took a journey on foot, in company with another Missionary, to Tanjore and Trichinopoly, preaching on the way both to Christians and Heathens. In the latter place he was received with great kindness by the British; and aid was afforded him to erect a small place of worship. In Tanjore he preached not merely in the city, but in the palace, within hearing of the King: he returned to Trichinopoly in September. The promise of success being so favourable, in 1767 Mr. Swartz transferred his services from the Danish Mission to the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and resumed his labours in Trichinopoly. Here he acted as Chaplain to the Forces, whilst he also pursued his vocation as Missionary to the Heathen. In both capacities he met with encouraging success. In 1779 he removed to Tanjore, where he acted in similar capacities, receiving from the Government of Madras, at both places, for fulfilling the office of Chaplain to the Garrison, one hundred pounds per annum. At Tanjore he remained until his death, in 1798.

The times in which this venerated Missionary lived seemed to give him a prominence from which he would otherwise have shrunk. Such was his character for honesty and truth, that more than once his word procured supplies for a famishing army, which supplies neither the influence of the British, nor the interference of the native authorities, could command. And when the Government of Madras required a confidential messenger to Hyder Ali, they dispatched Mr. Swartz to Seringapatam, where he was received by the warrior Chief with great respect. He was subsequently engaged by the British as interpreter, in negotiating a peace with Tippoo Sultan, in 1784. Thus was this good man honoured by earthly authorities; but he had the greater honour from God, of being the founder of the prosperous mission at Tanjore, and that in Trichino-

poly, and of seeing many thousands of the Hindoos converted to Christianity.—*Hoole's Madras, Mysore, and the South of India.*

THE LORD'S DAY IN A HEATHEN LAND.

THE Heathen have no Sabbath—no day of rest for the body and the mind. Their thoughts are only about what they shall eat and drink, with what they shall be clothed, and how they shall fulfil their own evil desires. One of the greatest blessings which the Bible makes known to men is, that one day in seven is a day of rest, to be kept holy to the Lord ; and the regard paid to this day marks those nations that profess to be Christian from those that still remain idolaters. The native converts in one place are called “Sunday Indians.” It would put many persons in Christian lands to shame, to see the way in which the holy day is kept by those who were once idolaters.

In South Africa, a Kaffer Chief sent one of his men a journey of fifteen miles to ask a Missionary if the word he had taught them about the Sabbath was the “fast word ;” that is, whether or not it came from God, and was a command that they must strictly keep ; for an English trader had brought his waggon near their village, and was asking his people to trade with him, although it was the Lord's day ; the trader said, he had no Sunday, which greatly astonished the Kaffer. The Chief, however, replied, that the Missionary should decide the question ; but, in the mean time, the trader might let his oxen graze, and make himself comfortable until the man returned with an answer.

“How can this be ?” the messenger said, when he came to the Teacher's house, “The man is a white man ! Where was he born, that he has no Sabbath ?” The Missionary sent word that the command was a “fast word ;” for it was God who said, “Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy ;” and that this word was binding upon all men, of every nation. The man thanked the Missionary in the name of his Chief, and said that he must never be tired of

teaching the Kaffers ; for their minds were very dark, and needed telling the same things over and over again. He then returned, and found the Chief and a large assembly waiting to hear the "great word" which should decide the question between the trader and themselves. When the Chief received the message, he cried, "Do you hear that now? The Missionary must be right, because he has the book," meaning the Bible. The trader was then told that he must wait until the next morning, when they would be glad to trade with him ; for they would have nothing to do with him on the holy day.

Of the same people, the Missionary says, "It is truly pleasing to see them on the Lord's day, dressed in neat and clean European clothes, forming a contrast to the filthy dresses which they wore in their heathen state. They meet together in the house of God, and their worship begins by singing a hymn : they then join in solemn prayer. A text of Scripture is read, and a sermon is preached ; when the Minister tells of the fallen state of man, and speaks of the death of Jesus, as the only means of pardon and peace with God : or, he shows the need of faith and repentance, and warns them to flee from sin.

"There is also the school for the little black children, and often classes for elder people. No worldly labour is done, the cattle are grazing in quiet. All around tells, that it is the day of rest in this African village. And at the close of the day may be heard, in many of the huts, the voice of prayer and praise for the mercies of another holy Sabbath."

May we, who were born in a Christian land, love the Lord's day as the best of all the days of the week ; and may we be prepared to spend an eternal Sabbath in heaven!

"How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!"



BLUE MOUNTAINS, JAMAICA.

I OFTEN find that intelligent and pious children, who take an interest in Missionary matters, are anxious to

know, among other things, whether there is any thing remarkable in the aspect of the country in which I was employed ; and they have been interested by the following statement, relative to the Blue Mountains in the Island of Jamaica, which are upwards of seven thousand feet above the level of the sea : some say, eight thousand. Their high peaks, when observed at some distance from the shore, are seen peering out above the clouds, a sight which is so strikingly novel and impressive, to a person approaching those shores from the comparatively low lands of his own country, that he gazes upon them with astonishment.

At the foot of these Mountains, on Coley Estate, belonging to the Right Hon. Sir George H. Rose, G. C. H., I have often preached the Gospel, and have been deeply interested by the attention of the Negro children under catechetical instruction.

A pious and kind friend, a Magistrate, then resident at Morant-Bay, ascended these Mountains, on a certain occasion, merely for observation and pleasure. During his absence, a tremendous thunder-storm came on ; his friends were anxious about him, and, at least, expected that he would be wet to the skin, as there was no place of shelter ; they were therefore greatly surprised to find him, when he made his appearance, perfectly dry. He informed them, that when the storm came on, he was far above it, enjoying a sweet and serene atmosphere, and a clear sky. The dark clouds were all rolling below his feet, and, in this novel position, he stood and listened to the thunder's peal, and gazed on the lightning's glare, no doubt under the influence of inexpressible emotions of mind.

How strikingly appropriate would have been the lines of the poet, could he have called them to mind !—

“ If down I turn my wondering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.

“ The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey ;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

“ There, like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast ;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.”

JOHN SHIPMAN.



A NEGRO'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CONVERSION.

It must be cheering to the friends of Missions to be assured, that of the multitudes who have been gathered into Christian society by the labours of God's servants, there are increasing numbers whose Christian experience is of the most satisfactory character. A young man of my acquaintance, whose zeal in God's cause and correct deportment gave evidence of a divine change, stated the circumstances of his conversion, at one of our quarterly love-feasts, as follows :—

“ I went home one afternoon from my work, and took my Testament, and read the nineteenth chapter of St. John ; and while I read about the sufferings of Christ, I thought I heard something within me say, ‘ I suffered this for thee ;’ and just then I felt the great burden of guilty fear fall from my mind, and I was very happy. I was happy when I went to bed, and happy when I got up in the morning, and happy all the day ; I cannot tell you how happy I feel.”

JOHN HORNBY.



THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

ONE thing has often struck me, when a Missionary in the West Indies, namely, the great privation the Negro population has endured in not being able to read. Slavery and ignorance have always been companions. Slave-holders have generally considered it their interest to deprive their slaves of the opportunity of learning to read. When that noble boon of the New Testaments and Psalms was sent to the emancipated Negroes in the British Islands of the West Indies by the Bible Society, I was present in Trinidad. Very few of the people were able to read, and, consequently, could not sufficiently prize the valuable boon.

Among the thousands of Negroes that resided in the country parts of that island, I was not able to find twenty that could read. When I was in Tobago I met with hundreds who were in similar circumstances. When I was in St. Vincent's I was placed over a society of seven hundred persons ; but not one of them was able to read. Though we had about twenty-seven Class-Leaders, not one of them could call over his own class-paper,—it devolved upon the Missionary. And, O what a loss these people consequently suffered ! They might look upon the Bible ; but it was to them a blank book. God spoke to them in it ; but they could not listen to his voice. They might look upon our Hymn-book ; but they could not peruse its important and instructive contents. Its heart-stirring, impressive, and cheering poetry could not quicken and refresh their spirits, for they could not read it. It is true, that some of its portions they sometimes sang ; but those portions were engraven upon their memories through hearing others singing them time after time. They could not go independently to the Hymn-book, and there learn its spiritual songs. They felt their ignorance, and deplored it ; and that of which they had experienced the want, they were anxious to give unto their children. Some have come to me, intreating that I would teach their children to read, that they might not be brought up so ignorant as they were ; and when some have made their application, they have assigned as their reason for doing so, that their children might be able to read to them. O how thankful ought the children of this highly-favoured country to be that they have been taught to read ! To be shut up in ignorance, as the Negroes of the West Indies have been, is to be in a state truly lamentable. However, a brighter day has dawned upon those isles of the sea. Since the emancipation of the slaves there, schools have been established, and thousands of poor children have been taught to read. Yet the schools are few in number compared with the demands of the population. But, the benefit of those few is already felt : Negro children can now read God's word, sing our hymns, and delightfully engage in celebrating the worship of their God and Saviour in our chapels. Before I left the West Indies my heart has been often cheered and animated, while listening to our young people singing the praises of their Maker. Their glistening eyes, and animated countenances, have evinced their happiness while so employed. And what has brought about the delightful change which is seen in the British Isles of the West Indies ? Why, the preaching of Christian Missionaries, and the instruction of Christian schoolmasters. And who have sent those servants of God ? Why, Christian people of this country ; and children and young people have joined with these good Christians by giving their pence, &c., to the Mission cause, instead of expending it in what is foolish, and does no good, but harm. And is it not a great privilege to be instrumental, either directly or indirectly, in bringing about

such a delightful change as that which we have mentioned? And there are millions of children in different parts of the world who are in as deplorable a condition as those were in the West Indies, before the Gospel was sent unto them; Jesus Christ, the Lover of children, commands the young people of Britain to pray for them, and to help in sending them the Gospel; and, O how will Jesus smile upon all benevolent and praying children, as they enter heaven; and, as he smiles, will say, "Well done!" And once pagan children, but then Christianized, saved, and glorified, will bless the children of this Christian country, who have been lovers of the Mission cause.

Hayle, Cornwall, January 23d, 1844.

JOHN MANN.

ARDENT ATTACHMENT OF NEGRO CHILDREN TO THEIR MINISTERS.

HEARING from my dear friend Mr. Saxton, at St. Ann's Bay, Jamaica, on November 21st, 1830, that he was unwell, I went as early as possible to see him: the distance being about fourteen miles, I reached the town at sunset, exceedingly scorched and fatigued. Upon entering the Mission-house, and asking of his welfare, I was informed that he died the evening before, at Belmont, a mountain-station to which he had been removed; and that he was to be buried that afternoon at Ebenezer, another station in the Circuit. This unexpected intelligence was as a sword piercing my soul; and hours were spent in weeping and sorrowing for my loss. But others felt also that they had sustained a heavy loss; for so greatly had he endeared himself to the children of St. Ann's school, that, although the account of his death did not reach the place till late on Saturday evening, yet at midnight ten or twelve of them arrived at Belmont, wet and weary. While they stood around the corpse of their friend and Minister, their throbbing hearts were ready to burst; and they wept aloud. At an early hour preparations were made for removing my departed brother to Ebenezer; and although these dear children had walked fourteen miles already, they resolved to follow the corpse eleven miles further, to the place of its interment. I afterwards visited his silent, solitary grave; but not upon my feet, and through the darkness of night, as did these grateful little blacks, out of ardent attachment to their valued instructor and Pastor.

WILLIAM BOX.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD ASSERTED BY A SLAVE.

JAMAICA, as a colony, has suffered more from earthquakes, hurricanes, &c., than any other place in the western hemisphere; and it has been remarked, that much serious reflection has often resulted from these alarming visitations. The Negro population who are favoured with religious instruction generally imbibe strong notions of the providence of God. An instance of this was related to me some time ago. A slave belonging to Mr. B., whose property suffered much during an alarming storm, was asked how it was that the house of God, which stood on the same property, escaped unhurt. He answered, "Massa, God Almighty put him hand upon it."—*From the Journal of a deceased Missionary.*



LIBERALITY OF AN EMANCIPATED SLAVE.

A FEMALE slave, in Kingstown, St. Vincent's, who was a member of our society, was desirous of purchasing her freedom. She laboured hard; and, by dint of industry and carefulness, saved three doubloons, about ten guineas sterling. Her mistress, who, though not a member of our society, yet was a regular attendant upon our ministry, was led to think that she ought, in consideration of the long and faithful services of her slave, to give her her freedom; and she accordingly did so. The slave, full of joy at such a boon as this, came to the Missionary, and presented him with the whole of the three doubloons which she had saved from her hard earnings. This she did as an offering of gratitude to God, who had put it into the heart of her mistress freely to emancipate her; at the same time expressing a wish that the money might be devoted to the sending of Missionaries to Africa, that they might preach to her countrymen that Gospel which had been the means of effecting for her a twofold freedom, one from the bondage of sin, and the other from a state of civil slavery.

EVERIT VIGIS.



RECEPTION OF A MISSIONARY.

THE following brief statement of my first reception amongst the Negroes in the West Indies may serve to show the cordial manner in which a messenger of the Cross was received by that interesting people, when in a state of slavery; and furnishes a

gratifying illustration of Isaiah lii. 7. It occurred early in the year 1825, at Old-Road, in the Island of St. Christopher's, the first station I occupied in that part of the world.

I arrived, accompanied by Mrs. Clough, on the Saturday afternoon; and, after being hospitably entertained a short time at the house of the Misses Douglass, the long-trying friends of Missionaries in that place, we were conducted to the Society's establishment, which consisted of a wooden chapel, in a somewhat ruinous state, and a small house, of the same material, containing two rooms, as the Missionary's residence. The novelty of our situation affected us not a little. The humble character and peculiar construction of our dwelling, the colour and costume of the people, (nearly all either black or mulatto,) combined with the bold and romantic scenery around us, served very forcibly to remind us that we were strangers in a strange land. We remembered, however, the object we had in view in placing ourselves in this new position. We looked up to the God of Missionaries, and were comforted and encouraged.

The next morning I commenced my public labours; and just as I entered the chapel, a number of persons, principally Negro slaves, rose up, and welcomed me amongst them by singing the following words, or words to the same effect:—

“ Welcome, welcome, blessed servant,
Messenger of Jesu's grace.
O how beauteous are the feet of him
That brings good news of peace!
Hallelujah!
Priest of God, thy people's joy.”

This very hearty reception greatly encouraged me; and the manner in which they afterwards repeated the responses in the beautiful liturgical service, which we always used, together with their tearful eyes, or smiling countenances, whilst they listened to the message of mercy, tended to convince me that my labours would be duly appreciated by the people of my charge.

I remained with them for twelve months; and though I had some trials and discouragements, yet I had many mercies, and some success. I often look back to that first year of my Missionary labours with peculiar emotion. I had just received a second year's appointment to that station, when, in consequence of the wreck of the “Maria” mail-boat, I had to remove to the neighbouring island of Nevis.

January 22d, 1844.

WILLIAM CLOUGH.



HAPPY RESULTS OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION
AMONG THE ONCE-ENSLAVED POPULATION
OF ANTIGUA.

ON Dec. 26th, 1835, we held the Anniversary of our Sabbath-school at Willoughby-Bay. There were about five hundred children, Teachers, and other adults, present. Many of the latter, as well as the Teachers, had been taught in the school, and married from it, during the dark days of slavery. After opening the business of the afternoon by praise and prayer, all those persons who had been scholars, and were now married, approached the desk, and formed themselves into a large semicircle, having their *piccaninies* [children] in their hand, or standing before them, when I gave them an address adapted to their circumstances; especially contrasting their present state, as free people, with the former period of their bondage, and urging them to the right performance of parental duties. Mrs. Box then presented every mother, and every child, with some useful article; and suitable books were given to the men. It was indeed a lovely sight to see so many young couples saved by divine grace from the prevalent vices of those countries, honourably and happily united in holy matrimony, and leading their rising progeny, through the influence of Christian principle, to the Sabbath-school, and to the House of God.

The following year, a more minute examination of the scholars took place; two Ministers from America being present, with the Missionaries and other friends. One of these gentlemen published the following account: "I had the pleasure of being present at the Annual Examination of the Infant-schools at Willoughby-Bay, Dec. 30th, 1836. The exercises on the occasion were, reading in the Bible, exhibitions in writing, cyphering, and needlework on the part of the girls. The whole was agreeably interspersed with singing. There were but few children present, however small, who could not read with fluency any part of the Bible. The proficiency of the scholars was, in many instances, truly astonishing; children not more than four years old, scarcely strong enough to hold the Bible in their hands, read without faltering; and answered questions put to them by the Examiner, with a sprightliness which should for ever silence the slander uttered against African intellect. The children exhibited a familiar acquaintance with Bible Characters, and were remarkably ready in quoting passages of Scripture. The specimens of writing and cyphering were highly creditable to the children. The girls were eager to exhibit their little pieces of needlework; some had samplers beautifully marked with letters, and others presented pretty specimens of stitching. I was informed, that much attention was paid to this very useful branch of female instruction. Perhaps the most attractive feature in these schools is the excellent singing of the

children : they observe all the pauses, and keep accurate time. The Teachers of these schools are emancipated labourers, whose education, previous to August, 1834, was chiefly obtained in Sabbath-schools. The children who compose these schools were born slaves ; but, thanks to God, they now enjoy the blessings of freedom."

To this testimony I can set my seal, having witnessed the capacity of the black children for the acquirement of all useful knowledge, and their great desire to possess it.

WILLIAM BOX.

MISSIONS IN FRANCE.

WE deeply regret that the Committee have not been able to employ a hundred Missionaries in France, where they have employed but one. How little of the light of divine truth has shone in that country ! And the consequence is, that much mischief has been done in the world, by men who might otherwise have carried a gracious influence wherever they went. If genuine Christianity had been allowed to exert its own power in France, would the Government of that country ever have allowed their agents to take possession of Tahiti, for the very purpose, it is feared, of extinguishing the true light, and preparing the way for the errors of Popery ? If, instead of superstition and idolatry, the French had been induced to embrace vital godliness, would the Government have suffered its officers to scatter firebrands, arrows, and death, in the Mission field, occupied by pious, laborious, and successful Protestants ? Would those of the French, who settle in countries distant from their own, establish the system of antichrist, and rear up a tremendous barrier to the spread of divine truth ? Would the scientific men of France, who emigrate in the character of philanthropists, pollute the minds of their hearers by that mis-named philosophy which embraces infidelity of the most dangerous description ? Great influence is exerted by France over other dominions besides its own. In blessing France, we are blessing the world ; in withholding blessings from France, we are withholding blessings from the world ; and to leave them unacquainted with the nature of true religion, is almost like bidding them to remain in the dark, and carry the curse of infidelity wherever they go. God has wonderfully enabled us to maintain a footing in France for many years, and we are in danger of frustrating his gracious designs, unless we increase the number of our Missionaries, and much more if we are compelled to reduce the number for want of funds.

"But are not the French able to support Ministers for themselves ?" Doubtless they have the means ; but they will not be forthcoming, until they have the sense of want. For any thing they know,

they are rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing, and are not yet prepared to employ Christian men to come and tell them, that they are poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked. Those who, having felt their need of Christ, have put on the Lord Jesus, are as remarkable for their liberality, as for other branches of Christian duty; but when they have done their best, nothing is accomplished, compared with what ought to be done, for the great nation of which they form a part.

The Bible is far more extensively read in France than formerly. It is true, that here and there they have occasionally a burning day, when religious tracts and copies of the Bible are committed to the flames; but, if our limits would admit of it, it would not be difficult to show, that the distribution of the Scriptures has been productive of that good which we ought to follow up and extend. It will be remembered, that the Rev. Mr. Cummings visited France, a few months ago, and that when he addressed a Papist concerning the folly of what he had seen and heard in the church, all of which his erring friend appeared to approve of most heartily, Mr. Cummings said, "Have you a Bible?" "No," said the man, "you will not find a Bible in my house, and, I dare say, you would not find one in this town: the Bible is the Protestants' book; and if we read the Bible, we shall all become Protestants." If the man be a true prophet, let us furnish the bread of life in great abundance. But reading the Bible is not ordinarily sufficient, without the exertions of the living ministry; and therefore our Lord commands us not only to "search the Scriptures;" but also to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

We should find it easy to show, that men are willing to endure the hardships which have to be encountered in the South of France, and are successful in their work;—that prospects of revivals have occasioned persecution, which, however, has been over-ruled for good;—and that great importance is attached to the English department of our work in France;—but our limits prevent it.

Those who are true friends to the French Mission have, perhaps, greater cause than ever to remember it in their prayers, and support it by their contributions. Who has not been alarmed by what has been said concerning reducing the number of our Missionaries? And we have reason to fear that, if any thing so deplorable should take place, our Missions in France, with all their importance, would be the first to suffer. It was not without difficulty, that an English Missionary was obtained for one of the Stations at the last London Conference. When Calais was lost to this country, it will be remembered that Queen Mary deemed it such a heavy calamity, that she said, if she were examined after her death, Calais would be found written upon her heart. And if Calais were lost to the soldiers of Christ, who have had possession for some years, there are

persons whose painful feelings would bear comparison with those of Queen Mary. O that we may feel the necessity of casting the largest possible offering into the treasury of the Lord, that the Gospel of the grace of God may be sent to the regions beyond !

Macclesfield, January 22d, 1844.

CHARLES CLAY.

LAMENTABLE IGNORANCE OF A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN.

“ There are first that shall be last, and there are last who shall be first.”

JUST before attending a Missionary Meeting, not long since, I was requested to visit a young man in dying circumstances. I found him in a state of great alarm, being unprepared to die, though upwards of twenty years of age. In answer to my questions on the first principles of religion, he evinced lamentable ignorance, knowing little of himself as a sinner, and nothing of the Saviour, who died, “ the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.” In this state of ignorance and alarm, he died ; and I had not another opportunity of seeing him. My mind was much affected with the thought, that while we were pleading for the Heathen, many of them, even young persons, are made wise unto salvation ; while, in this country, so highly favoured, many live and die without religion. O that all young persons who hear of the Heathen, and collect for the Mission-schools and congregations, may for themselves secure those blessings of pardon and holiness which, by their instrumentality, are being made known daily to the inhabitants of distant nations ! It is God’s will that all should be saved. Let all attend to the command, “ Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.”

January 24th, 1844.

JONATHAN CADMAN.

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THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JULY, 1844.

THE MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARIES

IN EXETER-HALL, AND GREAT QUEEN-STREET CHAPEL.

At the great Meeting held in Exeter-Hall, April 29th, the Rev. Dr. Wilson, from Bombay, said,—

I have observed among the natives of India very great jealousy as to their idols. They seek to preserve them from defilement; they honour them as the abodes of the divine Spirit; and when any untoward event occurs respecting them, they are in great distress. This last remark I will illustrate by a circumstance which I witnessed in India. On one occasion I saw a person go into a temple, and place upon an idol the head of a buffalo. I knew that he had performed unwittingly an act which might lead to very serious consequences. I therefore remained for a few minutes at the door of the temple, till the persons who had charge of the idol made their appearance. The wife of the sweeper of the temple was the first person who had her attention directed to the horns of the buffalo upon the idol. She exclaimed: "God has become propitious to-day; he has given us a sign of his power; horns have sprouted out of his head." Forward she went; but when she discovered that the horns had been put upon the head, instead of sprouting from it, she cried out, "O, alas!" Her husband came up, and, smiting his breast, exclaimed, "The god is defiled; the god has apostatized!" and he ran down the hill, crying, "The god is defiled; the god has fled!" When he appeared in the market-place, the weaver left his loom, the merchant quitted the bazaar, and the learned Brahmin forsook his manuscript, to ask what had happened. The man narrated the event, and a solemn procession took place to the temple. The Brahminical authorities promulgated the opinion that the spirit of the god had left the idol, and had taken his seat on an adjoining tree. I said to them, "What is to be done? It appears strange to me that your god should fly at a mere touch,—that he should fly, instead of remaining to protect his worshippers." They replied, "We must have the god restored by charms to his original abode; and to effect

that we must have seven hundred rupees (or £70) from the villagers." The villagers said, "We are inclined to give something for the restoration of our god, but not so much as that. The *Padres*, or Missionaries, have been among us; and though we consider this occurrence a great evil, we do not think so much of it as our fathers did. We will give you three hundred and fifty rupees." The frolic of the person who perpetrated this trick led, therefore, to the imposition of a fine of £35 upon the villagers. But we see, from the Report presented to this Meeting, what can be done by the power of the Gospel: we see that it can lead to the destruction of idols.

Dr. Wilson related the above story because in the Report it had been stated, that several idols had been destroyed in Ceylon. He referred to this fact as follows:—

Your Report to-day bears witness to the effect of Christian teaching, with reference to the destruction of idols. Mr. Stott, of Ceylon, writes: "Since I last wrote, we have broken thirteen stone *Pillears*, or images of the elephant-headed god, and have pulled down five thatched huts, in which they were placed and worshipped." And under what circumstances was this done? Mr. Stott proceeds: "These huts were built on private ground, the owners of which have now renounced Heathenism, and have consequently given their gods to destruction." This, I maintain, is a triumph of far greater importance than all the conquests of Jesuitry in India.

The Rev. Robert Young, who has recently been on a visit to Jamaica, where he was formerly a Missionary, said,—

I was much pleased with the spirit of our beloved people, not only in Kingston and Spanish-Town, but also in the mountain districts; and in my visit to the Port-Royal mountains, I met with several Negroes who expressed their obligations to the Missionary Committee for having furnished them with the preaching of the Gospel. One person, in describing the happy results of the labours of our Missionary in that locality, bent forward, closed her eyes, and put her fingers upon them, saying, "When Massa Harding came to these mountains we stood so; but now," said she, presenting herself erect, and opening her eyes marvelously wide, "we stand so." If Mr. Harding has not been an Apostle to others, he has doubtless been an Apostle to these mountaineers, in having "opened their eyes, and turned them from darkness to light." In my visit to St. Andrew's Mountain, I was greatly impressed with the change which had been effected since I commenced that Mission twenty years before. It is true, the hills and dales about this Jerusalem were still the same; but their silence was no longer broken by the shrieks of the tortured

Negro. The seeds deposited by the hand of my wife had vegetated into large and beautiful trees, whilst many a lovely shrub, just emblem of human life, had survived its beauty, or entirely disappeared. At the appointed time, the bell was rung, and the tribes came up to worship ; amongst whom I at once recognised several as the first-fruits of that Mission. The chapel was crowded to excess, and many could not get admittance. After I had finished the service, many of the people rushed forward to shake hands with me, assigning several reasons for so doing ;—some, because I had baptized them ; others, because I had married them ;—some, because I had settled differences between them as husbands and wives ; and others, because I had saved them from severe floggings when they were in a state of slavery ; some, because I had visited them in sickness, and given them medicines ; and others, because I had committed some dear relative of theirs to the tomb ; some, because I had counselled them in seasons of perplexity ; and many, because, as they said, I had *made them see*. I am certainly not soon excited ; but I should have suspected the genuineness of my Christianity, if I could have passed through that scene without emotion. I did indeed feel with the Apostle, that there was no greater joy than to find my children, black as some of them were, still walking in the truth.

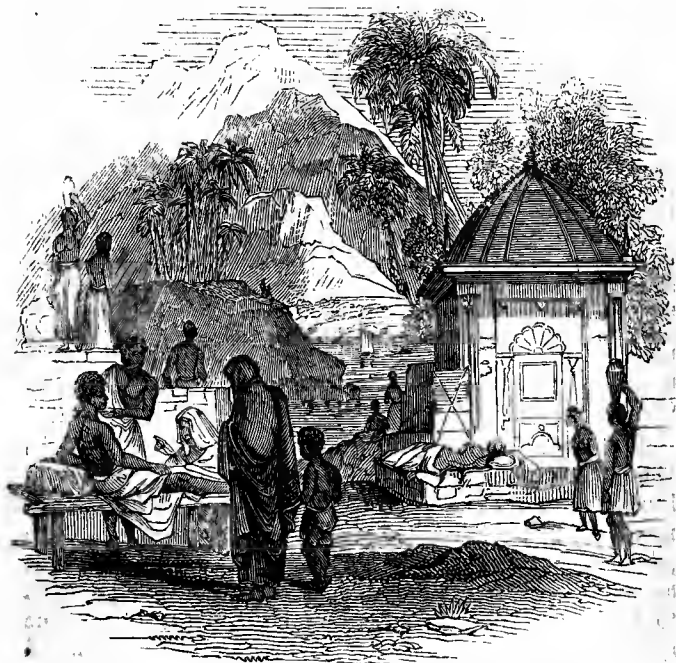
At the Meeting in Great Queen-Street Chapel, the Right Honourable Fox Maule, who was in the chair, expressed himself as very much pleased with the Juvenile Christmas and New-Year's Offering, which was reported to have produced nearly Four Thousand Pounds. He thought it an admirable mode of training children and young persons to habits of Christian benevolence, and intimated that he should introduce it into his own family, and recommend and promote its adoption in the Free Church of Scotland.



CRUEL SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HINDOOS.

THE Bengalee Hindoos have generally a great terror of the dead, and will seldom venture to inhabit a hut or a house where a person has died. This seems connected with their custom of exposing the sick to perish on the banks of rivers, which tends to aggravate the last pangs of nature ; and sometimes not only accelerates death, but exhausts that strength which might probably have enabled nature to overcome the disease. The practice also furnishes an opportunity of perpetrating other horrid crimes.

When a person is on the point of death, his relations carry him on his bed, or on a litter, to the Ganges. This litter consists of some bamboos fastened together, and slung



EXPOSURE OF THE SICK IN BENGAL.

on ropes. Some persons are carried many miles to the river ; and this practice is often attended with very cruel circumstances. A person in his last agonies is dragged from his bed and his friends, and carried, in the coldest and hottest weather, from whatever distance, to the river-side, where he lies, if a poor man, in open air, day and night, till he expires.

In cases of sudden and alarming sickness, many are actually murdered by these violent means of sending men to Gunga. If a Hindoo should die in his house, and not within sight of the river, it is considered a great misfor-


tune, and his memory is sure to be stigmatized for it after death.

A few years since, a Rajah, living about one hundred miles from Calcutta, sent for an English Physician from that city. By the time he arrived, his relations had brought the sick Rajah to the river-side ; and, in a short period, would have killed him. The Physician reprovèd them for their want of feeling, and ordered his patient to be carried home, where in a few days he recovered. Before the Physician took his leave, he made the Rajah promise to give him the earliest information if he should be sick again. Soon after, the disease having returned, he sent for his old friend ; but, before he could arrive, his relations had despatched him with the mud and water of the sacred stream.

The want of compassion among the Hindoos towards the poor, the sick, and the dying, is so notorious, that European travellers are frequently filled with horror at the proofs of their inhumanity, merely as they pass along the roads or navigate the rivers in this country.

The aged Hindoo parent is deemed an encumbrance by his family, and carried, a living victim, devoted to die on the margin of the Ganges, or some other holy stream. His own children fill his mouth and nostrils with mud ; and, cutting off every prospect of recovery, leave the author of their being to be carried away by the stream, as food for alligators and vultures. No doubt many, who might recover, are thus consigned to a premature death. The damp borders of the stream, with a burning sun, rarely fail, however favourable the season may be, to put a speedy termination to the sick person's sufferings ; but it has often happened that the attendants become tired ; and, perhaps with the humane intention of finishing his pain, either place the bed at low-water mark, if the spot be within flow of the tide, or smear the dying man with the slime of the holy waters, and fill his mouth with the mud. When a person has been taken to the side of the Ganges, or other substituted waters, under the supposition that he is dying, he is, in the eye of the Hindoo law, dead ; his property passes to his heir, according to his bequest ; and, in the

event of recovery, the poor fellow becomes an outcast : even his own children will not eat with him, nor afford him the least accommodation ; if, by chance, they come in contact, ablution must follow. The wretched survivor, from that time, is held in abhorrence, and has no other resort but to associate himself in a village inhabited by persons under similar circumstances. There are but few such receptacles ; the largest is on the banks of the Simla, which passes near Sooksaugur, about forty miles north of Calcutta.



BRIEF NOTICES OF THE CEYLON MISSION.

ON the arrival of the Wesleyan Missionaries in Ceylon, a wide field of labour and of usefulness opened before them, extending over the whole length and breadth of the island, comprising an extent of territory near three hundred miles in length, and about one hundred miles in breadth, with a native population, scattered through its numerous towns and villages, computed at not less than a million and a half of immortal souls ; at the same time presenting one vast, dreary, uncultivated moral waste, covered with the thickest, deepest gloom of ignorance, superstition, and vice, scarcely relieved by one single gleam of heavenly illumination. This fearful state of things, however, did not deter their attempting the instruction and salvation of the people, but rather imparted fresh ardour to their zeal, and enkindled anew in their bosoms the flame of intense desire to make known, to the different classes of persons around them, the truths contained in that sacred volume, which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Hence they lost no time in concerting what they believed the best plans to be adopted to guide them in their future operations.

All along the western coast and interior of Ceylon, the Missionaries met with numbers of people, divided into different castes, or classes, who, for the most part, were followers of that false prophet, Mahomet. These, no doubt, emigrated from the opposite shores, at the time the coast of Malabar was overrun by the Mahomedans from Arabia.

With the exception of a few who are Papists, they strictly observe the vain and foolish dogmas of the Koran ; and, like their brethren in all other parts of the world, entertain the bitterest enmity toward Christianity. Of the various tribes of men visited with the offer of salvation through Christ, perhaps none are less inclined to receive divine truth than the Mahomedans ; and yet they are a very numerous people. Let us fervently unite in presenting, to the throne of the heavenly grace, on their behalf, the beautiful petitions embodied in the 443d hymn of the Wesleyan Hymn-Book :—

“ The smoke of the infernal cave,
Which half the Christian world o’erspread,
Disperse, thou heavenly Light, and save
The souls by that impostor led,—
That Arab thief, as Satan bold,
Who quite destroy’d thy Asian fold ! ”

The Tamuls, or, as commonly denominated by Europeans, Malabars, who inhabit the northern and north-eastern parts of the island, and whose principal towns are Manaar, Jaffna, Trincomalee, and Batticaloa, are likewise very numerous ; differing from those we have just noticed in their cast of features, and modes of life. They speak the same language, but are of the Brahminical religion. They are a noble race of men, and formerly gave Kings to reign over the Singhalese,—a people differing from themselves in religion, language, and manners, who inhabit the southern coast of Ceylon, and of whom we propose to write more at large in some future communications.

“ The Tamuls are divided into four principal *varna*, or ‘ tribes : ’ the first is called Pirama ; the second, Katriya ; the third, Vaisya ; and the fourth, Sútra. In the book entitled, *Sati pedu Nul*, or, ‘ Division of Castes,’ the Pirama, or Piramaner, are represented to have originally emanated from the face of Pirama, or Brahma ; the Katriyas from his shoulders ; the Vaisyas from his thighs ; and the Sútras from his feet.” This account, of course, is altogether fabulous ; but it may serve to show the nature of those endless distinctions that prevail among the teeming inhabitants of the East.

Before I bring this brief notice of the Tamuls of Ceylon to a close, it may be interesting to the juvenile reader to be presented with an account of the ceremonies observed in reference to the dead. I would premise, that the presence of the washerman and barber is always in requisition on their festive as well as mournful occasions. Washing of clothes is not done at home even in the poorest families. This is an occupation belonging to men, who reside in a village near the river-side, generally known as the washers' village. In like manner, but few natives shave themselves. Every family has its respective barber, as well as washerman, in constant employ. A native of Ceylon has given the following description of the funeral rites observed by the Tamuls :—

“As soon as it is ascertained that life is extinct, the relations of the deceased erect a *pandal* before the house upon four poles, and the washerman hangs it with white cloth. The barber blows a *chank*, to announce the event to the village. The friends and relations are next invited by verbal messages to the funeral *pandal*. When the people are assembled, they bring out the corpse, and pour three jars of water over it, rubbing the head with *gingely-oil*, (*sesamum Indica*,) and expressed *ilippe*-seeds (*bassia longifolia*). After the act of ablution is thus performed, the body is habited in a clean garment, and decked with wreaths of fragrant flowers. The nearest relation of the deceased then places a piece of muslin over the mouth of the corpse, when every person present, according to seniority, casts on it a few grains of rice, and a small coin called a *challi*, which is the perquisite of the barber who attends at the funeral. The corpse is then placed in the centre of the *pandal*, raised on an elevation, when the wife or son of the deceased performs the last peculiar rite of “breaking the jar ;” one of the afore-mentioned relatives brings from the house a jar of water, carrying it on the shoulder, and, bearing a lighted wick in one hand, makes a circuit three times round the body : the jar is then broken by suffering it gently to fall, and the lighted wick is extinguished at the same moment. After the jar is broken, the corpse is placed on a bier constructed of cocoa-nut

branches, decorated with flowers, and carried to the jungle upon men's shoulders, under a canopy of white cloth, attended by a number of persons, the barber sounding the *chank* the whole of the way. When the procession reaches the appointed place, a clean spot is selected, where, piling a number of billets of dried wood, they lay the corpse on the top, and, pouring upon it a jar of clarified butter, set fire to the pile, which soon reduces the whole to ashes. The same ceremonies are observed at burials.

"After attending the last funeral rites, each person must wash his body, and purify himself, before entering a house, or partaking of any food. The second day after the burning, the son and other near relations of the deceased proceed to the spot for the purpose of making oblations of different kinds of roasted grain, dressed on the spot, and of dividing a cocoa-nut into equal parts, which is termed *kadettu kiratu*. This being concluded, they gather up the ashes of the funeral pile, and, putting them into a copper vessel, place it on the head of the nearest akin, and depart in solemn procession to some tank, or lake, and throw them into it."

To a heathen mind, every thing beyond the grave is dark and gloomy in the extreme. He cannot so much as conjecture what may happen to him in that state of being to which he is rapidly approaching. And yet there are millions of our race in this state of awful uncertainty regarding futurity. Multitudes daily are dying without the consoling and cheering light of the Gospel. They know not the blessed truth, that Jesus Christ "hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." In this state of moral darkness they must continue until the glorious Gospel of the blessed God be made known unto them. They cannot discover "the things that belong to their peace" by their unaided reason. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a Preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" Let the reader ponder on

these statements in their bearing on the heathen world, and act as the word of God directs; and then will he, I doubt not, do what he can to send the light of the Gospel of Christ to the millions sitting in darkness, in the very region and shadow of death.

E. T.

Diss, April 13th, 1844.

HINDOO SCHOOL-GIRLS.

How favoured is the condition of the happy English girl as she walks to her Sunday-school, on the morning of the Lord's day! With her hymn-book and Testament in a little bag hanging on her arm, she hastens on her way, with cheerful face, to meet her teacher. How dark and wretched is the state of the poor Hindoo child who knows no Sabbath, whom no kind teacher meets, for whom no book, no school, is found! Long ages passed away, and no one cared for the happiness of Hindoo girls in this world; no one thought to prepare them for the world to come. A few years ago, however, a lady went across the sea, to be their teacher.

At that time, schools for girls were unknown in that part of India. When the lady arrived, she went one day to see the native boys that were under the care of the Missionaries. It was a new sight to see a female enter the school, and the natives gathered around, looking at her with surprise. Among the crowd was a little girl: she peeped in at the door with an inquiring look; but a Hindoo, who assisted in the school, came out and drove her away. "Why do you drive away the child?" "O, she is always here: for three months past she has been daily begging to be admitted, that she may be taught as well as the boys." "Do you wish to learn to read?" said the kind lady. She replied, it was what she much wished. "Come then to-morrow, and I will teach you," added the lady.

The news soon spread that a lady had come all the way from England, to teach Hindoo girls to read. The school opened the next morning with thirteen scholars; and as


the teacher looked at them pleasantly, their faces were lighted up with joy.

The mothers of the children stood without, peeping through the lattice-work, which in that country is used instead of windows. It was a new and strange sight to see their daughters taught in a book, and with one voice they cried, "O what a pearl of a woman is this!" and then cheerfully added, "Our children are yours; we give them up to you."

The Brahmins, or Priests, did not like this attempt to do good; they said that females neither would nor could learn; that they had no souls; and that they were no better than the beasts which perish: but though the Brahmins frowned, the parents looked on with delight. One poor woman brought two little children a long distance, and waited all the school hours, that she might take them home again. A respectable man stood over his daughter during the whole of her lessons, wondering to find that his little girl could learn to read as well as the boys. Next, the children were set to sewing: once they were too idle to put a stitch into their torn clothes, but soon they gladly learned to mend and make, that they might appear clean and tidy in their school.

Since that happy day, thousands of Hindoo girls have been taught in the Missionary schools, and thousands more are now under instruction. They learn out of the same books as English children, only put into the Hindoo tongue. They read the Dairyman's Daughter, the Young Cottager, and the Pilgrim's Progress, which have been put into their language for their use; and, above all, they have been taught to read the best of books—the Bible. That holy book has led many of them to the Saviour, for pardon through his precious blood; some have died rejoicing in him as their on'y hope; and, no doubt, their happy spirits are now with him in glory.

Who would not pray that this good work may prosper? Who that loves the Saviour would refuse to render it all the help in their power?



THE JEWS IN ROME.

ON the 18th of March I arrived in Rome. I might fill a volume with the reflections which this wonderful city naturally suggests ; but my limits forbid more than a few brief notices. Among the numerous remains of heathen magnificence, cruelty, and superstition, one of those which most powerfully affected me was the Arch of Titus. This was raised to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem by that Emperor. A train of captive Jews, together with the table, the seven-branched candlestick, and the vessels of the temple, are sculptured upon it. What a monument of the faithfulness of God's judgments ! "Because thou servedst not the Lord thy God, the Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieth ; and ye shall be plucked from off the land whither thou goest to possess it." (Deut. xxviii. 47, 49, 63.)

But if this ancient memorial of the captivity of my people affected me, how much more did the sight of their present captivity in this which calls itself "the holy city !" I have witnessed their oppression and degradation in many parts of the Continent ; but never did I see them so "trodden down" as in Rome. They live in a certain part of the city called the *Ghetto*, closed in by two gates, at each of which stands a sentinel ; and so strictly are they confined to this place, that, when the Tiber overflowed many of their houses, a short time since, the sufferers were not allowed to move out of it, to obtain even temporary accommodation in another quarter. Close to one of the gates is a church, on the outside of which is a representation of the crucifixion ; under which there is written, in Hebrew, "I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people." (Isai. lxv. 2.)—*Herschell's Visit to my Father-Land.*



THE POPE, AND ROMISH IDOLATRY.

I WENT to St. Peter's on the day the Pope, during Lent, pays a weekly visit to it. St. Peter's is a splendid edifice ;

and the Pope was attended by a retinue quite in keeping with it: Swiss guards, officers in rich uniforms, Cardinals in their red robes, courtiers in their state dresses,—“gold, and silver, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet;” “the lust of the eye, and the pride of life;” every thing that is “of the world,” and is “not of the Father;” accompanied this representative of the poor fisherman of Bethsaida. The professed object of his visit to St. Peter’s was to worship the invisible God, “whom no man hath seen, nor can see.” And what was his first act? He knelt down to a bronze statue, originally made to represent Jupiter, but now called St. Peter. He put his head under the foot of this statue, remaining in this attitude for two minutes; then put his lips on the foot for about as long. If this were not worshipping Peter, I know not what outward worship means. I saw a mother take her little infant, and rub its face on the toe of the image. Many of the ignorant populace of Popish countries are as complete worshippers of wood and stone as the heathen inhabitants of the South-Sea Islands.

That the Virgin Mary is worshipped as a goddess, is well known, and has been often stated and proved; but among their “lords many, and gods many,” I became acquainted, in Rome, with one of whom I had never before heard. I one day observed the waiter, at the *restaurateur’s* where I dined, reading a little book with seriousness and attention. I asked what it was. He told me it was a book of prayers. Suspecting it to be prayers to the Virgin, I asked to whom the prayers were addressed. “To St. Anna.” I inquired who St. Anna was; and was told, she was the “grandmother of God!”—*Ibid.*

THE EASTERN DRESS.

THE people in the East are not subject to the vicissitudes of fashion, which are so prevalent in the West.

From the best information which can be obtained on the subject, it would seem that the present mode is at least three thousand years old. Probably the Eastern Emir of the present day is a fair representation of the patriarch Abraham, and perhaps of his

still more ancient sire, Job; and there can be no doubt, that had the clothes of the Israelites, which waxed not old during their forty years' wandering in the wilderness, worn to this day, they would be quite in fashion, and bear a striking resemblance to the dress of the Arabs.

It is not at all probable that the raiment of these sons of the desert, at least, has undergone any material change, during the period of their existence. The principal, if not the sole, garment worn by the Bedoween, is a *hyke*, or blanket, about six yards in length, and six feet in breadth, which serves the double purpose of clothing by day, and a covering by night. The ancient Israelites also slept in their clothes; (Deut. xxiv. 13;) and the nights being remarkably cold, contrasted with the heat of the day, (Gen. xxxi. 40,) the restoration of every part of them, particularly of the *hyke*, must have been essential to the comfort of any individual. (Exod. xxii. 26, 27.) When an Arab procures a feed for his camel or horse, which usually consists of *fool* and *tibn*, that is, "beans and chopped straw," he spreads a corner or the end of his blanket on the ground, and, having placed the food in it, binds it together, and carries it on his shoulder, precisely in the same manner in which, at the Exodus, the children of Israel are represented as binding up their kneading-troughs in their clothes, and taking them on their backs. (Exod. xii. 34.)

No stockings are worn in the East, and the majority of the people go without shoes. The more respectable, however, wear two pairs of slippers; one of yellow morocco, which fit closely, and the other pair red, and very loose. The latter are always slipped off and laid aside, when a person enters either a private house or a place of worship. This appears to have been the case as early as the time of Moses; hence, when Jehovah appeared to him, the spot being consecrated by his special presence, he said to him: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." (Exod. iii. 5.) But, notwithstanding these slippers, the feet, particularly of travellers, are soon covered with sand and dust; on which account washing them frequently is both customary and necessary. (Gen. xviii. 4, &c.) This office, however, is a very menial one, and is only performed by the meanest slave. It was, therefore, a lesson of deep humility, which our Lord and Master set his disciples, when, "supper being ended," he rose, and laid aside his garments, and took a towel, and having girded himself with it, washed the feet of all his disciples, even of Judas, and afterwards wiped them with the towel wherewith he was girded. (John xiii. 2, &c.)

The *gibbeh*, or outer robe, being long and cumbersome, is invariably laid aside when an individual is about to engage in any manual employment. (John xiii. 4.) The sleeves are remarkably wide, and the arm is easily uncovered; and this is done when a person strikes a blow, or wishes to use his arm freely. Isaiah

refers to this action:—"Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the *arm of Jehovah revealed?*" (Isai. liii. 1.) And, again: "*Jehovah hath made bare his holy arm, in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of God!*" (Isai. lii. 10.)

The *sherwal*, or trowsers, are made extremely wide, which renders the belt (*hazam*) indispensable. "Let your loins be girded about with *truth*." (Eph. vi. 14.) The latter is sometimes made of leather; and the nomadic Arabs, who, like the Baptist, live partly in the desert, and occasionally in towns, also wear leathern girdles as he did, and their coat is a covering made of rough camel's hair, (Matt. iii. 4,) which is the sackcloth of Scripture. The most common belt is a long shawl or scarf. The latter is worn by soldiers, and is very apt to get loose, particularly when they are in haste. On these occasions the end may frequently be seen dragging on the ground behind them, which renders it necessary for them to stop and gird themselves afresh. This delay is alluded to by Isaiah, when, after threatening the Jews with an invasion of an army, which should come very swiftly, he adds, "Neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed." (Isaiah v. 27.) Persons of rank and distinction wear golden girdles. Our Saviour was seen by St. John in a girdle of this description; (Rev. i. 13;) and in this respect our great Christian High Priest appears to have resembled the Jewish High Priest.

But the most interesting part of the Eastern costume is the *burnoos*, which is a kind of mantle or cloak. It is made of camel's hair, or fine wool, and silk, and is usually white. It is brought to market by the descendants of Ishmael, and worn by persons of all classes. It is the only garment in the East which exactly agrees with the description which St. John gives of the coat or vesture of our blessed Lord, for which the soldiers cast lots, being "without seam, woven from the top throughout." (John xix. 23.)—*James Bartholomew's Palestine and Egypt.*

THE PAST AND PRESENT STATE OF THE BLACK CHILDREN IN THE WEST INDIES.

WHEREVER the Gospel of Jesus Christ is faithfully preached, it will prove itself to be "the power of God unto salvation;" and however sinful and miserable it finds people, it will raise them to a state of purity and happiness. This Gospel was preached by the first Missionaries who went to the West Indies more than fifty years ago. These Missionaries were greatly persecuted, and so were the poor people who went to hear them; but the Lord owned his word, and a great many of the poor slaves received the truth, which made them free from sin and misery. They found the religion of the Gospel to comfort them in all their sufferings;

and many thousands of them are gone to the blessed world, where "sorrow and sighing flee away." This great work has been going on from its commencement; and what a great change do we see! The Missionaries told the English people of the sufferings and vices of the poor slaves; and the English Government set them free. Now these poor children cannot be bought and sold as cattle; they are under the care of their parents, who have been taught by the Gospel, which the Missionaries preach, to be kind to their children, and to take care of them; and now, instead of being sent into the fields to work when very young, they are sent to the Mission-schools, where they are taught as the children in the schools in England, and attend the Sabbath-schools, where they are taught the way to heaven. Many of these children have grown up, and become Teachers and Tract-distributors, and are generally useful in the church of God.

In a small town in the island of Barbadoes, there is a large Mission-school, in which, when I left, there were about two hundred children, under the care of an able and pious master, receiving a good English education. Not long before I left, we had a public examination of the school. It was truly interesting to see a large number of black children on a platform, with slates and pencils, going through their exercises in arithmetic, under the direction of their kind and beloved master, who stood at the far end of the chapel. They went through their examinations to the credit of their Teacher and themselves, and the great astonishment of a multitude, who came to witness the scene.

One of the most promising of these little boys, soon after that, sickened and died; but he gave us the most satisfactory testimony of his happiness. He went to join the company of those who had "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

The day before I left, I entered the school, when all these dear children rose to salute me, as usual; and when I told them I was going to see the good people of England, who had sent them the Missionaries, and given them their school and their dear Teacher, and asked them if they had any message to the English people, they all requested me to give them their warmest thanks.

Tunbridge-Wells, January 26th, 1844.

J. PHILP.

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THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

AUGUST, 1844.

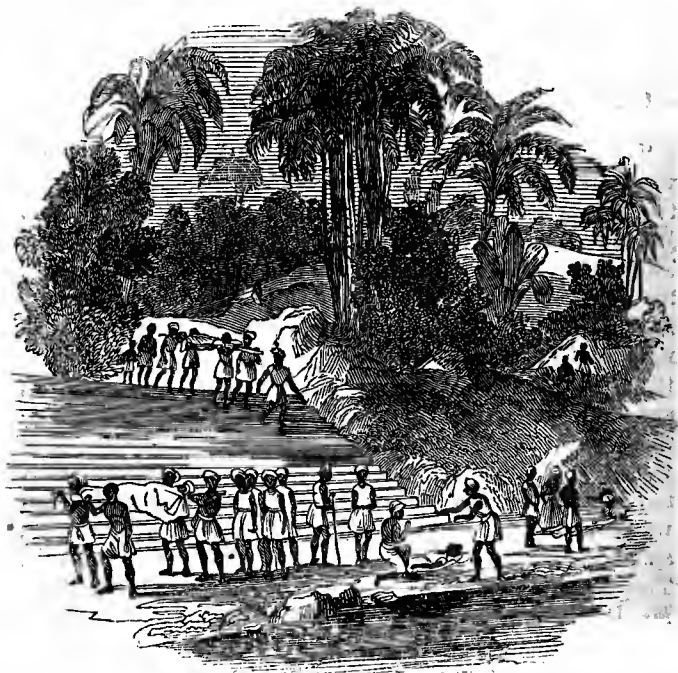


CRUEL SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HINDOOS.

“ONE evening,” says the widow of a Missionary, “as I was walking with my husband by the river-side, we saw two respectable natives carrying a woman in their arms. We asked them what they were going to do with her. They very coolly answered, ‘We are going to put her into the water, that her soul may go to heaven ; for she is our mother.’ I asked them if she was ill. They said, ‘She is not very ill ; but she is old, and has no teeth ; and what is the use of her living ?’ I felt a great deal on hearing this ; and said, ‘What ! have you no compassion on your mother ? will you drown her because she is old ?’ The woman instantly fixed her eyes on me, and said, ‘What sort of a woman are you ?’ I told her I was an English woman, and wished to prevent her children drowning her ; and, if they did, I would acquaint the Governor with it. They said, ‘Never mind,’ and proceeded towards the river. Mr. R. then ran down the bank ; and, taking hold of the woman, insisted upon their taking her home. They did so ; but they brought her again the next evening ; and Mr. F. Carey saw them throw her into the water, without performing the usual ceremony of giving her water in the name of their gods.

“A man who worked in the paper-mill at Serampore was bitten by a snake. His companions immediately took him to the river, to throw him in, without knowing whether it was a poisonous snake that had bitten him, or not. When Mr. R. and Mr. F. Carey got to them, they found

the poor creature between two men ; one had hold of his shoulders, the other of his legs ; and they were about to throw him into the river. Mr. Carey said, he thought the man was not dead, and made them put him down. Medicine was sent for, and a spoonful given to him. He had no sooner taken it, than he spoke, and said, 'It is very strong : I will sooner die than take any more.' Mr. Carey well understood the nature of the bite, and said it would be



EXPOSURE OF THE SICK IN BENGAL.

necessary to repeat the medicine every twenty minutes all night. Mr. R. asked those around him, if any one would stay with the poor man all night. They all answered, 'No, we cannot lose our sleep : it would be much better for him to die, than for us to be deprived of a night's sleep.' My husband stayed all night, and the poor man

continued to get better. In the morning he was so far recovered as to be able to walk home. The next day he came to our house, and fell down at my husband's feet, and said, 'I am come to worship you, Šahab, for saving my life ; and I will work for you as long as I live.' He proved a faithful creature, and was working on the Mission-premises when I left Serampore. He attended preaching in Bengalee very regularly."



BRIEF NOTICES OF THE CEYLON MISSION.

HAVING, in my last communication, had occasion to mention the town of Batticaloa, I must detain the youthful reader for a short time, to notice the mighty change which has recently taken place in the civil and religious condition of a people in the immediate vicinity of that place, and which furnishes one of those delightful evidences of the power of divine grace in the Gospel of Christ with which the history of modern Protestant Missions so happily abounds. I allude to the Veddahs,—until within the last few years, a wild, untutored race of human beings, roaming at large amid the jungle-woods of Bintenne ; acknowledging no foreign or external control ; without any fixed order or subordination among themselves ; without houses, and almost without covering for their persons ; ignorant, superstitious, debased, "having no hope, and without God in the world."

If the question had been put, in what part of Ceylon the first, the most glorious fruits of Missionary toil were likely to be reaped, an answer would never have been sought for among the wandering, uncivilized inhabitants of the province of Bintenne. Voluntarily withdrawing from any direct intercourse with other people, isolated from persons of more cultivated habits, obstinately imprisoning themselves within the limits of their own woods and fastnesses, there appeared less probability of bringing them under the influence of the Gospel of Christ, than in the case of any other people. If at any time a solitary Missionary penetrated their jungle, they ran away at his approach, as they would

at that of a deadly foe. They avoided him as they would the plague. There was no prospect, for years, at least, of being able to bring them under the sound of God's word.

It was, however, impressed on the mind of an honoured servant of Christ to visit these Veddahs, and attempt among them the introduction of our common Christianity. The result has proved that that impression was not a delusive one. That same divine Spirit who prompted him to go, predisposed these wanderers of the forest to listen to his voice, and to receive his message as from the Lord. A people who up to that period had been wholly regardless of religious truth, now stood with reverential awe while the Christian Missionary addressed them on the great love of God in sending his only Son our Saviour Jesus Christ into our world to die for sinners, yea, for the vilest of human kind. They heard with delight what the Missionary had to state to them, and then begged that they might be instructed in the way of the Lord more perfectly. They promised, according to the light they had received, to renounce their wicked practices, to forsake all demon-ceremonies, and to become the sincere and humble worshippers of the Lord our God. The Missionary lost no time in placing within their reach all the means of religious instruction he could command, and, by personal intercourse and oversight, as well as by the labour of others whom he sent among them, he zealously endeavoured to make them savingly acquainted with the only living and true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent into our world.

And now mark the result of these exertions among a people who, a few years ago, were regarded at the remotest distance from civilization and Christian influence. Numbers have abandoned their former migratory habits, and are settled down in peaceful villages. These no longer depend for support upon a precarious mode of subsistence, but are occupied in the cultivation of their lands, the British Government having very liberally supplied them with the implements of husbandry. Schools are established among them, in which Christian Teachers conduct divine worship every Lord's day. Several hundred per-

sons, men, women, and children, have been admitted by baptism into the visible church of Christ; and there is every reason to hope, that the whole of this class of people in that part of Bintenne will, ere long, be brought to embrace in sincerity and in truth that Gospel which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and that the whole of the tribe in other places may be brought to feel the influence of grace divine. On a review of what is already accomplished, with grateful and adoring wonder we may well exclaim, "What has God wrought!" "This is the Lord's doing: it is marvellous in our eyes."

This great and glorious work of the Lord is not confined to the Veddahs in the interior; it is still more encouraging, if possible, in those places where the Christian Missionary has for years been sowing the good seed of the Gospel with patient, self-denying toil. On the coast, writes the Rev. R. Stott, "we have fifty thousand people who appear to be preparing for the Lord. Heathenism is falling very rapidly, and the feeling in favour of Christianity is very general. Almost every day we hear of fresh persons who have made up their minds to embrace Christianity. Pray for us; for we have need of divine help and heavenly wisdom."

When we witness such a sudden and mighty transformation as that which has so recently taken place among the Veddahs, we seem more especially impressed with the grace and goodness of Almighty God; and we feel constrained to ascribe the change to his divine power. The pride and policy of men are confounded, while contemplating the triumphs of the Gospel over the prejudices, ignorance, and vices of men; and an additional proof is adduced, if such were still wanted, to teach us that the best method of advancing the happiness of man and the glory of God, is to promote, as far as possible, the spread of the Gospel of Christ. In other words, Christianity must precede true civilization. The surest, the speediest way of making men wise, intelligent, and happy, is to disseminate among them the doctrines and duties of our holy religion.

One other remark I must make, relative to the conversion of these Veddahs. May not their willingness to hear and embrace the Gospel be regarded as an answer to prayer? To my mind it is exceedingly probable. Who knows but in the great day of the Lord, when "the books shall be opened," and the mystery of many spiritual phenomena connected with the history of our world shall be revealed, it shall then be discovered that the fervent pleadings of some pious but obscure individuals prevailed with the Almighty, and he remembered these outcasts of society, sent among them his Spirit, his word, and his servants, and set before them an open door, into which many have happily entered? And prayer, be it remembered, is one of the most important means, in the arrangements of Almighty God, for the accomplishment of the world's conversion to the faith of Christ. This is a service which the youngest individual, who hears or reads these lines, may render to the furtherance of this great and good object. Your feeblest lisplings will not be despised or disregarded by the God of our salvation. Then let me engage you all in this delightful exercise. Believing prayer, combined with Christian effort, will mightily accelerate the universal triumphs of the Redeemer. "By prayer we link Omnipotence to our efforts, and claim eternal truth to the fulfilment of glorious prophecy." Prayer will bring down blessings upon your own head, and favours incalculable upon others. O how delightful the thought, that in this way we can reach the case of the most needy, the most helpless, of our race! We may embrace, not one individual only, but the whole family of Adam. And, through the powerful advocacy of our once crucified, but now exalted Saviour, we are sure of gaining, not only the ear, but the hand of Almighty God, in behalf of all those who are the subjects of our fervent intercessions.

There is another race of beings in Ceylon, whose circumstances have of late engaged the attention of the civil authorities of that island, called Rodiyas, who likewise have a special claim on the sympathies and prayers of God's people every where, owing to the state of peculiar degradation into which they are plunged. Knox, the well-known his-

torian of Ceylon, thinks, with much probability, that they are descendants of the Veddahs ; and supposes that they were disgraced in consequence of substituting men's flesh for venison, with which they were required to furnish the King's table. He narrates a story to that effect ; whether or not he seriously believed it to be true, does not appear. It is, however, very likely that the Rodiyas were outlawed by some native Prince, on account of some political offence. They were reduced lower than the meanest caste, and were prohibited from having any intercourse with other tribes. Any contact with them was declared to be infectious ; and hence they were universally shunned. They were forbidden to take water out of the wells resorted to by other persons ; and every badge of disgrace was heaped upon them that could possibly be invented. Should a Rodiya see a Priest approach on a path where there was not room for him to pass at a distance, the Rodiya was required to withdraw. "They were formerly not allowed to enter the precincts of the Government-Courts ; they stood at a distance, with uplifted hands, or remained prostrate upon the ground, and thence uttered aloud their complaints." Although their condition has been much improved under the benign influence of the British Government, they, as a tribe, remain awfully depraved. And, I doubt not, there are thousands in similar circumstances, never yet brought before the attention of the Christian public, scattered throughout the vast mountains and woods of India.

Again permit me to urge the necessity of increased prayer and exertion in behalf of all descriptions of sinners in every part of our guilty world ; and let

"The various forms of human woe
Excite our softest sympathy."

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." (James v. 16.)

E. T.



THE OIL OF THE SANCTUARY.

And the Lord spake to Moses, saying, Command the children of Israel, that they bring to thee pure olive oil, beaten for the light, to cause the lamps to burn continually. (Lev. xxiv. 1, 2.)

THE Hindoos, as did the Hebrews, attach great virtue to the duty of ministering to the ever-burning lights of their temples, for which they prepare a beaten oil, made from the fruit of the *Eloopée Marum*, or *Bassia Longifolia*.

The devout Hindoo never goes to the temple without an offering,—the produce of the ground, the fruit of the trees, or the flocks ; of each kind he presents the prime. The birth of a child, a recovery from affliction, or any special interposition of Providence, is always acknowledged by an offering to his god.

When Soomanahthan Moothleer, a Hindoo of high caste at Batticaloa, was converted to the Christian faith, he requested to be allowed to supply the oil for the lights of our evening worship, thus transferring his duty and privilege to its interest. The church of Christ is now the temple of God, the inhabitation of his presence and glory, the light-bearer of truth, the medium of salvation and blessedness to man. In her several denominations she is as one lamp, extending her branches to reflect the light and glory of God to the nations. These branches, as were those of the candelabrum of the Jewish tabernacle and temple, are fed from one source. There is one temple, one light, one Spirit, one grace.

And in the prevalence of true religion, the inhabitants of the nations shall bring the beaten oil of a pure worship, and minister to the lamp, and cause the flame to ascend with unceasing brightness and distinguishing lustre. "They shall bring gold, and incense, and a pure offering." "They shall come up with acceptance on my altar, and I will glorify the house of my glory."

The law of the church's extension and glory abroad is, her increase and stability at home. It is by administering to the lamp at home, that she reflects her light and glory abroad : like the lamp that burns or ceases to burn ;—pour

in oil, and there will be light ; cease to minister, and there will be darkness.

Now, the children and youths of this country, in aiding by their contributions and assiduities the Missionary cause, are doing what I have often seen the Hindoo children do, —bringing beaten oil to minister to the lamp, not of an idol temple, but of the temple of God,—the lamp of truth, the light of the world.

Melksham.

J. C. GEORGE.



THE SLAVE-SHIP.

THE slave-dealers are cruel men, who tear away the natives of Africa from their own homes, and carry them to a distant land, where they sell them as slaves. They sometimes surround a village in the middle of the night, set fire to the thatch of the huts, and then seize the affrighted inhabitants as they rush out, to save themselves from the flames.

In Africa, the heat of the sun is very great : few people are seen abroad during the day ; but when the cool of the evening comes on, the little black children hasten out to their sports on the sea-shore ; and as the waves roll high up the sands, they may be seen plunging and swimming about without fear. They little think that the cruel slavers are on the watch behind the bushes : in a few moments they are seized, put into a boat, and then taken on board a ship, which may be lying not far off. In this, and other ways, numbers of children are enslaved every year. Once a ship left the shores of Africa with eight hundred young Negroes, all under twelve years of age,—torn away from their friends and country, never to see them again. It has been proved, that from the coasts of West Africa alone, one hundred and fifty-thousand Negroes are carried away every year.

The misery of the Negroes, when put on board the ship, which is to carry them as slaves to a distant land, is unspeakably great. They are packed closely in rows on the boards of the lowest decks, and bound with chains and

bolts of iron, so that they can scarcely move : the height between decks is often very little more than two feet, so that the heat and odour become very great and offensive. They have often very little food ; and, burning with fever and thirst, numbers die daily, and others sink under their sorrow and hardships.

English vessels are sent to stop this cruel trade, by seizing the slave-ships. Once a French vessel was seen sailing from the shores of Africa ; and, as it was supposed that she had slaves on board, an English ship sailed after her. The chase lasted some hours, during which several casks were seen floating in the sea. When, at length, the French ship was taken, no slaves were to be seen on board, though a careful search was made. A sailor, however, happened to strike a cask which was on the deck, when a faint voice was heard to issue from it : the cask was soon opened, and two slave girls were found packed up in it. It was now discovered that there had been fourteen girls on board. But what had become of the other twelve ? The painful suspicion soon arose that they had been thrown overboard during the chase, and were in the casks that had been seen floating on the sea. Then it was found that the two little girls had been timely saved by the capture of the French slave-ship.

When a ship is taken, the Negroes are carried to the colony of Sierra Leone, and are there treated as free. To these poor creatures Missionaries have been sent, that they might hear of the true God, and Jesus Christ the Saviour of sinners. It is pleasant to know that the two little black girls, found in the cask, were taken to this place : they both grew up to be kind and diligent young women, and one of them became the chief monitor in the Mission-school.

The black children get on very well in their learning : some have become pious, and are now useful as teachers ; and several pleasing accounts have been given of the happy deaths of others.

How thankful we should be to give our aid, that Missionaries may be sent to tell these Negroes of Jesus, who died on the cross that the sins of black men and white men may be forgiven ! And ought we not to pray to God

to pour out his Holy Spirit, so that this work may prosper, and promote his glory in the earth ?


“What hath your Saviour done for you ?
And what for him should you not do ?”



RELIGIOUS STATE OF THE JEWS.

WE reached Ancona on the 1st of April, and on the evening of the 2d we embarked on board of an Austrian steamer. One of our fellow-passengers was a Jew. He seemed an upright and sincere man, and entered readily into conversation with me. One evening, after the other passengers had retired, he came to me, and said, that his mind had been very much disturbed and unsettled about the coming of the Messiah. He had always been taught to believe that, before his coming, the Jews were to become more religious ; but, instead of this, they are becoming more and more ungodly ; and, if this be so, will the Messiah ever come ? I told him, that to me, who believe he has already come, as the one great sacrifice for sin, this is no difficulty ; as he himself says, in reference to his second coming, “When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth ?” He said this to the Jews, and it is literally taking place among them ; but God is not leaving himself without witnesses, as the Prophet has said, “Except the Lord of hosts had left unto us a very small remnant, we should have been as Sodom, and we should have been like unto Gomorrah.” (Isai. i. 9.) This small remnant of witnesses consists of truly-religious Jews, who believe in Jesus Christ as their Messiah, and walk in holiness of life. I then asked him what he meant by being religious. He said, “Putting on the phylacteries, by which we are reminded of God’s commandments ; and repeating about the sacrifices, which reminds us of God’s pardoning mercy.” I asked him what scriptural authority there was for putting on phylacteries. He seemed amazed at my ignorance, and repeated the passage : “And these

words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes." (Deut. vi. 6, 8.) I told him, that if God meant the words of Moses to be put into a leather-case, it ought to be the whole books of Moses, and not merely one passage from them ; but that any one giving heed to the spirit of that chapter, and not to the mere letter, would see it had a far deeper meaning than binding-on a few words of the law to the forehead and arm ; that it meant the laying up of God's precepts in the heart, and practising them in the life and conversation. He still insisted that, if it were not for the phylactery, and other outward observances, there would be no religion at all among the Jews ; and that, for the sake of the unlearned especially, it is necessary to have many outward observances. I reminded him that one of the blessings promised at the coming of the Messiah is, that to the meek or poor the good tidings of salvation is to be announced ; and that "the wayfaring man, though a simple one, shall not err" in the way of holiness. I then explained to him how the pardoning love of God is seen in Christ Jesus, and how I can behold in him, *Jehovah Tsidkenu*, "the Lord our Righteousness ;" that I see in him my resurrection from the dead, and look forward with confidence to his second coming in glory, when "this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality." He said, "I wish I could believe all this ; but business occupies my thoughts so much, that I have no time for thinking on these things ; and, besides this, I live in a bigoted Roman Catholic country, where all the displays of their religious ceremonies are very offensive to the feelings of a devout Jew ; and if I wished to become a Christian, I must, by the law of the land, become a Roman Catholic ; and I have seen so much wickedness and bigotry among the Jews who become Romanists, that I shrink from the idea of becoming one of them."—*Herschell's Visit to my Father-Land.*



THE GREAT FRUITFULNESS OF EGYPT.

IN point of fertility, Egypt, or at least one part of it, is compared in Scripture to Eden, the garden of the Lord. (Gen. xiii. 10.) Mention is also made of "the treasures of Egypt," in the Epistle to the Hebrews. (Heb. xi. 26.)

It was in this eminently fruitful country that the Patriarchs Abraham and Jacob found ample sustenance for themselves and their numerous households at seasons when famine was raging in the land of Canaan. (Gen. xii. 10; xli. 6.) The family of the latter, together with the whole of the Egyptian nation, were rescued from utter destruction, and maintained during seven years of severe famine, by the surplus produce of seven prosperous years. Here also the seventy descendants of Jacob, in the short period of two hundred and fifteen years, were multiplied to a nation of at least 3,000,000. And after their departure, they "remembered the flesh pots of Egypt, where they had eaten bread to the full, and the fish, the cucumbers, and melons, and leeks, and onions, and garlic," (Exod. xvi. 3,) "vegetables as much superior to those of the kind which are produced in this country, as a good apple is to a bad turnip."—*James Bartholomew's Palestine and Egypt.*



BOOTHS IN PALESTINE.

THE next morning we forded the Kasma, the largest river on our route, which was about three feet deep, and thirty feet across; and about seven, A. M., alighted at a plantation of fig-trees, near the village of *Deir Kanoon*.

The villagers had constructed booths under several of the trees; and on entering one of them I was reminded of our Lord's commendation of, and conversation with, Nathaniel. The lower branches of the tree were interwoven with the roof, the sides were very close, and the door so low that we were obliged to creep in on our hands and knees. The retirement of Nathaniel to such a place for the purpose of devotion, was a proof of the sincerity which our Saviour commended, when he said, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile!" In such a situation, too,

Nathaniel well knew that he could have been seen only by the eye of Omniscience. Accordingly, when Jesus said to him, "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee;" he immediately replied, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel." (John i. 47—49.)—*James Bartholomew's Palestine and Egypt.*



"I PRESS TOWARD THE MARK."

JACOB LINKS, being of an inquiring mind, and diligent in reading the Scriptures, often came to ask questions. Among others, he inquired, "What is the meaning of, 'I press toward the mark,' &c.?" I endeavoured to give him an idea of it; but all I could say fell short of what I wished him to comprehend. To-day we had a feast for the children of the school, and great was their joy on the occasion. All having partook of the repast, and thanks being given, a number of the boys were selected to run for a little fruit, or bread, in which a few raisins had been scattered, and also for rewards sent from England for the Heathen schools. Before the boys began, the people were exhorted to attend to the scene, and endeavour to reap instruction. A course was appointed, the starting-place fixed, the goal set before them, and the prize held up to view. A multitude of people were also present who stood as witnesses. Among the competitors was a poor little Bushman, who was considered by the Namacquas as far inferior to themselves. He also engaged in running, but won nothing. Among the articles sent from England was a good clasp-knife, and I was especially desirous that the Bushman should win it. Hitherto he had run with an old skin about him, while the other boys were free from an incumbrance; I therefore pointed out the necessity of laying the hinderance aside, if he designed to succeed. He took the hint; and immediately throwing aside the skin, entered the course. Little Bushee strained every nerve, and obtained the prize. He bore away the knife in great triumph, never before having possessed anything so valuable. At our evening service, I took Heb. xii. 1, by way of text, exhorting all to lay aside

every weight, and run with patience the race set before them, looking unto Jesus. The circumstances of the day, in connexion with the discourse, gave them a much clearer view of several passages of Scripture than they had before ; and many keep them still in remembrance.—*Barnabas Shaw's Memorials of South Africa.*



THE NAMACQUAS' FAREWELL TO THEIR MISSIONARY.

MAY, 1826.—I received notice from the late Rev. Richard Watson, to proceed without delay to take charge of the Cape-Town Station. The Lord's supper was administered on the 7th to a deeply-affected congregation, and four adults were baptized. One of them was a female of the Bushman tribe, who said, before her baptism, "The Lord has heard my prayer, and *ik kan niet mier withouden*, 'I can hold out no more.'" How similar to the language of our own sweet singer !—

"Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more."

The number of adults baptized was ninety-seven.

On the 8th, at ten o'clock in the morning, the waggon was packed, and the bullocks put to the yoke. All being in readiness, the bell was rung for prayer, and the chapel filled. Mr. Haddy, after a few verses had been sung, attempted to pray ; but he was soon overcome by the sobbing and sighing of the congregation.. Mr. Wimmer, of the London Society, an old soldier of the cross, then commenced ; but he was soon conquered also. The chapel indeed became "a Bochim," from which I was forced to hasten away ; and having, with difficulty, got Mrs. Shaw and the children into the waggon, I immediately cried, *Trek, trek ; loop, loop* ; and the oxen set off at full speed. It was an affecting scene. Some of the Namacquas were weeping aloud, and others shouting, *Goeden dag, Myn Heer ; goeden dag, Juffrow*. Some were lying on the ground in distress ; and so many climbed upon the waggon, and clung to the after-part, that I feared some misfortune would happen them. Many followed us the first day's journey to to our halting-place, and slept among the bushes around the waggon.

9th.—This morning, the same thing was re-acted, the scene having commenced immediately after our worship. Some gave full vent to their feelings, by which they were quite overpowered. Others endeavoured to restrain them, and scarcely uttered a sentence. I was glad when the waggon began to move from this sorrowful place ; and, looking back as we proceeded onward, we saw

the people standing, with their hands raised towards heaven. There was a general cry ; some shouting, others weeping and waving their hands, till a turn in the road hid them from our view. May the choicest blessings of Jehovah rest upon the congregation of Lily Fountain ! and may they be found in the day when—

“ To gather home his own,
God shall his angels send ;
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumph end ! ”

—*Barnabas Shaw's Memorials of South Africa.*

THE YOUNG DISCIPLE.

“ I will show mercy unto thousands in them that love me.”

A SHORT time ago I was requested to visit a little girl, about ten years of age, who was ill. I found her wasting away with consumption ; but the little sufferer was happy. She had obtained the forgiveness of sins through faith in Christ ; and, being justified by faith, she had peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. Her affectionate parents are quite resigned to her removal to another world, as they are satisfied that her soul is safe. They are members of the Wesleyan society. By their counsel and example, by sending her to the Sabbath school, and by taking her to the house of God, she has learned the way of salvation, and is now preparing for heaven. Presently she will mingle with the hosts above, and swell the chorus of the skies. Children who are blessed with pious parents ought to be among the religious and happy youth of the present day ;—prepared, while living, to take their places in the church on earth, and, when dying, to take their places in the church above. Should the children of pious parents live and die without religion, they will be visited with sorer punishment than heathen children, or those in our own country who are not blessed with godly parents or religious privileges.

January 24th, 1844.

JONATHAN CADMAN.

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THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

SEPTEMBER, 1844.



MISSIONARY OCCUPATIONS AT MADRAS
IN 1820.

I WAS greatly interested by the first native Christian congregation I had an opportunity of seeing at Madras. It was in the Mission chapel, Royapettah, a place of worship erected by Mr. Lynch, chiefly for the accommodation of the natives, and of late devoted to them exclusively. An Assistant, of Dutch descent, commenced the service by a Tamul hymn, and by reading the Rev. Dr. Rottler's translation of the Liturgy, with the lessons of the day. The Missionary, Mr. Close, then ascended the pulpit, and prayed and preached in English; pausing at the end of each sentence, while the Assistant, who remained in the desk, interpreted in Tamul to the congregation, who were wonderfully attentive, responding aloud to questions put by the Preacher at intervals during the sermon, to ascertain whether they understood the subject of his discourse. The whole assembly, men, women, and children, sat upon mats, spread upon the ground. They stood up during singing; and at prayer, knelt with their bodies inclined forward, almost prostrate, their hands and faces resting on the ground. The men were neatly attired in white cotton cloths; the women, in red or blue cloths, of the same material, or of silk, one piece of about nine yards in length being disposed (without the aid of pins or sewing) into a modest covering of the whole person; one end being drawn over the head, to serve as a veil, when they assemble in a public congregation.

Some of the Hindoo women wear under the cloth a *ravikei*, or body-dress, usually of fancy silk, fitting close

to the person, and only long enough to cover the bosom ; it has short sleeves, reaching half way to the elbow. Many of them have gold or silver bracelets and anklets of large size on their arms and ankles, and abundance of rings and jewellery about their noses and ears, fingers and toes : they wear no shoes and no head-dress.

The men wear turbans. The rest of their dress consists of two cloths, one disposed about the loins, forming something like a pair of loose trousers ; the other gracefully thrown over the shoulders. Native men, in the service of Europeans, generally wear also a close jacket, of muslin or calico, with sleeves down to the wrist.

The cloths described are of native manufacture, and in general compose (with the turbans of the men) the entire dress of the southern Hindoos. The quantity used for a dress, by each sex, (about nine yards in length, and one yard and a quarter in width,) forms an entire piece, as it comes from the loom ; the man's cloth being divisible into two parts, at a place left for the purpose. They are frequently bordered with red, and sometimes with gold thread. Specimens of these cloths are in the possession of my friends in Manchester, which, being of the better sort, a kind of strong muslin with borders of gold thread, cost me five and a half pagodas each, or about thirty-seven shillings sterling, for nine yards. For the humbler classes, the dress may generally cost ten shillings, or about thirteen-pence halfpenny per yard.

The class-meeting, which was held immediately after service, for the members of our society, gave me an opportunity of ascertaining, that many of these persons, who had lately been either Heathens or Romanists, now knew and valued the power of experimental religion. Seeing what the Almighty had been pleased to effect among the natives, by the instrumentality of my brethren, I could not but "thank God and take courage."

Within a few days after my arrival, I witnessed a much more numerous assembly of native Christians, on the occasion of opening the church in Black-Town, erected by the munificence of the Government of Madras, for the Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society. On that occasion,

the natives connected with the different congregations in the neighbourhood of Madras, but chiefly, I believe, with the Christian Knowledge Society's Mission in Vepery, assembled so numerously as to fill the church, and presented a scene which it was impossible for the Christian or the philanthropist to gaze upon without interest and delight. The Rev. T. Barenbruck read the Liturgy, in the Tamul language; and the Rev. Dr. Rottler, a venerable Missionary, more than seventy years of age, delivered, in the same language, a sermon, which seemed to be understood and felt by all to whom it was addressed.

I was much interested by the native school in our Mission-garden, where I saw their mode of writing with an iron style on the *ola*, or palmyra leaf, and heard both male and female native children repeat their lessons in the Tamul language, with an ease which I then could not but envy.



INTERIOR OF A NATIVE HOUSE.

It was in Madras I first entered a Hindoo's house. They are generally of a quadrangular form, having a door to the front, but no windows. In the inside is a square court, open to the sky, in which their domestic concerns are usually transacted. The accompanying plate is a

representation of the interior of a habitation of this kind, and displays the females of the family, employed in carrying, beating, and winnowing the rice grain, to free it from the husk.


The *mohorum*, an annual Mahomedan feast, continuing ten days, commenced about this time. The streets and roads of Madras were crowded by farcical masques and mummeries. Some of the parties consisted of men and boys, whitened over with chalk or chunam; one being dressed as a tiger, with an enormous tail, and held in a chain by his keeper; others had given themselves a darker hue than that which nature had bestowed, by means of oil and lamp-black, and performed a dance, keeping time and making a sort of accompaniment by striking together the small clubs they grasped in each hand. Other parties had a still more grotesque appearance, having as their principal character a man dressed to an unusual size in swathes of hay or oakum, giving him a shaggy and terrific appearance. But the most imposing scene was a splendid illumination of a large house and garden on the Mount-road, belonging to a rich Mahomedan, a relation to the Nabob. I was taken to see it, about ten o'clock at night, and introduced to the inner court of the house, where I found a large assemblage of natives, and a party of ladies and gentlemen, partaking of refreshments, and waiting for an oration about to be delivered in Hindostance or Arabic. Whatever the intention of the feast might be, I never, on this or on any future occasion, saw any thing indicative of religious feeling connected with it.

During my short stay in Madras, at this first visit, I several times addressed the native congregations, by means of the interpreter; but more frequently preached to the English congregations, at St. Thomas's Mount, Royapettah, and Black-Town, consisting of some Europeans, but chiefly of Indo-Britons, or descendants of Europeans, born in India. We commenced a week-evening English service, in another crowded part of Madras, called John Pereira's, where a house full of people assembled; but the fewness of the Missionaries did not allow of its regular continuance. Our chapel in Black-Town was small, and very much

crowded ; liberal subscriptions towards erecting a larger one, on the same premises, since completed, were already commenced. A Missionary Auxiliary Society had been formed, and had been the means of bringing some contributions into the funds of the Parent Society in England.

I employed a Moonshee, or teacher, to assist me in gaining a knowledge of the Tamul language. Tamul is, I conceive, more extensively spoken than any other language in the south of India : it is used by the natives of the north of Ceylon ; and by the population of the eastern side of Continental India, from Cape Comorin, the southern point, to some distance to the north of Madras, amounting to many millions. I found, when I commenced my studies in Madras, that I had formed an erroneous idea of the pronunciation of the letters, for want of a living instructor ; for many of the sounds in the Tamul language are such as cannot be conveyed correctly, either by the letters of our own language, or the most elaborate description. My teacher, during my stay in Madras, was a very stout native, whose conceit and bad English afforded me no small amusement. However, he rendered me considerable assistance, and attended me regularly at six o'clock in the morning.

But I did not at this time remain long in Madras. The Rev. T. H. Squance, of the Wesleyan Mission, who had recently removed from the north of Ceylon to Negapatam, on the coast of Coromandel, one hundred and eighty miles to the south of Madras, wrote from thence, that there were considerable openings in that neighbourhood for Missionary labours, to an extent to which he was not adequate, while alone, and begged that one of the newly-arrived brethren might come to his assistance. It was toward the end of the month of October ; the rainy season had commenced, and there was every prospect of an uncomfortable journey ; it would have been too great a risk for Mr. Mowat, with Mrs. Mowat, to have attempted it. It was determined that I should go ; and within five weeks after my arrival at Madras, I was ready to leave it for Negapatam.—*Hoole's Madras, Mysore, and the South of India.*



"WHERE SHALL I GO LAST OF ALL?"

MANY of the heathen Priests teach their followers, that the soul, after it has worn out one body, passes into another. They say, if a person has not attended to the worship of the gods, or neglected the Priests, then his soul, at death, will go into a deformed and afflicted body ; or, if he has given much money to the idol temples, then he shall be again born into the world, of a beautiful form, and shall be rich and happy. A soul, they say, may pass into the body of a bird, beast, or insect ; and be punished in its new state, for the sins of a previous one : so that it may dwell in a buffalo, or a butterfly, a fierce tiger, or a gentle dove, according to its character in this life. And after many millions of changes, the highest state of perfection will be, when it passes into the body of a white elephant !

A Hindoo was lying upon his bed, expecting soon to die. He was full of thought, where his soul would go after death. He had been wholly given to idolatry, and now he felt he was not happy. A Priest came to see him ; when the dying man cried, "What will become of me ?" "O," said the Priest, "you will inhabit another body." "And where," said he, "shall I go then ?" "Into another." "And where then ?" "Into another ; and so on, through thousands of millions." The mind of the man darted across the whole period of changes, as though it were only an instant, and cried, "Where shall I go then ?" The Priest could not reply ; and the unhappy idolater died, with no one near him to answer his anxious inquiry, "Where shall I go last of all ?"

Beasts live, die, and are no more ; but man will live for ever. If we, in a Christian land, ask, "Where shall we go when we die ?" the answer is found in the Bible. "After death, the judgment." (Heb. ix. 27.) Then, if it shall be found that we believed in Jesus, and loved him for dying on the cross to take away our sins, we shall go to heaven. If we did not believe in him, and did not obey him, then we shall go into the place prepared for the devil and his angels. "The wicked shall go away into everlasting

punishment : but the righteous into life eternal." (Matt. xxv. 46.)

A little Burman girl was near death, and looking up to a kind lady, who was her teacher, she said, "I am dying, but am not afraid to die; for Christ will call me up to heaven. He has taken away all my sins, and I wish to die now, that I may go and see him. I love Jesus more than any one else."

What made the difference between the little Burman girl and the dying Hindoo? One had heard the Gospel from the lips of the Missionaries, and had received it into her heart; therefore, she knew she was going to see Jesus, and be with him for ever: the other lived and died an idolater, and there was no one that could answer his mournful cry, "Where shall I go last of all?"

"A young South Sea islander," says a Missionary, "came loitering about my house in an unusual way. Knowing him to be one of the baser sort, I said, 'Friend, have you any business with me?' Tears gushed into his eyes, and he could hardly speak at first: at length he replied, 'You know I am a wicked man. Shame covers my face, and holds me back. To-day I have broke through all fear. I want to know,—is there room for me? Can I expect mercy? When asked how such thoughts came into his mind, he replied, 'I was at work, putting up my garden-fence. Greatly wearied, I sat down on a little bank to rest, and said within myself, All this great garden, and death for my soul; all this great property, and death for ever! O what shall I do?'" This made him unhappy; and he resolved he would go to the Missionary, that he might learn how he could find the way to a better world, where there is no death. From this time, he listened to the Missionary, and, at length, became a pious man.

Like the poor Hindoo and South Sea islander, the Heathen are unhappy; for they are ignorant of the eternal state to which they are all passing: they know not that Jesus Christ "hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." (2 Tim. i. 10.) O that they soon may hear the joyful sound!



IMPORTANT TESTIMONY TO THE USEFULNESS OF MISSIONARY LABOURS.

ON the arrival of the Wesleyan Missionaries in Ceylon, in the year 1814, their reception by Lord Molesworth, His Excellency General Brownrigge, Sir Alexander Johnston, Chief Justice, the Hon. and Rev. T. Twistleton, and others, was of the most encouraging nature. Harding Gifford, Esq., His Majesty's Advocate Fiscal, however, allowed them to pass unnoticed. In 1815 or 1816 he returned to Europe; and Lady Johnston's state of health soon after rendered it necessary that Sir Alexander should leave India for England. Sir Edward Coke, then second Judge, was promoted to the station of Chief Justice; but, to the great grief of all who knew him, in a few months he fell a sacrifice to the climate. When the news of his death reached London, H. Gifford, Esq., who was still in England, received the appointment, and returned to Ceylon the Hon. Sir Harding Gifford, Chief Justice.

On his arrival, the Wesleyan brethren were afraid that they would not find in the new Chief Justice that warm and public patronage which had so distinctly marked the character of his honourable predecessors; and for some time after his arrival, and entrance on his public and official duties, they remained unnoticed by him. But on their first Annual Meeting in Colombo after his return, they received a very polite invitation to breakfast with him the next morning. With anxiety of mind they accepted the invitation, and were received by Sir Harding with cheerful cordiality; and during breakfast he conversed very freely on the subject of Missionary work, and in a good-natured way expressed his hopes that they had reason to be encouraged in their work from the good effects of their labours, and their excellent system of schools. The brethren modestly replied, that though they had reason to believe that some good was done, yet, from the great ignorance, and deep-rooted prejudices, and moral degradation of the people, with which he himself was well acquainted, the good was comparatively but small. Sir Harding, his countenance and voice assuming a more than usual mildness and interest, replied, "Gentlemen, I believe your usefulness exceeds what has come to your own knowledge." The brethren were astonished, and requested him to be so kind as to state his reasons for such an encouraging testimony. "Gentlemen," continued Sir Harding, "on my going round the island in my official capacity, I have compared the quantity and quality of criminal cases at the time you commenced your Mission, with the quantity and quality of crime now committed; and I find that where your Missions are established, the nature and number of criminal cases are greatly lessened." This information from Sir Harding caused the hearts of the brethren to glow with gratitude to God.

They most sincerely thanked the Chief Justice for the attention which he had paid to this matter, and the encouragement which the communication would afford them to persevere in their work.

Warranpoint, June 12th, 1844.

JAMES LYNCH.



MISSIONARY TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

LEAVING the Orange River, after having travelled through a barren, desolate country, in which the footsteps of the lion were frequently seen, and his voice heard, we reached Bethany; where we found Mr. Schmelen and his family all well. This enterprising Missionary has undergone innumerable hardships in these dreary regions; yet, when speaking in reference to his trials, he said,—“Should I be asked that question, ‘When I sent you forth without purse, or scrip, or shoes, lacked ye any thing?’ I should answer, ‘No, nothing.’” Surely he has meat to eat which the world knoweth not of. Forty days had now elapsed since we left Steinkoff, during which we had not seen a single dwelling-house of any description, and had passed through a country which, with the exception of a few bushmen and Namacquas by the Orange River, is entirely destitute of inhabitants.

On the 11th of May we resumed our travels, with the design of visiting some of the tribes on the north-east of Bethany. There being no roads of any description, and in many parts of the country the mountains being impassable, we were constrained to leave our waggons behind. We would gladly have made our tour on horses; but, as Bethany could not supply us with those animals, we conformed to the custom of the country, and mounted our oxen. To train a young ox for riding, it is thrown on the ground, and a short stick, forked at one end, is thrust through the cartilage of its nose; to the ends of the stick a thong is attached, which forms the bridle; sheep-skins are placed on the back, and secured with reins or thongs; the ox is then mounted by a good rider, who holds fast by the belly thongs, and allows the ox to plunge with him or to run off, till he is tired; and thus, after a time, its spirit is broken, though some ugly falls are got, and much scratching is endured among the bushes by the rider during the process. Thus equipped, accompanied by Mr. Schmelen and twelve Namacquas, we set out, leaving our wives at Bethany. Some of our company went as guides, some as marksmen, and others were allured by the hope of obtaining flesh to eat, and fat with which to besmear themselves. A short distance from the Institution, we passed innumerable beds of stone, as exactly suited for building as if cut by the tools of masonry.

The next day we travelled to the bed of the river Kakoorip. The bold mountain-scenery on either side was majestically grand, and everywhere the footsteps of lions, which had gone down the

river before us, were apparent. About noon we sat down to await the arrival of some of the hunting party, who were yet missing; when, owing to the intensity of the heat, we involuntarily fell asleep. We were afterwards much affected with the head-ache, resulting from exposure to the rays of the sun. When the hunters arrived, they brought with them the hind-quarters of an antelope, which had been killed by a lion. He had eaten what he thought proper, and left the remainder for us; thus we were literally fed by the king of the desert.

14th.—This was the rest of the holy Sabbath; but not so to us. While our friends in England were entering the courts of the Lord's house, and drawing water from the well of salvation, we were faint and weary, wandering in a dry and thirsty land, and anxious to reach some cooling stream. In the afternoon we arrived at a small horde of Namacquas; and, sitting down under a tree, the Chief came and conversed with us. The men of his kraal were gone out on a hunting excursion; (for there are no Sabbaths there;) and on being told that we were hungry, he himself ran and brought us two or three bowls of sour milk, which, though not given in the cleanest vessels, was very acceptable. Having spoken to them of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, we proceeded on our way, and before sunset reached the horde of 'Tsaumap. A message was sent to some at a distance, inviting them to our worship; but they returned for answer, that they had never seen white men, and were afraid to come, for 'Tsaumap was absent. Here we observed a party of men gaming for beads,—the first instance of the kind that I ever witnessed among the Namacquas. When about to leave the place, a large fat ox was presented to us, by a kind of deputy Chief; in consequence of which we had to remain another day to kill and eat. I gave him, in return, some small presents: he was very desirous of having a shirt; so I took off my own, and placed it upon him. With this he was mightily pleased, and attracted many admirers. The shirt did not long retain its colour, for the man apparently had never been washed since he came into existence. This was, with our hungry attendants, a high day: from morn till midnight their fires were continually employed in cooking. Our cook roasted for us a part of one of the sides of the ox, which he suspended on sticks, over a large fire. For plates, we sought ourselves flat stones: for gravy, we had the marrow from the large bones; for bread, we had slices of liver; and for pepper and salt, the ashes which adhered to the meat.

Leaving this, we came to the kraal of the Chief Kennamap Koebib. He and some of his people had once been at Lily Fountain, and were greatly delighted at seeing us again. Here some hungry dogs, during the night, stole the shoes of Mr. Kitchingman, and would, doubtless, have taken mine also, had I not kept them on my feet.

On our way towards the residence of the head Chief, we were met by 'Tsaumap, who readily changed his course, and became our guide. By the addition of his party, our company was considerably augmented, amounting to thirty or forty persons. The Chief, who rode upon a beautiful cow, set off at full gallop. The heat was intense; the sands were deep; the wind blew; and though almost suffocated with clouds of dust, yet we galloped on. In the afternoon we arrived at the village of Gammap, the acknowledged head Chief of the country. Gammap and so many of his people came to shake hands with us, that we were wearied with their politeness, and requested them to desist.

In the evening we sounded our trumpet, (a large bullock's horn,) to collect the people for divine worship. The Chiefs first came, and sat on the ground near us; afterwards men, women, and children crowded behind, till we had a large concourse of hearers. It was my lot to open our commission to these benighted Gentiles, in a country where Christ had never before been named. A fine full moon lighted up our patriarchal temple, and a becoming attention, on the part of the hearers, was every where manifested. The taste of the females for music was such, that they readily joined us in that part of the service; and any person at a distance might have supposed that our concluding hymn had been sung by an English assembly."

The following day was the Sabbath, when after service we held a consultation with the Chiefs respecting Missionaries.

Gammap said,—“It appears that we have gone astray ever since the time of Adam and Eve. We wait every day for the great word. I, as the first, shall say, Yes.”

Nannimap.—“As Gammap is the oldest Chief, he will first have a Teacher; but I shall come and hear him, and will afterwards have one for myself.”

'Tsaumap, who had been our guide, seemed a more sensible man than any of the others. He had paid great attention to what he had heard, and said,—“I am hasty to have a Teacher; I am afraid that it will be long before he comes; cannot one of you remain with us now?” On being informed that we should have to return and consult our wives, and make other preparations, “Then,” said Gammap, “I am sure you will be long, for a woman is a *wurf*, (village,) and cannot easily be removed.”

By way of encouragement, I told them, that perhaps the wind which blew so high was then wafting, towards the shores of Africa, the ship which was bringing them a Teacher; when 'Tsaumap said, “I am afraid it will be long before he comes, for my soul is smothering in sin.”—*Barnabas Shaw's Memorials of South Africa.*



THE JEWS IN GIBRALTAR.

THE Jews form a considerable proportion of the varied population of the Rock of Gibraltar. They are attracted thither by the facilities to be enjoyed by petty trading at that notorious resort of smugglers; and the liberty allowed them as a people places Gibraltar high in their estimation, as contrasted with Spain, where, until lately, they could only exist under a disguise; and where, even now, when their claim would have a hearing, if they would but urge it, their zeal has not raised as much as one synagogue. And they cannot but prefer Gibraltar to Barbary, where they are subject to the cruel vexations of an extremely despotic government. No continued line of operation has ever been conducted with a view to their conversion, notwithstanding their great number, (nearly two thousand,) and the constant communication which is kept up between them and the many thousands of their nation in Northern Africa, extending from the point in sight of Gibraltar, eastward and westward, along the shores of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. One or two incidents may be mentioned in illustration of their temper towards Christianity. Shortly after my arrival, I went a few times to witness their worship, at the principal of their four synagogues, and to observe whether any opportunity might be found for opening profitable correspondence. At one of their most solemn festival services, I had been furnished with a Hebrew Prayer-Book, and had not scrupled to raise my voice with theirs in reciting the appointed Psalms, and even the "thirteen Articles," or Creed, *excepting* the clauses which are opposed to Christianity:—"There never arose a Prophet in Israel like unto Moses, who beheld his similitude. He will never alter nor change his religious constitution for any other. In the last days he will send our Messiah to redeem those who wait for the accomplishment of his salvation." ("Eve of the Sabbath.") This exception was remarked, and led to a lengthy conversation with some of the more curious members of the synagogue, who requested that I would appoint a time and place for a formal interview with one of their "wise men."

In June, 1835, I went over to Tanjier, to look after two Spaniards, who had professed to be Protestants, and seemed truly, as I hope, to have felt the hallowed influence of our religion. On the first evening of my visit, I was met in their house by five Jews and two Jewesses, to whom I expounded Psalm *lxviii*. They knelt down with us as I offered prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. Their eyes glistened with pleasure as I endeavoured to describe the liberty in Christ which makes us free, assured them of our love to their nation, and exhorted them to search in the law and the Prophets, and to examine whether the things which I had told them were true. On the next evening I expounded 1 Cor.

xiii. to a crowded company of Jews and Jewesses, heard with joy and surprise their assent to almost all I had said, and had the happiness of bringing them all on their knees before the mercy-seat of Christ. I had many interesting conversations with those Jews, whom I left with deep regret; and some of them afterwards expressed their grateful recollection of the visit by sending over some little presents. The fact is, that they are treated by the Moors with such utter contempt, that any manifestation of regard or kindness carried with it a resistless weight. This might be well kept in mind by those who labour for the conversion of the Jews.—*Rule's Memoir of a Mission to Gibraltar and Spain, &c.*



LIBERALITY TO THE MISSION CAUSE.

Extracts of Letters from the Rev. Samuel Fiddian.

I HAVE much pleasure in handing you £5, a donation from a dying youth, Charles Raven, of Quorndon, for the Missions. He was liberal in his life-time, but by strict economy he had saved a few pounds, and this gift was his last act in this world. May he have many imitators in his love to the Missions, and his decided early piety! He was under eighteen years of age.



I WILL just mention a circumstance or two additional to what I communicated in my last. Charles Raven's death was rather sudden at the last. Though he had been unwell for some months, he was at the chapel on the Sunday evening. He could not lie down in bed through difficulty of breathing that night; and his grandmother sat up with him. Early in the morning there was an evident change; and while his father went out to call a religious friend, the grandmother perceived that something rested on his mind, though he could not speak a whole sentence; and she proceeded to ascertain what it was by questions. Did he wish to say something to his father? "No." Did he wish to say anything about the money? "Yes." Did he wish to give something to the Missions? "Yes." What? "Five,"—he could say no more. "Five pounds?" rejoined his grandmother. "Yes. There," he exclaimed, and indicated by his countenance and manner that he had done with the world. Just then a friend came in, who was present three years before when he found peace with God, and asked him, "How do you feel, Charles?" He replied, "Very comfortable," and with emphasis repeated "*Very comfortable.*" "You feel Christ is precious?" "Yes." The friend adds, "Just when he seemed in the midst of the river,

where the water runs strongest, he said loudly, 'He is with me; he is with me. He does support me.' And while he was praying, the agony of death was over, and in a few moments he fell asleep in Jesus."

"I never saw greater respect paid to religion, than in the attendance of all sorts of people, religious and profane, at his funeral sermon.



MEMOIR OF HENRY HUNT,

A CHRISTIAN INDIAN CHIEF, IN AMERICA.

KNOWING the intense feeling with which the Missionary operations of our society are regarded by the numerous friends of our common Christianity, I transmit you an account of the life and death of Henry Hunt, an Indian Chief, connected with this Mission, in which you will be able to recognise the seal of divine approbation. The Saviour said, "By their fruits ye shall know them;" and in such fruits as the following we have true cause of satisfaction.

Henry Hunt was born in the state of Michigan, in the year 1796, where he resided until the spring of 1823, at which time the American Government expelled the Indians from the lands on which they and their fathers for ages had hunted and sung. Driven by the hand of power from his own forest-home, he sought an asylum under British protection, and fixed on the township of Anderton, in Upper Canada, as the place of his future abode.

The parents of young Hunt, like all those in that part of the country who had abandoned their own superstition, were Roman Catholics, as he also professed to be when he came to Canada. Not long after his settlement here, a Methodist Missionary from the United States, at the risk of his life from the bigoted French Canadians, crossed the river, and succeeded in getting a congregation among the Indians, to whom he preached the word of eternal life. On that occasion some mocked; others said, "We will hear him again of this matter." Among the latter was Hunt, to whose soul the word had come with power. He continued in this awakened state of mind until the following spring, when he determined to pay a visit to Sandusky, in the state of Ohio, to which state the greater part of the Indians belonging to his own tribe had retired on leaving Michigan, where he found a numerous society of Methodists, and in listening to the Gospel became more deeply convinced than ever of his lost condition. After some time spent in prayer, he was brought out of darkness into marvellous light, joined the Wesleyan society, and returned to Canada an altered man.

For several years after this he had to stand alone, a solitary instance of the power of divine grace, there being no society near the place of his abode. Subsequently, a Mission was commenced among the Indians at their settlement in Anderton, when Hunt was made the Leader of the little class, to which he attended with diligence and care. Though often the subject of severe temptation, he endeavoured to discharge his duties as a man and a Christian in such a manner as to say, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?"

In the summer of the year 1833 it appeared evident that the Lord was deepening the work of grace in the soul of his servant: often would he be found by his family, in the heart of the forest, far from the busy haunts of men, pouring out his soul to God with strong cries and tears; after which he would rejoice as a strong man to run a race. From this time, to the latest hour of his life, he enjoyed, in an abundant manner, "the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him."

A short time before his death he was elected Chief of the tribe to which he belonged. A circumstance connected with this event will show the depth of his piety, and the power it exercised over his life and conduct. He had several times before been nominated Chief, and as often refused to accept of the office, without assigning any reason for doing so; until, at length, pressed with importunity, he told his brethren, that he had seen many while in a private station serve God with all their hearts, but as soon as they were raised to fill offices of trust and power, they had almost universally suffered loss in their religious experience; and the cause of his refusal was a fear lest this should be his own case. Such a feeling could only result from a deep and abiding sense of his own weakness, and his attachment to the Saviour of men; especially when we consider the Indian's love of glitter and show.

For several months before his departure the marks of a deepening work of grace were clearly seen in his desire for the salvation of that part of his family who were still in an unconverted state. His prayers at the family altar were sometimes of an extraordinary nature; at such seasons he appeared to lay hold on the arm of Jehovah with a faith like that of Jacob, when he said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." About this time he, on several occasions, observed to his wife, that he thought his heavenly Father would soon call him home. He was evidently prepared for death; and when the destroyer dealt his last fatal blow, it was hailed as a long-looked-for friend. On the day he was taken ill, his wife having left him a few minutes alone, he got out of bed to pray; and, after continuing for some time on his knees, he rose, got into bed, and, calling his wife to him, he said, "I want to tell you how happy I am in the Lord, and how thankful I feel that I was led to seek mercy in health: Jesus has been my guide in life, and now I feel his love more valuable than

all the world contains." During the short remainder of his useful life, he was the subject of severe pain and strong temptation; but resignation and faith upheld him in the furnace, until Jehovah said, "It is enough; come up higher."

In the evening of the day on which he died, he asked his daughter to set him a chair by the table: he thought he could eat with them, and conduct family worship for the last time; but his strength was gone, and in making the attempt he fainted away. On recovering a little, he requested the family to have prayer, and then take their supper; saying, "I shall be with you no more: Jesus calls me to sup with him." After prayer, he called his family round his bed, told them he was much pleased with their devotional exercises, and exhorted them to be very punctual and constant in the performance of them, giving as a reason why they should have prayer before supper, that if left until after, they would get drowsy, and be unfit for worshipping God with that earnestness which was at all times their duty. He then exhorted those who had already believed through grace to hold fast the beginning of their confidence, assuring them that he, in the prospect of death, felt consolation and support. "I am going to leave you," said he; "but I am exchanging earth for heaven, time for eternity. Jesus will come and take me to himself; and I charge you all to meet me at the right hand of God." Soon after this his speech failed, his eyes closed, he sank back on the pillow, and expired.

I will not lengthen these remarks further than to say, that within a few days of Mr. Hunt's death, another Indian Chief, his intimate friend and brother in Christ, also died in the triumph of faith, shouting, "Victory, through the blood of the Lamb." Thus in one short week, in April, 1843, did the society lose two of its most active members, leaving a little band of faithful followers to lament their loss; but comforted with the assurance that our loss is their infinite gain, and endeavouring so to live that they may die the death of the righteous, and that their last end may be like these.

Amherstberg, May 8th, 1844.

J. W. CONSTABLE.

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THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

OCTOBER, 1844.

WESLEYAN MISSION AT THABA UNCHU, IN
SOUTH AFRICA.

THE Wesleyan settlement of Thaba Unchu is situated near the foot of a mountain of that name, which signifies "Mountain of Night." It is the largest assemblage of human habitations in this part of Africa ; it comprises two large Barolong towns and a few smaller villages, scarcely separated from each other. The Mission-premises, comprising a house and chapel, are situated between the two towns. Here, at the close of a fatiguing day, we met a kind welcome from Richard Giddy and his wife.

In company with Richard Giddy, the Missionary, we walked over the respective towns and villages forming the Missionary Station ; the people inhabiting them belonged to different Chiefs, who received us courteously, and expressed satisfaction at seeing Teachers come among them. This feeling may well exist in the bosom of this people ; they were poor, and had only thirty-five houses, when my valued friend, Thomas Laidman Hodgson, now of Cape-Town, first commenced his labours among them, under Sifonello, or Sibunello, at Makwasse, a place about one hundred and fifty miles north of this. For some time they were unsettled, but at length they went with their Missionary to Plaat-Berg, now called Old Plaat-Berg, near the Vaal, or Yellow River, where they remained a few years, and increased, chiefly by others, who had been scattered about the country, settling down among them. About four years and a half since, they emigrated from thence under the direction of a Missionary named James Archbell, and settled at this place. From this period they accu-

culated rapidly. The towns and villages include more than two thousand houses, and nine thousand people. The houses of the Barolongs are circular, with erect mud walls, and thatched roofs ; they are enclosed within circular fences, formed of the briery stems of a thorny species of shrubby asparagus. These dwellings are snug and warm in cold weather : when it is warm, the people sit outside. The children often sleep separately in little conical buildings resembling ovens. There are fourteen villages in the vicinity of Thaba Unchu, most of them Basutu : the population of these may be three thousand, making, with those on the Station, a community of about twelve thousand within the range of Missionary influence.—*Backhouse's Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa.*



HADARA.

HADARA was born in Abyssinia, about the year 1815. The people in that land are not Heathen : large numbers are Christians in name, though they are very ignorant, and follow many pagan customs.

When Hadara was young, he was taught to pray to saints, and to fast often. As it was proposed to bring him up to be a Priest, he was careful to mind these things, and to attend to many vain and sinful rites. He was told, that if he went as a pilgrim to Jerusalem, he would become holy and happy, and all his sins would be forgiven. From this time all his thoughts were, how he should get there. He had no money, so he hired himself as a servant to a person named Gergis, who said he was going to that city. But Gergis was a base man ; and after he had got the lad away from his home, sold him as a slave. Hadara, however, managed to run away from the island where he was in slavery, and got back to his own land.

He now engaged himself as a servant to a Missionary. Among the first truths his new master taught him were, that every prayer made to saints was a proof of unbelief towards God, and therefore sinful ; and that all true prayer is offered only in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. He

began to think very seriously about the right way to pray. After this, he met with some Missionary papers which gave an account of the conversion of several Heathens. Reading these little papers made him anxious to have a New Testament. He now, for the first time, saw his state as a sinner, and cried to God for mercy. He found that neither a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, nor the merits of saints, could secure for him the favour of God : it was only the blood of Christ could cleanse him from his sin.

Some time after this, he met his old master, Gergis, who had sold him. But Hadara was now a Christian ; and, instead of showing anger, or seeking revenge, when he found Gergis was in poverty, he helped to keep him, out of his wages, for several months. He showed that he had learned to do good to those who hated him and despitefully used him : for he had read the Saviour's words, in Matt. v. 44.

His kind friend, the Missionary, was taken ill, and had to leave his Station, to return to Europe. Hadara loved his own country, yet he was willing to leave it, that he might attend his master's family. On the journey over the deserts, he drove the camels, cooked the food, kept watch at night, carried his master's sick child by day, or helped to bear his afflicted mistress, and was ready to do anything for the comfort of those he loved : and he did all in such a cheerful way, that his services were very pleasant to them.

Hadara grew in piety, and it was proposed that he should be educated in Europe, and then return to his own land to preach the Gospel to his countrymen. But God was pleased to order it otherwise. The pious youth took a cold, and became very ill. At length, it was seen that he could not live long : he knew it, and now he thought more than before of the death of Christ as an offering for sin. He said there were two passages which gave him great comfort : "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin ; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." (2 Cor. v. 21.) "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." (1 Peter ii. 24.) He wished to return to Abyssinia, to tell his friends what the Lord

had done for his soul ; yet he was willing to die. "I shall be going in a short time," he said. When asked where he was going, he replied, "First to the grave ; and then I shall rise again with a clear understanding—not so dark as it is now. I shall see the Lord himself, and know all truths clearly, clearly." His last words were, "I am going to heaven."

LIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

WITHIN the last year, a young lion walked into one of the towns at Thaba Unchu. The natives of this part of Africa keep great numbers of dogs, which are generally so lean that their ribs are very prominent. A multitude of



LION-HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

these turned out after the royal intruder ; they chased him into the plain below the towns, (where he is represented in the annexed etching of this interesting spot,) and, aided by the people, they killed him. About the same period,

one of the natives living in this neighbourhood, went one morning to see if any game had been entrapped in the pitfalls. The weather was cold, and he had pulled up his karross or skin cloak, so as to enclose his head. Just as he was getting down the precipitous bank to the flat below, a lion, that had stolen upon him unperceived, caught his head in the karross between its paws. The man dropped out of his karross ; and, taking advantage of the moment in which the lion shut its eyes, he slipped away among the reeds below, and got off. Soon after he met a waggon, the people belonging to which had guns ; they returned with him to the spot, hoping to shoot the lion ; but it was gone, and had left the empty karross ; this the owner took, and went his way. Lions are said always to shut their eyes instinctively on seizing their prey, to avoid injury.

The following anecdote, related to us at Griqua Town, may serve to illustrate the association of lions and vultures. A Bushman, residing near the Orange River, in the direction of Hardcastle Kloof, was hunting with some of his companions ; but observing a considerable number of vultures soaring in the air, he concluded that some animal had been accidentally killed, of which he might possibly obtain a share ; he therefore left his companions, and repaired to the spot, where he found a hartebeest lying, off which he drove a number of these birds. On doing this, a lion, which he supposed had killed the hartebeest, and satisfied its hunger, came from behind a neighbouring bush and growled at him. Petrified with fear, the Bushman stood perfectly still. The lion walked round him, so close as to brush him with his tail, uttering at the same time a low growl ; it then went to a short distance and sat down, looking at the Bushman, who kept his eye upon it, and drew back a few paces ; but when he drew back, the lion advanced ; he therefore stood quite still, till the lion retired a little, and lay down. The Bushman seized the opportunity, picked up a few straws of dry grass, and began to try to strike a light ; but as soon as the lion heard the tapping of the flint and steel, he rose again and walked round the Bushman, brushing him as before ; again the Bushman was still, and again the lion retired. The Bush-

man once more plied his flint and steel, and again the lion advanced from his retreat ; at this moment, the Bushman succeeded in obtaining a light ; but such was his terror, that, forgetting himself, he continued blowing at it, till it scorched his face. The lion made a stand when he saw the flame ; and as this increased, when the burning grass was dropped into a dry bush, the lion fled. The Bushman, who had been thus detained from noon to sunset, lost no time, when the lion was sufficiently far gone, in also making his retreat ; he said he thought he never ran so fast before ; and when he reached his companions, he was pale and sick with fright.—*Backhouse's Visit to the Mauritian and South Africa.*

ARRIVAL AT JERUSALEM.

NEXT morning we rose very early to set out on our journey to Jerusalem. I felt a feverish restlessness and anxiety to reach that city, which had been associated in my mind from childhood with all that is sacred and venerable ; and I often said within myself as we rode along : “ Is it possible that this very day my feet shall stand within the gates of Jerusalem ? ”

Our route lay for some time through a fertile plain, which had some appearance of cultivation, there being several fields of millet in it. But the farther we advanced on our journey, the more barren and desolate the country became. My mind was alternately occupied with two very different pictures. At one time I thought of the days when all the male population of Israel went up “ three times in a year ” to Jerusalem ; “ whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.” (Psalm cxxii. 4.) In all probability, six of the tribes, whose possessions lay northward of where I then was, travelled by this very road ; the party increasing at every stage of their journey, “ company by company,” until they all “ appeared before God in Zion.” (Psalm lxxxiv. 7.) As I thought of this goodly assembly, all animated by one spirit, and intent on

one common object, receiving each new accession of brethren with friendly greetings, and beguiling the way with social converse, the melancholy contrast presented by the present state of the country forcibly recalled the opposite picture as delineated in the writings of the Prophets. Nay, I should not say the picture was recalled, the very reality was itself before me. "The highways" are indeed "desolate," and "lie waste." Instead of being trodden by a joyous company of Israel's sons, a few strangers from distant lands come to behold the judgments of the Lord, and to "say, when they see the plagues of that land, that it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth therein : wherefore hath the Lord done thus in this land ? what meaneth the heat of this great anger ?" (Deut. xxix. 23, 24.)

My impatience to see the holy city increased every hour. As we climbed up each ridge, I expected that, from its summit, I should behold Jerusalem ; but I was doomed to many disappointments ; as summit after summit only gave to view another range of hills to be surmounted. While on this tedious journey, I was made fully to understand the comparison of the Psalmist : "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever." (Psalm cxxv. 2.)

At length the long-expected moment arrived : about noon we reached the summit of the hill Scopus, and all at once Jerusalem burst upon my view. The feelings of such a moment cannot be described ; they can only be faintly imagined by those who have not experienced them. Every Christian traveller speaks of the feeling as overpowering ; what, then, was it to me, as at once a Christian and a Jew ! the scene of the world's redemption ; the metropolis of the country of my fathers ; "the city of the great King !" I could, in some faint measure, realize the feelings of my blessed Lord and Master, when "he beheld the city, and wept over it."

We went first to the Damascus gate, but were not admitted ; we then went round to the Jaffa gate ; and by it I entered the holy city. My feet stood "within the gates of Jerusalem ;" a pilgrim and a stranger I entered the city of my fathers, "Jerusalem which is in bondage

with her children ;" (Gal. iv. 25 ;) yet, through the great mercy of God, a citizen of the "Jerusalem which is above."

It was in the days of Solomon that the city was in the height of its glory ; when "he made silver in Jerusalem as stones, and cedar trees as the sycamore trees ;" (2 Chron. ix. 27 ;) when "Judah and Israel were many, as the sand which is by the sea in multitude," and "dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree." (1 Kings iv. 20, 25.)

When thinking of its former magnificence, and viewing it now, how appropriate do the words of Jeremiah appear ! — "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people ! how is she become as a widow ! she that was great among the nations, and Princes among the provinces, how is she become tributary !" The modern city is built on the heaps of rubbish accumulated by the ruins of ancient buildings. So great are these heaps, that in digging for the foundation of a house, they have to go to an immense depth before they can get to the solid rock. On this account a great many of the present houses are built on arches.—*Herschell's Visit to my Father-Land.*



THE IDOLATRY OF THE EGYPTIANS.

THE abominations of the Egyptians are frequently spoken of in the word of God, particularly in the 18th chapter of Leviticus. Their gross idolatry provoked the anger of the Most High, as early as the time of the Exodus, and the judgments, which he inflicted by the ministry of Moses were especially directed against the gods of Egypt. They are said to have had 30,000 deities. Their chief idol among quadrupeds was "a fair heifer," to which Jeremiah compares the nation, dooming it to slaughter. Of birds, the principal object of their idolatrous regard was the ibis. Of insects their favourite idol was the scarabæus, or beetle ; and of amphibious creatures, the crocodile. They also worshipped inanimate objects, the sun, the moon, and stars ; and particularly the river, which they regarded as the source of all their blessings. When a dog died, the whole

family to which it belonged shaved and went into deep mourning. About the time of our Saviour, Diodorus Siculus being at Alexandria, a dog was accidentally killed by a Roman soldier, and the infatuated populace put him to death, notwithstanding the efforts of the King's guards to save him.—*James Bartholomew's Palestine and Egypt.*

ANECDOTE OF A JEWESS IN LYONS.

MRS. CORDES, the lady of the Protestant Pastor, was one day questioning the girls on religious subjects, and asked one little girl what was the ground of her hope for eternity. The child answered: "That Christ died for me." On hearing this reply, a number of the children cried out: "O, she is a Jewess, and yet she says, Christ died for her!" "Well," rejoined the little girl, "though I am a Jewess, still Christ died for me." How remarkable it is, that even in childhood, the Gentiles are accustomed to look on the Jews as strangers and outcasts!—*Herschell's Visit to my Father-Land.*


PLACE OF WAILING, AT JERUSALEM.

ALTHOUGH, according to our Saviour's prediction, not one stone of the temple is left upon another, there is every reason to believe, that the foundations, and some of the lower part of the wall that now encloses the mosque of Omar, are remains of the ancient wall that enclosed the area where the temple stood. In one part there is distinctly seen, springing out from the wall, the commencement of an arch formed of very large stones, which has evidently belonged to the bridge that, according to Josephus, connected Mount Zion with Mount Moriah. At another portion of the wall, the Jews assemble to mourn over the desolation of their city and temple.

One Friday afternoon, Mr. Golman took M. and me to the Jews' place of wailing. After going along a narrow lane, we came to a small open space, one side of which was

bounded by the wall that surrounds the area of the great mosque. The lower part of this wall is evidently very ancient; and there is historical evidence, that, as far back as the twelfth century, the Jews regarded it as having belonged to the court of the ancient temple.

The scene that here presented itself was one of the most striking I beheld in Jerusalem. About thirty men, and half as many women, were assembled together, all without shoes, the ground whereon they trod being in their estimation holy. Some were seated on the ground reading, some were praying, and others kissing the wall. I entered into conversation with some of the Polish and German Jews, and inquired what they were reading. Several were reading portions of the Psalms, others the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and one venerable-looking old man was reading the account of Solomon's dedication of the temple, recorded in 1 Kings viii. Who could not sympathize with him in contemplating the contrast between the glorious scene therein described, and the present desolation of the city and temple? Nothing could give a more vivid picture of the humiliation of Israel than these poor Jews, strangers and outcasts in what used to be their own city. "The Lord hath cast off his altar, he hath abhorred his sanctuary, he hath given up into the hand of the enemy the walls of her palaces." (Lam. ii. 7.) "The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter!" (Lam. iv. 2.) The sons of Zion, instead of being objects of interest and pity, are exposed to the contempt and hatred, not only of the Mohammedan possessors of their city, but of the professors of false Christianity who dwell in it. I cannot describe the vividness of truth with which the words came home to me, as I listened to one of my poor brethren reading Lamentations i. 12: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger."—*Herschell's Visit to my Father-Land.*



FEMALES IN CEYLON.

THE General Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society for 1844, page 143, states, that there are about six hundred girls in the Mission Schools, in Ceylon. The condition of the females is certain to improve as Christianity is received. One of the first Missionaries, Mr. Osborne, in speaking of the establishment of a female school at Batticaloa, thus describes the degraded state of native females. "The first thing which attracted my notice, relative to this subject, was, that the men were employed in the work which in England is done by the women, and the women, in that which is there done by the men. Soon after my arrival at Point de Galle, I went to the house of an English gentleman; and, on entering the verandah, saw a brawny man sitting on a mat, making ladies' muslin dresses. This appeared to me so feminine, that I could not forbear expressing my astonishment, at seeing a hand, formed for hard labour, employed in adjusting the trimmings of a lady's dress; while I had passed several delicate females in the streets, who were engaged in a drudgery better suited to the athletic mantua-maker in the verandah, than to them. I have also frequently been grieved, by seeing poor slender females bending beneath the heavy loads of fruit, rice, &c., which they were carrying to the market, while stout and indolent men were walking before them at their ease: not unfrequently, the poor woman, besides the load upon her head, has had her infant astride upon her hip. After she has sat all day in the bazaar to vend her goods, and her husband has been enjoying his betel and tobacco, she takes home what she has not sold; then, first prepares rice and curry for her lord and master; and when he has done eating, and not till then, is allowed to refresh herself. Washing, ironing, and clear-starching, are all done by the men, as the lighter work; while women are sitting at the mill, or working in the fields."



THE PRISONERS OF JAFFNAPATAM.

TOWARDS the latter end of the year 1814, a Wesleyan Missionary was invited to visit the prisoners in the jail at Jaffnapatam. The invitation was accepted with pleasure, and his labours were not altogether in vain in the Lord. On one occasion, holding up the Bible in his hand, he informed them that that was the *Shaster* of the Christians, and that the great God himself was the Author of it. Having read the Ten Commandments, and dwelt emphatically on the ninth, he proceeded to read to them our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. There might have been present two hundred and fifty or three hundred persons, upwards of two hundred of whom were Heathens, and the rest belonged to the

Church of Rome. After engaging in prayer, he held up the Tamul New Testament, and inquired if any of them could read it. Two men (Heathens) answered in the affirmative; and the Missionary, finding that one of them could read tolerably well, inquired if they wished to have the book left with them until the following Sabbath. All called out, "O yes, Sir." "Then," said the Missionary, "if I leave it with this man, will he promise to read it to you?" The man, who had the New Testament still in his hand, cried out, "I will gladly read it, Sir." "And will you all," rejoined the Missionary, "promise to listen while he reads it?" All cried out, as with one voice, "We will listen, we will listen!"

The next day one of the prisoners requested to be taken to the Magistrate; when he stated, that, about two years ago, he had sworn a false oath against his own brother, in consequence of which the latter had been fined and imprisoned. The Magistrate, suspecting that he had some sinister end in view, asked why he had not made this confession before now. "Sir," said the poor Heathen, "I did not know that it was a sin until yesterday, when an English *Padre* came to the jail, and read out of a book, (which, he said, is God's book,) that no man is to swear a false oath: and he also said, that, unless any who have sworn falsely make confession of it, and, if possible, make restitution, when they die, God will send them to a place called hell, where they will be burning for ever. And, Sir, I am afraid of being sent to hell, and am willing to submit to any punishment which you may think proper to inflict upon me."

On the following Sabbath, when the Missionary visited the jail, the prisoners assembled, and the reader in front, with the New Testament in his hand. "Well, have you read any of this book?" "Yes, Sir." "How much of it have you read?" "The whole of it, Sir." "What! the whole of it?" "Yes, Sir." "Is this true?" said the Missionary, addressing himself to all the prisoners. "Yes, Sir," they replied. "But how could you read and hear the whole of it, when you were at hard labour six hours every day?" "Sir," replied the reader, "after dinner I sit down, and they all sit around me, and I read until it is dark; and we are up as soon as I can see to read, and I read until about ten o'clock, when we breakfast; and by this means I have read all the book." Still doubting the truth of the statement, the Missionary began at St. Matthew's Gospel, and having asked a few questions on each book and Epistle, was satisfied that the whole of the New Testament had been attentively read and heard in the short period of one week.

The following Sabbath, at their own request, about one hundred of them, with their chains on, were guarded to the Mission-chapel, several of whom renounced idolatry, and one of them became an

efficient Schoolmaster ; and the jailer informed the Missionary, that, from the time the Scriptures were introduced, he had very little trouble with the prisoners.

Warrenpoint, June 15th, 1844.

JAMES LYNCH.

THE NAMACQUA MISSION.

THE Namacquas, having seen that the last harvest had furnished us with plenty of wheat and barley, became desirous of more *extensive cultivation*. In this, Mr. Edwards and myself gave them every possible encouragement. The Missionary Committee having sent out a forge, we were able more effectually to meet their wants, and render them assistance. After the erection of the smithy, all the people were anxious to see the operations about to take place. When the bellows was blown, and the fire began to blaze, they laid their hands on their mouth in wonder ; but when the iron was taken out, and the hammer applied, the sparks dispersed them, and they ran in all directions, shouting, *Neen, neen, myn lieven tyd, ik heb nooit iets desge-lyks te vooraan gezien, &c.*, “ Wonderful, wonderful ; I never saw anything like that before ; the fire flies after us,” &c. As soon as the iron was again in the fire, they returned, looking on the smith with a kind of *jealous awe* ; and they evidently considered him superior to any individual they had ever seen. When the iron was again placed on the anvil, they began to look for a hiding-place, some squatting behind a door, others creeping together into a corner, while many fled to a distance. It was to them a day of wonder ; and as the Greeks bemoaned the lot of their ancestors, who had not lived to see Alexander on the throne of Darius, so the Namacquas seemed to lament the lot of their fathers, who had died before a forge was set up in the midst of their camp.

As I was going to preach *at a farm*, some distance from the station, several of the people accompanied me ; when the following dialogue, or conversation, took place, between a Boor and some of the Namacquas :—

Boor.—“ What kind of singing and praying is this you have had ? I never heard anything like it, and cannot understand.”

Jacob Links.—“ I think, master, you only came to mock at us, as many of the farmers say we ought not to have the Gospel ; but here is a chapter : (John iii. :) pray who are the persons that must be born again ? ” (Handing the Testament.)

Boor.—*Myne oogen zyn niet goed*, “ My eyes are not good, so that I cannot see very well ; but I suppose, Jesus Christ.”

Jacob.—“ No, master, no such thing ; Jesus Christ says we are all sinners, and that we must be born again of the Spirit, or we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.”

Jan Links.—"But, master, you once told me that our names did not stand in the book, and that the Gospel did not, therefore, belong to us Namacquas. Will you now tell me, master, whether the name of Dutchman, or Englishman, is to be found in it?" (No answer.)

Jacob.—"Master, you who are called *Christi meusche*, 'Christians,' call us 'Heathens.' That is our name. Now, I find the book says, that Jesus came as a light to lighten the *Heidenen*, Gentiles.' So we read in the book." (Farmer silent.)

Hendrick Smit.—"That master cannot understand many things in the book, is not strange; Paul says, 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God.'" (1 Cor. ii. 14.)

Boor.—"Who is then the natural man?"

Hendrick.—"All men in their sinful and unregenerate state; so that we can only understand spiritual things by the help of the Spirit of God."

Boor.—*Ik ben zeen zending*, "I am no Missionary, therefore cannot explain Scripture passages."

Jacob.—"But, master, do you ever teach your slaves and servants anything of the Gospel?"

Boor.—*Neen, volstrekt mets*, "No, certainly nothing at all; for, were they taught, it would make them equally as *wise as myself*."

At the time of our going into Namacqua-land, most of the distant farmers not only disapproved of the Heathens being instructed, but some of them endeavoured to *turn all into ridicule*. One of them declared to me, that he believed the Namacquas were only a species of *wild dog*, and had *no souls*; I therefore called Jacob Links, who was with me at the time, and offered to prove, that Jacob, though a dog, could both *read and write* better than the farmer. I believe the farmer could do neither; and finding himself in an awkward situation, he called for his horse, and hastily rode away.—*Barnabas Shaw's Memorials of South Africa*.



JACOB COHEN.

AN interesting contrast to the general antipathy of the Jews was exhibited in a young man, named Jacob Cohen, who made my acquaintance early in the year 1833. For several months his visits were almost daily, and often continued for two or three hours. We read in the Hebrew Bible, and compared with the New Testament. He was well versed in the learning peculiar to his nation, spoke with fluency, and perhaps with equal correctness, (allowing for the Jewish style,) English, Spanish, Moorish Arabic, and Rabbinical Hebrew. He rejected the Talmud, although born and reared among Rabbanists, and heartily de-

spised their superstition and bigotry. He was any thing but a sceptic, revered the sacred writings and institutions of pure Hebrew antiquity, had a fine perception of right principle, and a tender conscience. His mother was an English Jewess, kind to her son; and his father a Barbary Jew, austere and bigoted. He would contend with great earnestness for whatever he could find a shadow of honest argument to defend in Judaism; but would readily give up what he saw to be untenable. For some time he attended punctually the service on Sunday evenings; but, being a favourite disciple of Rabbi Israel Ben Saya, he related to him one day, that the evening before he had heard a citation from Rabbi Saadiah Haggaón, relative to the Messiah, delivered from the pulpit. This drew forth an angry exclamation: "I see that you will soon become a Christian Preacher!" Reproof and prohibition followed; so that from that time he durst not appear in our congregation. But he studied at home, and continued his private conferences. Not daring to be seen with a book known to contain the New Testament, he was furnished with a copy of the old Syriac version, the characters of which were not intelligible to any of his relatives; and, as he well understood Chaldee, he could enter into its spirit; and, I believe, he did most diligently study its contents, with fixed and even devout attention. He confessed his admiration of these Scriptures, and did not conceal his willingness, nay, he allowed me to perceive his desire, to be fully established in a hearty belief of Christianity. He sat up parts of several nights, to copy passages of the חזון אמנה—"Confirmation of the Faith," one of the principal Jewish works written against Christianity, in order that the objections to the New Testament which are contained in it might be met to his satisfaction.

He freely communicated whatever conversation might call forth relative to Jewish customs, opinions, and superstitions, especially in Barbary. The superstitious practices of the Barbary Jews appear to be excessive; and had notes of his information been preserved, it might have been in my power to give interesting and even novel notices of that part of the dispersion.

It is highly probable that my young friend would have made an open profession of the Christian faith, on following the impressions and rising convictions of his mind; but his persevering attachment to me, in despite of the suspicions of his people, induced the Chief of the synagogue to which he belonged to contrive that he should be removed to Lisbon, whither he went in the early part of 1834, to be attached to a Jewish commercial house, with every prospect of temporal advancement. But his mind continued to obey the impulse it had received; and, in an active correspondence, we kept up the discussion of those subjects which had engaged us in oral conference; and his letters, sometimes written in Spanish, and sometimes in Hebrew, abounded in pleasing sentiment, and indicated the same powerful and conscientious

attachment to the religion of his fathers, with such an earnest desire for superior instruction, as could not but heighten my interest in perusing them, and admiration of his integrity. He was constituted Minister of the synagogue in Lisbon; but his correspondence suddenly ceased; and, to my great sorrow, intelligence reached us that he had died, it was said, of a sore throat. May he not, even in his last hour, have yielded obedience to that word: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved?"—*Rule's Memoir of a Mission to Gibraltar and Spain, &c.*

THE WAY TO SUCCEED.

I RECENTLY attended a Missionary Meeting in my own Circuit, at which we were favoured with the assistance of an intelligent member of the Episcopal Church of England. He informed us, in the course of his address, that he knew a pious young lady who was persuaded by her Minister to become a Missionary Collector. She was, however, so unsuccessful in canvassing her district, as to fail in twenty-three out of twenty-four applications she made for subscriptions. She felt so deeply discouraged, that she at once resolved to relinquish the work she had undertaken. She informed her Minister of her want of success, and her consequent resolution. He seriously inquired, whether she had first gone into her closet, and asked God to crown her efforts with success. She candidly acknowledged she had not done so. She was then affectionately urged to adopt this plan, and afterward to canvass her district once more. This appeared perfectly reasonable; and she engaged accordingly. She canvassed her district a second time, and returned with a joyful heart, having, to her agreeable surprise, failed in one application only, and happily succeeded in the remaining twenty-three.

It is hoped that the readers of this little article will endeavour to make some practical use of it.

HENRY B. BRITTEN.

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THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

NOVEMBER 1844.



MISSIONARY GEMS FROM THE WRITINGS OF
THE REV. RICHARD WATSON.


WE purpose enriching our pages with some extracts from the writings of the above eminent Minister of Jesus Christ, bearing upon the state of the heathen world, and the great cause of Christian Missions. But before we do so, we shall show how well qualified he was to write on the subjects to which he devoted the energies of his life. The following is extracted from the admirable "Memoirs" of this great man by the Rev. Dr. Jackson, who was honoured with his friendship for many years, and who is therefore well able to form a right estimate of his character :—

"Perhaps no man possessed better qualifications for the office of a Missionary Secretary than Mr. Watson. His high sense of justice and honour rendered him cautious in the appropriation of public money; and his cordial affection for the Missionaries secured from him a prompt attention to their wants. He had a thorough knowledge of the peculiarities of every Station occupied by the Society with which he was connected; and his letters of advice and encouragement addressed to the Missionaries were marked by fidelity, wisdom, and kindness. His respect for the Missionaries was very strong and cordial. He regarded them as raised up by the special providence and grace of God; and he greatly honoured them for their works' sake. With many of them he was personally acquainted; not a few had pursued a course of preparatory study under his own direction; and their self-denial and heroic piety and zeal excited his admiration. Their discouragements and privations awakened his sympathy; and daily did he in the most feeling manner invoke blessings upon the head of the Missionary, and on the crown of the head of the man who, to save souls from death, is separated from his brethren. When he bowed his knees before the Lord, whether in the family, in the public congregation, in the social party, or in the Conference, the Missionaries were almost sure to be remembered by him. Their sufferings from persecution and personal or domestic affliction deeply affected him. When Mr. James died and Mr. Watson had prepared some account of that excellent man for publication

in the monthly 'Missionary Notices,' the printer inquired whether he should enclose the mournful intelligence in a black border. Mr. Watson, who then began seriously to anticipate his own dissolution, replied, 'O no! When we announce the deaths of our blessed Missionaries, we never accompany their names with any such mark of distinction; and yet what are the services which any of us render to the Missionary cause compared with the services and hardships of the men who labour and die among Heathens and savages, without perhaps a friend to close their eyes?' As a public man, and the former able Editor of the 'Liverpool Courier,' Mr. Watson was well known to the principal members of His Majesty's Government, especially under the administration of the Earl of Liverpool; and this circumstance was of great advantage to the Missions. It often gave to his memorials and suggestions, addressed to the Colonial Office, a weight which they would not otherwise have possessed. All his talents and influence he devoted, not to the objects of personal honour and emolument, but to the cause of Christ and the benefit of mankind.

"The success of the Wesleyan Missions was to him a ground of holy joy and triumph. When he was first connected with them, their annual income fell short of £7,000; the Missionaries were about sixty in number; the persons in religious society on the Mission Stations amounted to somewhat more than fifteen thousand; and he lived to see the yearly income of the Society raised to £50,000; the Missionaries increased to somewhat more than two hundred, exclusive of a large number of Catechists and other subordinate Teachers; and the regular and accredited members of society, under the pastoral care of the Missionaries, augmented to nearly forty-four thousand, a large proportion of whom were converts from the darkness and misery of Heathenism. He witnessed the formation and establishment of flourishing Missions in Southern Africa, India, New South Wales, and the Tonga Islands; and men every where raised up to exercise a native ministry; as well as the extension of the work in all the old Stations, particularly in the West Indies. Towards these glorious achievements of Christian mercy, the personal exertions of Mr. Watson greatly contributed. His ministry and writings, by the blessing of God, gave an impulse to the Missionary cause which is felt in every part of the empire, and in every quarter of the globe, and its effects will be gratefully acknowledged in future ages.

"Mr. Watson's connexion with the Mission cause often brought him into direct intercourse with Christians of various denominations, and gave exercise to that catholic and liberal spirit in which he delighted to indulge. Men like him seemed to be raised up for the benefit of the universal church, and he embraced with a cordial affection all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."



CHRISTIAN SIMPLICITY IN A FINGO WOMAN.

JUST after a Fingo woman had been baptized, she had been attending one of our meetings ; and in going home she trod upon a serpent, which bit her in the leg. She kicked it away, saying, "Get away, Satan ! you have nothing to do with me now, you are too late ; you may get my body, you cannot get my soul ; Jesus has that." I went to see her the next day ; the leg was dreadfully swollen, and we did not expect her to live. I asked her if she was not afraid to die ; she said, "No ; I go so much the sooner to Jesus Christ." She got better, however, and I asked her one day, if she was not glad that she was better ; she said, "I not know ; if I had died, I go to Jesus and sin no more ; perhaps now I live, I sin again."—*Backhouse's Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa.*



THE RESURRECTION PREACHED TO AN AFRICAN CHIEF.

MR. MOFFATT, Missionary in South Africa, visited a Chief some hundred miles beyond the Station at Lattakoo. This Chief was famous for war and conquest, and had become the terror of the interior. The visit at the time was considered a dangerous one ; but the veteran Chief received the Missionary with great respect, and treated him with much kindness. In one of his interviews with this man of war and blood, while seated amidst fifty or sixty of his nobles, in the course of Mr. Moffatt's remarks, the ear of the Monarch caught the startling sound of a resurrection. "What !" he exclaimed with astonishment, "what are these words about the dead ?—the dead arise !"

"Yes," was the Missionary's reply ; "all the dead shall arise."

"Will my father arise ?" asked the Chief.

"Yes," answered Mr. Moffatt ; "your father will arise."

"Will all the slain in battle arise ?"

"Yes," said the Missionary.

"And will all that have been killed and devoured by lions, hyenas, and crocodiles, again revive ?"

"Yes ; and come to judgment," answered the Missionary.

"And will those whose bodies have been left to waste and to wither on the desert plains, and scattered to the winds, again arise ?" asked the Chief, with a kind of triumph, as if he had settled the business.

"Yes," replied Mr. Moffatt; "not one shall be left behind."

The Chief, turning to his people, said, with a loud voice, "Hark! ye wise men, whoever is wise among you, the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange and unheard-of news?"

And addressing himself to one whose countenance and attire showed that he had seen many years, and was something more than common, "Have you ever heard such strange news as these?"

"No," was the wise man's answer. "I had supposed, that I possessed all the knowledge of the country; for I have heard the tales of many generations. I am in the place of the ancients; but my knowledge is confounded with the words of his mouth: verily, he must have lived long before the period when we were born."

The Chief then turning and addressing himself to Mr. Moffatt, "Father," he said, laying his hand on my breast, "I love you much. Your visit and your presence have made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet like the honey; but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear about the dead rising again! The dead cannot arise! The dead shall not arise!"

"Why," inquired Mr. Moffatt, "can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must not add to words, and speak of a resurrection?"

The Chief raised his arm, which had been strong in battle, and quivering his hand, as if grasping a spear, he replied, "I have slain my thousands; and shall they arise?"

Never before did the light of divine revelation dawn upon his savage mind; and of course his conscience had never accused him, no, not for one of the thousands of deeds of rapine and murder, which had marked his course through a long career.


The African Chief shrunk from the thought of his deeds rising up in judgment against him. Ye who call yourselves Christians, and profess to believe in the resurrection, how is it with your account? Have you no deeds which you fear to rise up in judgment against you? Or have you turned to Him who is mighty to save, to blot out all your transgressions?



TORTURES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A GREY-HEADED old Kaffer was at Bethel this morning, who, a year ago, was rich in cattle, and was a great Counsellor; but he was pitched upon to be charged with having exercised witchcraft, and, to use a Kaffer phrase, was

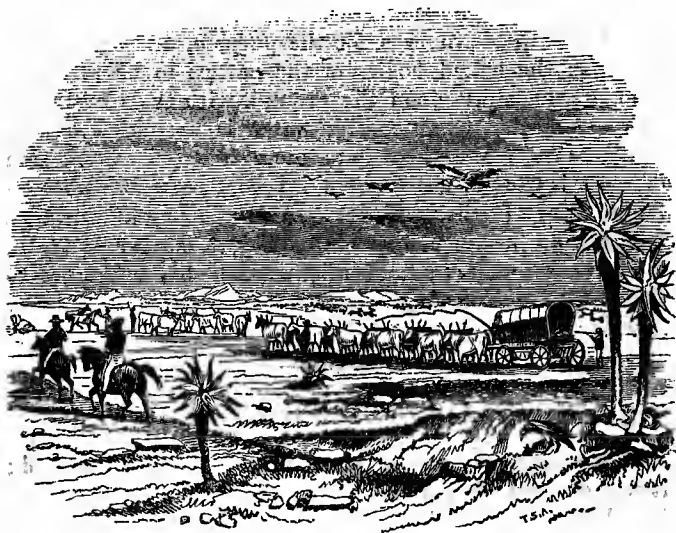
“eaten up ;” that is, he had all his cattle seized. He was not subjected to torture, in addition, by burning with hot irons laid on tender parts, as is commonly the case ; but his son and a third person were tortured for eight hours, by the biting of large black ants. These insects are brought out of the woods in bags, for the purpose, and are turned out upon the naked bodies of the parties to be tortured, who are made fast upon the ground, with their arms and legs extended. Occasionally, water is sprinkled among the ants to make them bite more keenly. Confession of guilt is thus extorted from innocent persons, who confess to escape further suffering. A Missionary told us, that he knew an instance of a man dying a martyr to truth, when thus tortured ; he boldly asserted his innocence to the last.—*Backhouse's Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa.*



TRAVELLING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Our waggon was about thirteen feet long and four broad ; it was covered with a tilt, formed of bent sticks, crossed lengthwise by split bamboos, over which was laid a mat of slender rushes ; over the mat a painted canvass was placed, and outside the painted canvass, a sail-cloth, which formed also a curtain at each end. The driver, and occasionally the man who led the cattle, occupied the front seat, and George W. Walker and myself an inner one. The inside was fitted up with boxes, over which our beds were laid in the day time ; mine was pulled forward at night, upon some loose boards provided for the purpose, so that my feet projected over the driving-seat, within the enclosure of the front curtain ; this was stretched like a tent over a projecting foot-board, formed by an extension of the floor of the waggon. The bedding of our men was carried in an oil-cloth bag, on the top of a box fixed behind the after-curtain. The men slept on the ground by the side of the waggon. Underneath the waggon, two water-casks, two spades, and a tar-bucket were fixed ; and below the after-part, there was a thing called a “trap ;” (step ;) it was

like a bundle, and had kettles and cooking-pots fastened upon it. When the waggon is entered from behind, this appendage is used as a step. The accompanying etching



AN AFRICAN WAGGON, AND TRAVELLING EQUIPAGE.

represents an African waggon, and travelling equipage, with herds of springboks, as seen in the interior of the country.—*Backhouse's Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa.*



PERILOUS SITUATION, AND PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE, OF TWO MISSIONARIES.

IN the year 1782, two of the Missionaries experienced a very striking preservation of their lives. Early on March 11th, the brethren, Liebis and Turner, left Nain, to go to Okkak, a journey of one hundred and fifty miles. They travelled in a sledge drawn by dogs, and another sledge with Esquimaux joined them, the whole party consisting of five men, one woman, and a child. Every thing seemed to favour the undertaking; the weather was fine, and remarkably serene, and the track over the frozen

sea was in the best order ; so that they travelled at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. All, therefore, were in good spirits, hoping to reach Okkak in two or three days. Having passed the islands in the bay, they kept at a considerable distance from the shore, both to gain the smoothest part of the ice, and to avoid the high and rocky promontory of Kiglapeit. About eight o'clock they met a sledge driving towards the land, with Esquimaux, who obscurely intimated that it might be well not to proceed. But as the Missionaries saw no reason for alarm, they paid no regard to these hints, and went on. After a time, however, their own Esquimaux remarked that there was a swell under the ice. It was then hardly perceptible, except on applying the ear close to it, when a hollow grating and roaring noise was heard, as if ascending from the abyss. The weather remained clear, except towards the east, where a bank of light clouds, interspersed with some dark streaks, appeared. But as the wind blew hard from the north-west, no sudden change of weather was expected. The sun had now reached its height, and there was as yet little or no alteration in the appearance of the sky. But the motion of the sea under the ice had grown so perceptible as rather to alarm the travellers, and they began to think it prudent to keep closer to the shore. The ice in many places had fissures and cracks, some of which formed chasms of one or two feet wide ; but as they are not uncommon, even in the best state, and the dogs easily leap over them, the sledge followed without danger. They are terrible only to new comers.

But as soon as the sun had declined towards the west, the wind increased to a storm ; the bank of light clouds from the east began to ascend, and the dark streaks to put themselves in motion against the wind. The snow was violently driven about by partial whirlwinds, both on the ice, and from off the peaks of the neighbouring mountains. The ground-swell had now increased so much, that its effects on the ice were very extraordinary, as well as alarming. The sledges, instead of gliding smoothly along as on an even surface, sometimes ran with violence against the dogs, and sometimes seemed with difficulty to ascend a rising hill ; for though the ice was many leagues square, and in some places three or four yards thick, yet the swell of the sea underneath gave an undulatory motion, not unlike that of a sheet of paper accommodating itself to the surface of the rippling stream. Noises, too, were now distinctly heard in many directions, like the report of a cannon, owing to the bursting of the ice at a distance.

The Esquimaux, therefore, drove with all haste towards the shore, intending to take up their night-quarters on the south side of the Nirak ; but as it plainly appeared that the ice would break, and disperse in the open sea, Mark (who drove the sledge of the Missionaries) advised to push forward to the north of the Nirak

from whence he hoped the track to Okkak might still remain entire. To this proposal the company agreed; but when the sledges approached the coast, the prospect before them was truly terrific. The ice, having broken loose from the rocks, was forced up and down, grinding and breaking into a thousand pieces against the precipices, with a tremendous noise; which, added to the raging of the wind, and the snow driving about in the air, nearly deprived the travellers of the power of hearing and seeing any thing distinctly.

To make the land, at any risk, was now the only hope left; but it was with the utmost difficulty that the affrighted dogs could be forced forward; the whole body of the ice sinking frequently below the rocks, then rising above them. As the only moment to land was that when the ice gained the level of the coast, the attempt was extremely nice and hazardous. However, by God's mercy, it succeeded; both sledges gained the shore, and were drawn up the beach, though with much difficulty.

The travellers had hardly time to reflect, with gratitude to God, on their safety, when that part of the ice from which they had just now made good their landing burst asunder, and the water forced itself from below, covering and precipitating it into the sea. In an instant, as if by a signal given, the whole mass of ice, extending for several miles from the coast, and as far as the eye could reach, burst, and was overwhelmed by the rolling waves. The sight was tremendous, and awfully grand; the large fields of ice raising themselves out of the water, striking against each other, and plunging into the deep, with a violence not to be described, and a noise like the discharge of innumerable batteries of heavy guns. The darkness of the night, the roaring of the wind and sea, and the dashing of the waves and ice against the rocks, filled the travellers with sensations of awe and horror, and almost deprived them of the power of utterance; they stood overwhelmed with astonishment at their miraculous escape; and even the heathen Esquimaux expressed gratitude to God for their deliverance.

(To be continued.)



CHINESE IDOLATRY.

AT a famous Chinese pagoda, situated among granite rocks on the sea-shore, and consisting of various attached temples, with places for offerings, all in the gaudiest style of nationally-fantastic architecture, we met a mandarin of high rank coming to worship, with a large train of attendants. We were not allowed to follow him into the shrine; whither he went to prostrate his magnificence before a deaf, dumb, blind, lame, dead stock; which a man, who

durst not have looked him in the face, had they met by the way, may have carved out of a piece of wood; and, when he had finished his work, gathered up the chips and made a fire with them to boil his paddy-pot! But we had an opportunity of witnessing the antic tricks exhibited by another personage, of no mean rank, at the same temple. Immediately upon his arrival, he put a white robe over all his other clothing. While he was doing this, a man brought a large wooden tray, on which were laid two ribs of fat pork, a boiled fowl, and a baked fish. These were placed upon an altar-table before the idol, together with a tea-pot, and five porcelain cups. The worshipper first poured water out of the pot into each of the cups. He then produced a bundle of incensed-sticks, rolled in sacred papers, which having reverentially lighted, he fixed them one by one, (there might be thirty in all,) before the idol, on either side of it, and in various niches both within and on the outside of the building; at each act making certain grotesque but grave gesticulations, as though an invisible divinity dwelt in every hole and crevice where he could stick a splinter of sandal-wood. After this preparation, he went and kneeled down in front of the altar, where the provisions had been deposited. A servant on each side of him did the same; and all three repeatedly bowed their bodies till they touched the ground with their foreheads. This part of the service was accompanied by three loud strokes upon a bell without, and as many on a great drum within, by a boy in attendance. Some sacred scrolls of paper, which had been carefully counted and put into a kind of fire-place on the outside of the temple, were now set in flames by a scroll of the same hallowed character, which was lighted at one of the incense-sticks. Finally: a parcel of small crackers was opened, and the train of them suspended before a hole in the wall, at the back of the fire-place. One of these being ignited, communicated with the next to it; and on went the blaze, the fume, and the explosion, till the whole had been dissipated, and left nothing but the stench behind. Here ended the ceremony. The water was poured back from the little cups into the tea-pot; the tray, and its savoury contents, were carried away again. We were informed, that the spirit of the god had regaled itself on the spirit of the food; and the latter, not being a whit the worse for wear, was taken home by the devout owner for his own use. This is genuine Chinese thrift. All the while a company of gamblers were seated on the floor, within the same sanctuary, playing at cards with quite as much devotion as the idolater and his menials were playing at religion. Better employed than either party were a few lads, in the joy of youth, romping and racketting at their own malcommendable and not less intellectual pastimes; though our presence somewhat interrupted the indulgence of their mirth, that they might amuse their curiosity with looking at the strangers,

and wondering,—if even a Chinese child can wonder, born and brought up as they are in dogged indifference to every thing not Chinese,—wondering, we say, what two outlandish fellows could be doing there, who were neither gambling, nor worshipping, nor playing, like themselves.



THE FAITH OF A NEGRO BOY.

Why lingers the boy on the rocky shore,
Thus gazing on the sea ?
Does he think of his distant home once more,
The home where he would be ?

No, another thought has the Negro boy—
His parents' souls to save ;
For he knows a greater, a better joy
Than his loved home ever gave.

Kind teachers have told the little slave,
This world will pass away ;
But a Saviour has died our souls to save,
Who hears us when we pray.

Then daily and hourly the Negro prays,
That those he loves may come ;
And every day on the shore he strays,
To see the ship from home.

He wants them to hear of a Saviour's love,
Who died their souls to save ;
That his parents with him may live above,
Triumphant over the grave.

Unwearied he pray'd for two long years,
A big ship might be sent,
That his parents might come, the truth to hear ;
Then he should die content.

God heard from on high the Negro's prayer.
At length he saw from the shore
A sight that rewarded his filial care—
For a ship his parents bore !



ROMANISM *VERSUS* WESLEYAN METHODISM.

WHILE I was labouring on an island in the West Indies, the population of which were chiefly Papists, a slave, belonging to a Papist family, strolled into the chapel and heard the word of sal-

vation. He was so far pleased with what he heard, that he came again; and being still better pleased, he frequently repeated his attendance. At length it reached the ears of his mistress, who was shocked at the idea of his imbibing heresy, and took occasion to speak with him on the subject, representing it as awfully sinful to forsake his own church, and go to the Methodist chapel. The slave calmly replied, "When I go to this chapel I understand what I hear, and when I come home I can read my Bible, and think upon what I heard; and I like it best." She said, "They are heretics on the way to hell; and if you persist in going there, you will be shut out of heaven." He replied again: "I have my doubts about that: for what I hear is very good. I get much light upon the word of God, and the Minister appears to be a good man." She entreated him not to go any more, as she had been godmother for him at baptism, and would have to answer for his leaving the true Church, and embracing heresy. Still he replied, "I understand it better than mass; I get most good at the chapel."

How much importance is attached by Papists to outward signs! but surely inward experience ought not to be overlooked. "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." This case reminds us of the man interrogated by the bigoted enemies of the Saviour, whose reply was, "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

August, 1844.

JONATHAN CADMAN.



A PEACEMAKER IN DANGER.

IN the days of Molitsani's greatness, he was a noted warrior, and hostilities arose between him and a Chief named Siffonello, with whom my old school-fellow, Thomas Laidman Hodgson, resided as Missionary. Finding that there was no hope of any good being done amongst the people under such circumstances, T. L. Hodgson undertook the responsible, but blessed, office of peacemaker, between the hostile Chiefs. Attended only by one man, he went to the residence of Molitsani, which was, at that time, upon the banks of the Vaal, or Yellow River. On arriving, he went directly to the Chief, and told him his business. The Chief inquired, if he was not afraid to come to him in such a manner. T. L. Hodgson replied, "No;" and asked why he should be afraid when he came

to the Chief as his friend ; adding, that he was hungry, and wished the Chief to give him something to eat. With this, Molitsani complied ; he also appointed him a hut to sleep in, while he should consult his people. The evening was damp ; but T. L. Hodgson lay down outside the hut, feeling as if he should be more in the power of the people if he were within it. He felt peaceful in thus taking rest, knowing that he had come on the business of his Lord and Master. In relating these circumstances, he said, that he could experimentally adopt the language of the Psalmist, "I laid me down and slept ; I awaked ; for the Lord sustained me ;" for he found that the deliberation of Molitsani and his counsellors had been, whether they should kill him and eat him, or accept the proposals of peace with which he was charged ; and the Lord had inclined their hearts to the latter.—*Backhouse's Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa.*



THE AFRICAN DAUGHTER WEeping FOR HER MOTHER.

ONCE, while visiting the sick, the Missionary, Mr. Moffatt, entered the premises of one of the converts, to see her infant. He found the mother sitting before the door, weeping, with a portion of the word of God in her hand. Addressing her, the Missionary said, "My child, what is the cause of your sorrow ? Is the baby still unwell ?"

"No," she replied with a deep sigh, and paused. "No," she resumed, "my baby is well ; it is my mother." "Your mother-in-law ?" inquired the Missionary.

"No, no," she said, "it is my own dear mother who bore me." Here she again gave vent to her sorrow, and holding out the Gospel of Luke, in a hand wet with tears, she said, "My mother will never see this word, she will never hear this good news." She wept again, and said, "O my mother and my friends, they live in heathen darkness ; and shall they die without seeing that light which has shone on me, and without tasting that love which I have tasted ?" and, raising her eyes to heaven, she sighed a prayer, and I heard the words again, "My mother, my mother !"

Who could have witnessed the affectionate daughter thus weeping for her far-distant mother, without mingling their tears with hers ? That much-loved mother lived among the Bakuena tribes, hundreds of miles beyond the Missionary Station.

It was only a few years before, that the daughter had accom-

panied Mr. Moffatt from those dark regions; and shortly after this event, he watched her dying pillow. Her end was peace; she fell asleep in Jesus, with the full assurance of the hope of landing on the heavenly Canaan.

Christian children, have you a mother like that of the African woman, in darkness and ignorance? Do you then lift up your heart in prayer on her behalf? O, neglect not this great duty; for remember, the word is, "Ask, and ye shall have."



PLOUGHS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BEFORE the introduction of Christianity into Kaffraria, the wives of the Kaffers cultivated the ground, the men disdaining such toil. On the introduction of ploughs, the men made comparisons between the quantity of work performed by them and the women. A Chief named Thopo, who received a plough from the contributions made by many friends, for the promotion of agriculture among the native tribes, sent a message, in 1842, acknowledging gratefully the present, which he called "a strong wife."—*Backhouse's Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa.*



CHINESE TEMPLE.

IT stands within an enclosure of high brick walls, and consists of various compartments, quite open to the air on one side. Before these are placed tables for altars, behind which are various groups of images, of many sizes, shapes, and colours; some gilt, others plain; many adorned with fantastic trappings of tinsel, &c.; whilst sweet odours and sandal-wood are kept burning in their presence. Transparent lanterns are also suspended at suitable places. We were allowed to walk through the sanctuaries, and even handle the idols as we pleased; though several of the attendants were at work in the court-yard. While conversing with a Priest, he said to us, "Don't you think I am a very good man?" "Why should we think so?" was our reply. "Because," said he, "I am so very tall!"



THE CONVERTED HEATHEN SCHOOLMASTER.

THE following narrative is well adapted to stimulate the gratitude and the prayers of the friends of Missions.

Shagdur is the young man who has been the Teacher ever since the school commenced here. It is now nearly five years since he

came to me, and during the second year he gave evidence that he had paid great attention to the things which he had heard; as also, that impressions of the truth and importance of those things had been made upon his mind. He heard the truth, and did many things gladly. I regarded him as a hopeful subject, but nothing more. There was always evidently a reserve, an unwillingness to take the consequences which an open and unreserved avowal of Christ before men might involve. As he has daily heard the truth, these impressions have, from time to time, been alternately revived, neglected, or stifled.

But I knew not what was passing in his mind. He was striving with his convictions, determining to overcome them, and had returned to the worship of his idols, which, for some years, he had relinquished. O, how easy to the Almighty Spirit's agency are those things which are impossible with men! This, I trust, has been conspicuously displayed in his history. The word of truth has been applied to his heart with almighty power; and all opposition and difficulty and fear of consequences have vanished instantly.

The means by which he seems to have been awakened was a sermon from Rev. iii. 20: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." I felt much while speaking, on account of those at whose door Christ had been as it were knocking for years, but who refused to admit him. In the evening, after service, he came to my study, looked very strange for a few moments, and then burst into tears, and wept most bitterly. I began to inquire the reason, afraid to hope that it arose from any spiritual cause. He began by saying, "The word of God makes all things manifest; this word I have long heard; I have been convinced of its truth, but I have been endeavouring to hide and stifle my convictions. Christ has long been knocking at my heart, and I have refused to admit him; but I can now resist no longer. What must I do to be saved?" O, those words, which were indicative of the anguish of his soul, were the sweetest sounds (from a Heathen) which had saluted my ears ever since I left my native land. I referred him to the words of Paul and Silas to the jailer, with which he is familiar: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "And can I be saved by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Undoubtedly." "Then henceforth may he be my only Lord and Saviour." After some more conversation, I commended him in prayer to that compassionate Saviour, who, I trusted, had effectually knocked at the door of his heart, mingling my tears of adoring gratitude with his of distress, and, I trust, true contrition.

On the succeeding day he collected his boys around him; (in number fifteen;) told them of the change which he had experienced in his mind; his regret that he should so often have been sinfully angry with them, and have used improper words in scold-

ing them ; exhorted them seriously to consider their state, and prayed with them. The next day his father and sister came. With them he talked and prayed, by which they were affected, and wept. He sent a message by them to his relatives, to abstain from working on the Sabbath, and from worshipping the idols, till he should come home. During the week he was desirous of going home, but circumstances prevented him. On Monday, in the next week, he asked to go home, but said nothing to me of the reason of it. When he came back on the next day, I learned that he had been home for the purpose of burning his idol-gods.

The first time I conversed with him, after burning his idols, when I asked him if it was the case, his answer powerfully reminded me of Hosea xiv. 8, although he had never seen it : "As I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, what should I do with idols any longer ?" He is now in his twenty-fifth year, and we entertain the hope that he may have been called, not merely to get to heaven himself, but to be an instrument in drawing others thither also.



JUVENILE CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S OFFERING.

THE time is approaching when our young friends will be again called upon to give of their own money, and to collect contributions from others, for the support of the Missions. We trust that all our readers will both give and collect on that occasion. We have had many letters, telling us how much pleasure our young friends have taken in this good work, in past years, and the great encouragement they met with. As a specimen, we add one from Mr. Rayner, and one from Mr. Kay, of Bury, in Lancashire. The Cards and Addresses will be issued as soon as possible, and each Collector will probably have presented a Missionary Catechism, originally written by a Clergyman in Ireland, and now, by some additions, adapted to the circumstances of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

THE endeavours of the children in this town to obtain Christmas Offerings have been pleasing : one boy obtained 12s., and some of the subscriptions were from parties who, in all probability, would not have given to any one else.

Workington, Cumberland.

MOSES RAYNER.

THE juvenile subscriptions have been attended in Bury with a very gratifying result. On the Sunday previous to New-Year's Day, a friend of the Missionary cause, and officer of the Sabbath-school, introduced the state of the Missionary Society's difficulties, to the notice of the Sabbath-scholars, most of the children of the congregation being in the Sabbath-school; and concluded by stating that all the children who took a Card should have a claim upon him for the first penny. A Superintendent of the school, and one of the Teachers, placed themselves in the same position, and the consequence was that about one hundred and fifteen children requested to have Cards, entered with the deepest interest into the matter, and employed most diligently the New-Year's Day for filling up their Cards for the Missionary cause.

The Sunday afternoon following was devoted with the greatest interest and in perfect order, to receive the Cards, and in the communication of such Missionary information as was in accordance with the Sabbath-day. On adding up the amount for one week, it was found to be £8. 13s. 3d., the total from Bury being £9. 4s. 3d. On a reference to the instructions for conducting this juvenile effort, it was found that they had been exceeded, as it is there proposed to confine the effort to children of seat-holders. Had this been observed, however, several pounds less would have been raised, the children denied what proved to them a great pleasure and suitable occupation for the New-Year's Day, and, in all likelihood, without benefiting any one; while, on the other hand, it is probable that no circumstance ever contributed to interest the children in the Missionary cause equal to this, whilst adults seemed much pleased with the zeal and boldness of the youthful beggars.

Bury, January 10th, 1844.

JAMES C. KAY.

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THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

DECEMBER, 1844.

ASTROLOGICAL SUPERSTITIONS OF THE
SINGHALESE.

MOST of your readers will recollect, that in the island of Ceylon there is a system of *demon worship* which prevails to a very considerable extent among all classes of the natives. The belief is all but universal, that there exists an order of beings, whom they designate *Yakun*, commonly called in English "devils," but perhaps more properly answering to the *daimonia* of the Greeks. Although they do not resemble in all respects the lost spirits of revelation, yet they are understood to be degraded intelligences of malignant dispositions. They are believed to possess, and constantly to exert, amazing power in the infliction of diseases, and other calamities, on the human race. Under this belief, the natives have recourse to the worship of these demons in cases of personal affliction; especially and invariably is this done when the disease assumes a threatening aspect, and is likely to elude the skill of the physician. The fact is, that when the disease may appear to have gone beyond the reach of medicine, the doctors of Ceylon generally pronounce it to be a *yaka-leda*, a disease inflicted by some demon or other. They will sometimes go so far as to say by what particular demon it is inflicted. To appease this demon, public, and not unfrequently private, ceremonies are performed. The following account gives a brief outline of a ceremony, on behalf of a woman who had been afflicted for more than a year with dropsy, and on whom the care of several doctors had been expended in vain. The first thing that was seen on entering the place, was a large hurdle, made of bamboo, and covered with clay, so

as to have a smooth surface. On this were placed images of pretty large dimensions, of nine planets, the Sun, the Moon, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, the Earth, and *Rāhu*.*

Besides these, there were also several images of gods and goddesses, whose position in the group was very prominent. The image of a female occupied the chief place in the centre. On her right and on her left were two monstrous-looking creatures, with immensely large eyes, and largely projecting noses; and out of their mouth two large tusks, like those of a boar, bent towards the ears in a semicircular form. Above the head of this frightful being two other images were placed, horrible in the extreme; and under the feet was seen a small figure of a female. The woman on whose behalf the ceremony was performed sat on a mat spread on the floor, and just in front of the images. During the whole of the time occupied by the astrologer in reciting his incantations, she was directed to fix her eyes upon the images, which, to make the look more direct and steady, were placed in a reclining position, immediately in front of her. A man, half naked, was placed behind the images, and employed himself in beating

* The Budhic account of *Rāhu* is somewhat remarkable. He is supposed to be a living being. According to the mythology of the Buddhists, *Rāhu* was a noted *Asura*, inhabiting *Pātāla*, or the *Nāgalōka*. When the gods assembled to churn the sea for the purpose of producing the *nectar*, or water of life, *Rāhu* secretly conveyed himself to the spot, and surreptitiously obtained a draught of the life-giving element, by virtue of which he became immortal. The Sun and the Moon, who were present on this occasion, as overlookers or guards of the immortal *nectar*, reported this to *Vishnu*, who instantly severed the body of *Rāhu* in two. But *Vishnu* was too late in his attempts to take away his life; for, in consequence of having drunk of the *nectar*, he had become immortal, and though cut in two, his head and trunk retained a separate and independent existence; and the head being transferred to the north, and the tail, *Kétu*, to the south, they became the ascending and descending *nodes*. They still retained revengeful feelings towards the Sun and Moon for the report they took to *Vishnu*, and at certain seasons he attempts to destroy them; and this he does by seizing them in his mouth. To this the Budhic system attributes the eclipse of both those planets.

the *tomtom*, or drum, of a singularly maddening sound, while the astrologer and his assistant were engaged in reciting their invocations to the demons. While doing this he also danced in the wildest and most frantic manner, all the time holding in his hands lighted torches, which he brandished about with singular agility. This part of the ceremony took place in the presence of the images, and close to the poor woman. While the astrologers were thus employed, the afflicted woman was seen holding in her hand a lime-fruit or lemon, round which a small thread was tied; the other end of which was fastened to the crown which stood on the head of the uppermost image. A near relative stood close by her side, with the flower of the areca-nut tree in his hand, from which at the end of each verse of the incantation he broke off small bits, and threw them into a vessel of brass filled with water, which was placed near the woman's feet. Limes also, a cocoa-nut, betel leaves, &c., were seen near her feet. Each of the planets was invoked to avert or turn away any evil influence that might be resting upon the woman. The invocation was uttered in several forms and in several languages,—Pāli, Tamul, and Sanscrit; and although neither the astrologer nor those around him could understand what was repeated, it was done with much earnestness and vociferation. The ceremony continued for a length of time, and was kept up with great spirit, as if the object of it were to frighten the dropsy out of the woman.

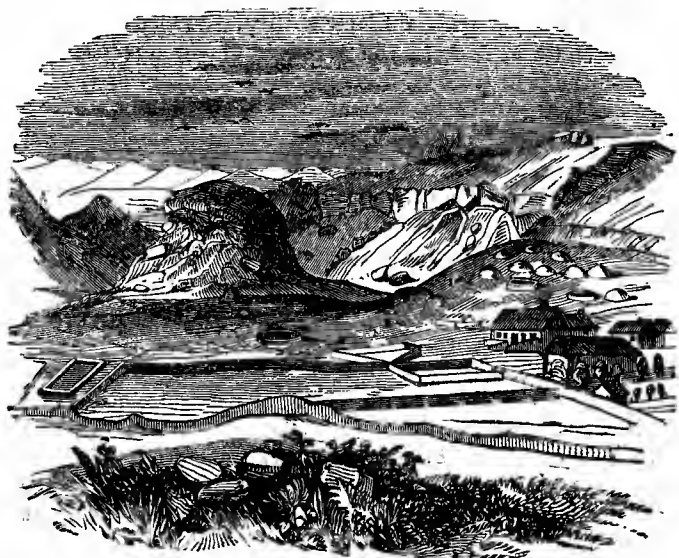
By this time your readers will be anxious to know if these devilish performances answered the end which was sought. The answer must be given in the negative. So far from this being the case, they not unfrequently accelerate the progress of the complaint, and death comes sooner than it would otherwise do. I hope your youthful readers will do all in their power at the approaching Christmas holidays, to assist in sending the Gospel to the awfully-depraved and guilty Singhalese; some of whom, blessed be God, have already been "converted from the power of Satan unto God."

Northwich, Nov. 1st, 1844.

THOMAS KILNER.

MISSION-HOUSE AND CHAPEL, UMPUKANI.

THE Mission-House and chapel at Umpukani are under one roof ; they form a commodious, neat building, of raw brick, and are white-washed, as are also the out-buildings.



MISSION-HOUSE AND CHAPEL, UMPUKANI.

The fruit-trees in the garden were the most grown of any we saw on this side of the Orange River. At a short distance from the Station, there is a remarkable hill, with a rock projecting from one side, and a rocky cap ; under the latter, there is a horizontal cavern, scarcely fifteen inches high. In this place, there are the remains of several skeletons, which, not many years ago, were entire ; they seem to have been those of persons who had taken refuge here, in time of war, and who were prevented from coming out again, by their enemies placing stones before the opening of the cave. When the Missionaries first came hither, the country around was strewed with human bones : though many of them have been washed into the rivers by floods, numbers are yet to be seen, in many

places, proving the devastation of human life in the wars of by-gone days.—*Backhouse's Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa.*

MISSIONARY GEMS FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE REV. RICHARD WATSON.

STATE OF THE HEATHEN WORLD.

THE Heathen have turned the "truth of God into a lie;" their religious opinions are composed of absurd fables; and the principles of morality, being left without support, have been all borne down by the tide of sensual appetite and ungoverned passion. Ignorance the most profound, imaginations the most extravagant, and crimes the most daring, have ever characterized the "world which lies in" the power of "the wicked one." But though all this be awfully true, it is not on these circumstances that we would principally fix your attention. There is another and more alarming truth to be told. The heathen world is *judicially dead*, under the wrath and curse of Almighty God. The law which they have violated turns the edge of the sword of justice against them; the conscience which they have abused renders them miserable in their crimes; and as death expels their myriads from this state of being, they appear before that God of judgment who hath said, "The abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, shall have their part in the burning lake, which is the second death."

Were these solemn truths well fixed in our minds, they would stand in the place of a volume of argument to induce us to support Missionary institutions. They would burst at once the bands of selfishness, and "draw out our souls" to them who are perishing for lack of knowledge. The contemplation of the imminent danger of so great a portion of our fellow-men would melt the frigidness of our natures, and cause our affections to flow forth in strong prayers, and still stronger exertions, in behalf of our brethren in distant lands, who have "forgotten the God of their salvation, and have not been mindful of the rock of their strength."

**BAPTISM OF A BRAHMAN YOUTH IN THE FREE-
CHURCH MISSION-HOUSE, MADRAS, ON THE
FORENOON OF FRIDAY THE 29TH OF MARCH,
1844.**

VISWANAUTHUN is a Brahman youth of nineteen, and of a respectable family. He entered the Institution some months before the first baptisms in 1841, was removed from it at that time with many others, but eventually found his way back, we trust, to his soul's salvation.

Somewhat more than a fortnight before his baptism, he was led to open his heart to his Teacher and to one of the Missionaries on a subject which had of late engrossed much of his thoughts, and with which, as he now tells us, his mind had been occupied at intervals for nearly a year. This momentous subject was the perishing state of his soul, and how he, an idolater and a sinner, could be just with God. "What must I do to be saved?" was a pressing question with him, especially as the time of his deliverance drew near, a question that, he confessed, gave him no rest in his bed. Under the pressure of these convictions he opened his mind to one of the Missionaries, and made a full confession of his guilt with great apparent self-loathing and sincerity; and, thus labouring and heavy laden, he was made willing to roll the burden of his sins on Christ Jesus. The precious blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin, seemed so applied to his conscience by the Spirit as to afford him present relief. The burden he felt to be taken off. The snare of Satan was broken, and his soul got free and escaped.

From this time forth he desired openly to put on Christ by baptism, and without delay to come out and be separate from the pollutions of Heathenism. He seemed to look back with horror into the fearful pit from which he had made his escape, and trembled and was afraid lest he should again fall back into it. But that there might be no undue haste, he was told to count the cost, and to consider well, as in God's sight, the step he was about to take.

He returned home and set himself to weigh and judge of the difficulties with the word of God as his guide. Some days before his baptism, his mind seemed fully made up. "God has given me strength," he said to one of the Missionaries, "now to confess Christ by baptism. This I feel to be the time for my doing so. If I miss it, I think I will be lost. He has given me strength." He uttered this with a tone and manner which seemed to say, "Why can I not be baptized to-day?" Still duty required that the sincerity of this desire, strong as it seemed, should be further tested. The safety of his own soul, the honour of Christ and the Gospel, and the interests of many other youths

reading the word of life in the Institution, imperatively required this caution.

Viswanauthun was now left alone, that he might have time for farther reflection, and he spent the most of the day in reading and meditating on the word of God.

About four in the afternoon his father, a respectable-looking elderly Brahman, came to the Institution, asking for his son. He was requested to come up stairs, and he would see him; and now, in the presence of the Missionaries, Mr. Hutton, the Assistant-Teacher, and the three first native converts, Viswanauthun's fiery trial began. Immediately upon entering, the father sat down at one end of the table, his son being seated at the other end. The conversation was carried on between them in Tamil. It is very interesting, but too long for insertion here.

Mr. Anderson, addressing the father, said, "Your son Viswanauthun came to us of his own accord and asked for baptism. He came for the same purpose some time ago, and was sent home to count the cost. All the people in Madras know that the great object of our school is, to make known the Gospel of Christ with a view to conversion to Christianity. After hearing what your son has now said, it is plain that God has given him a heart to become a Christian, and I cannot as a Missionary of Christ refuse him baptism."

This interview continued for upwards of an hour and a half, and gave a full opportunity for testing whether Viswanauthun's love to Christ or to his father was stronger. During that night all was peace. He willingly broke his caste, by sitting down and eating with the Missionaries and the converts.

Early next morning he was exposed to a new trial. His mother and other female relatives came to the Institution seeking to see him, and their piercing cries and wailings made the tears gush from his eyes. But the Lord strengthened him.

This morning (Friday) he took off his *poita*, (Brahman's sacred thread,) and quietly prepared himself for baptism.

As he had now stood two great trials, and as the native community were beginning to be excited, the Missionaries of the Free-Church thought it their duty to go forward. As a proof that he was ready, Viswanauthun caused his *coadamay* (lock of hair on the crown of the head) to be cut off; and after privately expressing the grounds of his purpose to be a Christian to A. F. Bruce, Esq., and W. Glover, Esq., he was conducted into the hall of the Institution, now filled with the Monitors and the most advanced youths, in order to receive the ordinance of baptism.

It was a touching and solemn scene. The Heathen threatening without; the officers of justice coming with a warrant for his instant appearance before the Police Magistrates, (one of them a Heathen,) on a false charge of *misdemeanour* preferred by

his father ; so many young intelligent and anxious faces soon to be cut off from the word of life and their Teachers, the three first steadfast converts looking on with a chastened joy, and a soul, to all human appearance, passed from death unto life—a soul from among the Priests—made it a day much to be remembered.

Viswanauthun fully declared his belief in the doctrines of the Bible,—his personal conviction of sin, thence derived,—his persuasion of the absolute necessity of a Saviour, if he would escape eternal ruin,—his full reliance on the grace of God through Christ,—and his earnest desire to become a member of the Christian church. For every article of his faith he adduced Scripture-warrant, proving that he understood and could apply the sacred precepts. Being repeatedly asked whether all that he had done and was doing were voluntary, and not the effect of influence used by others, he gave such clear and ready response, that neither we nor the other witnesses could doubt the perfect freedom of his will, or the present sincerity of his purpose.

The convert was then presented before the assembled native pupils of the Institution, and once more interrogated as to his new faith, the ground whereon it rested, and the desire for baptism to which it had given rise. His answers were simple and touching : he spoke in the presence of his heathen companions, as one who had learned the truth, and by it desired to be made free, alone could speak ; and having so done, cast down his once-hallowed Brahman thread, and was, after suitable exhortation and prayer, admitted into the visible church. Just after the conclusion of the baptismal rite, the youth was required to appear before the Magistrates at the Police Office, on a charge of misdemeanour, falsely preferred against him by his father. In obedience to his summons, he went thither, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Anderson, and A. F. Bruce, Esq., and being there confronted with his heathen parents, and interrogated as to his own wishes on the subject of leaving them for the sake of truth, he plainly asserted the perfect freedom of his actions, and expressed a firm resolve, forsaking idolatry and departing from those who would have staid him in it, to obey the law and associate himself only with the servants of Christ. Having ascertained his sentiments, the Bench very properly permitted the convert to return with Mr. Anderson, which he did joyfully ; being, however, with some difficulty extricated from the hands of his heathen relations, who strove to bear him off with violence.

His conduct, since receiving the baptismal sacrament, has been such as becomes his profession ; and those who were the honoured instruments of his conversion are by it warranted in cherishing a lively hope, that another true seal of their ministry among the Heathen has indeed been added to them. We earnestly trust that the fruit of their devoted labours may become speedily more

apparent in such a shaking of the dry bones as shall terminate in the vivification not of one or two scholars only, but of a great multitude.—*Madras Native Herald, April 13th, 1844.*

IMPROVED CIVILIZATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE Hottentots are not yet sufficiently advanced in civilization to be cleanly. Whether living in cottages or in mat-huts, the few who have acquired cleanly habits, are exceptions to the general rule. They commonly sit upon the ground, so that their ordinary clothing is much soiled. Most of them, however, at Missionary Stations, have better clothes of Manchester cottons, reserved for particular occasions. The language, "Shake thyself from the dust; put on thy beautiful garments," may be addressed to them literally, as an exhortation to prepare for public worship. In their chapels, on First-days, they are universally attired in their best.—*Backhouse's Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa.*

TUPE OF RAROTONGA.

FAR away in the southern part of the world, in the midst of wide seas, many beautiful little islands are found. Their shores are lined with coral rocks; over the valleys the bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, and palm-trees, spread their boughs; and around the high mountains, vast numbers of most beautiful birds are seen flying, with their golden, green, and purple wings. These pleasant little spots are called the South-Sea Islands. The people who live in them were once all idolaters; but the word of salvation has been carried to them, and many are now Christians.

Tupe was a Chief in an island called Rarotonga. Before the Missionaries went to his land, he was active in the service of vain idols; but when he heard the Gospel, he believed it, threw away his false gods, and worked hard to build the first house of the Lord that was raised where he lived.

There were some who did not love Tupe, because he left the worship of the idols; and they set fire to his house when he was asleep. His house was burned down; but

God watched over him, and saved him. The fire caught the chapel, which was next door to Tupe's house, and that was also destroyed. "O Teacher," he said, "the book of God is consumed! My house, my property, never regard; but O, my book, my book! and O the house of God!"

The next morning, he called a meeting of the Chiefs. "See," said he, "the house of God in ruins! what shall we do?" "Build it again," they replied. "Yes, friends, that very good; when shall we begin?" "To-morrow," they cheerfully added. "Teacher," he said to the Missionary, "be not cast down; let them burn, we will build: we will tire them out; but, Teacher, do not leave this wicked place." At sun-rise the next morning, Tupe and his friends were seen with their axes on their shoulders, on the way to the mountains, to cut wood, to build another chapel.

Tupe loved the house of God; but, at length, he was too ill to go there. He was visited by the Missionary. "Ah!" he said, "it is the will of God my seat in his house should be empty. Here I sit, and hear the people sing; and O, I wish to be there. I give myself to prayer. God is with me: he will not forsake me."

At another time, he said, "Two portions of the word of God afford me much delight: that in Isaiah, 'Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off:' and the words of the Apostle Paul, 'Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.' I have no dread of death. Christ is my refuge." Then, in a little time, he added, "Salvation is all of grace, through the blood of Christ." "In our Father's house we shall meet again," said his Teacher. "Yes, we shall meet in glory." "No more to part." "No, to be for ever with Christ: I long to be with him. I have done with the world: what remains is to set all in order, and think of the cause of Christ."

Again the Missionary went to see him. "How is it with your soul?" "All is well." "Do you find your Saviour your support in death?" "He is." "Is the path-way clear?" "No obstruction; the way is clear." "Have you any fear?" "None; Christ is mine. I

desire to see him, and be with him. I go, you remain. I am going to God. I have done with the world : we have been long companions, now we part. It is painful ; but the Lord's will be done." Some water was given him to drink, when he said, "I shall soon drink of the water of life." He said much more to encourage his Teacher, and to instruct his family, and then he died.

Had it not been for Missions, Tupe would have lived without God, and died without hope. Let the account of his life and happy death lead us to love the Gospel more, and increase our zeal in sending it to the Heathen.

SOUTH-AFRICAN ELOQUENCE.

MOSHESH on the previous day had made many inquiries respecting the aborigines of Australia, to whom he now alluded, making some remarks on their destitute state, and on the practice of some of them who decorate themselves with feathers, and of those of Van-Diemen's Land, who had not even garments of skin. He began by addressing his father and a subordinate Chief. His speech, as nearly as it could be translated, was as follows :—"Rejoice, ye Macare and Mocatchani ! ye rulers of cities, rejoice ! We have all reason to rejoice, on account of the news we have heard. There are a great many sayings among men ; and among them, some are true, and some are false ; but the false have remained with us, and multiplied : we ought, therefore, to pick up carefully the truths we hear, lest they should be lost in the rubbish of lies. We are told that we have all been created by one Being, and that we all sprang from one man. Sin entered man's heart when he ate the forbidden fruit, and we have got sin from him. These men say that they have sinned ; and what is sin in them, is sin in us, because we came from one stock, and their hearts and ours are one thing. Thou, Macare, hast heard these words, and thou sayest they are lies. You that are grown in years, are the great men to us ; therefore we look to you ; but if these words do not conquer, the fault will lie with you. You say you will not believe what you do not understand. Look at an egg ! if a man break it, there comes

only a watery and yellow substance out of it ; but if it be placed under the wings of a fowl, there comes a living thing from it. Who can understand this? Who ever knew how the heat of the hen produced the chicken in the egg? This is incomprehensible to us ; yet we do not deny the fact. Let us do like the hen. Let us place these truths in our hearts, as the hen does the eggs under her wings : let us sit upon them, and take the same pains, and something new will come of them.”—*Backhouse’s Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa.*

THOUGHTFULNESS IN A CHILD.

THE Rev. J. S. visited a little girl who was sick, and who was a scholar in a Sunday-School in Manchester, and was very happy in the love of God. A short time before she died, she called her mother to her, and requested her to look in the cupboard, and she would find a little bag. She did so, and gave it to her child ; when she said, “Mother, it is the Missionary Meeting to-day ; and I want you to take this little bag, and give it to Mr. S., and tell him I have sent it to help to send the Gospel to poor black children.” She then put her hands together, and, lifting up her eyes, exclaimed, “Lord, bless poor black children !” and continued to do so until she died. On opening the bag, it was found to contain two shillings and six-pence, the savings of this little girl, (only eight years of age,) unknown to her mother.

Undoubtedly it may gratify your young readers to know, that there are many of these “poor black children” who are in connexion with the church of Christ, are the subjects of the grace of God, and have the “peace of God which passeth all understanding.” These are made acquainted with the exertions of the rising generation at home, and while tears of gratitude roll down their cheeks, they call upon God to bless their juvenile benefactors.

Grateful-Hill, Jamaica, July 8th.

T. BURROWS.

PERILOUS SITUATION, AND PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE, OF TWO MISSIONARIES.

(Concluded from page 168.)

THE Esquimaux now began to build a snow-house, about thirty paces from the beach ; and about nine o’clock at night all of them crept into it, thankful for such a place of refuge, wretched as it was. Before entering it, they once more turned their eyes to the sea, and beheld with horror, mingled with gratitude, the enormous waves driving furiously before the wind, like so many huge castles, and approaching the shore, where, with tremendous noise,

they dashed against the rocks, foaming, and filling the air with the spray. The whole company now took supper; and, after singing a hymn, they lay down to rest about ten o'clock. The Esquimaux were soon fast asleep; but Liebisch, the Missionary, could get no rest, partly on account of the dreadful roaring of the storm, and partly from severe pain. Both the brethren, indeed, were engaged in thinking of their late most merciful deliverance; and they mingled with their thanksgivings prayer for still further relief.

The wakefulness of the Missionaries proved the deliverance of the whole party from destruction. About two o'clock in the morning, Liebisch perceived some drops of salt-water fall from the roof of the snow-house on his lips. Though rather alarmed on tasting it, he lay quiet till the dropping became more frequent; and then, just as he was about to give the alarm, a tremendous surf, all of a sudden, broke close to the house, and discharged a quantity of water into it; a second quickly followed, and carried away the slab of snow which was placed as a door before the entrance. The brethren immediately cried to the Esquimaux to rise, and quit the place. Alarmed at the call, they jumped up in an instant: one of them, with a large knife, cut a passage through the side of the house; and each seizing some part of the baggage, threw it out on a higher part of the beach. They all immediately retreated to a neighbouring eminence; but scarcely had they reached it, when an enormous wave carried away the whole of the house.

Thus they were a second time delivered from the most imminent danger of destruction; but yet they suffered great distress during the remaining part of the night, as it was scarcely possible to stand against the wind, the sleet, and the snow. Before the dawn of day, the Esquimaux cut a hole in the snow, to screen the two Missionaries, the woman, and the child. Liebisch, however, could not bear the closeness of the air, and was obliged to sit at the entrance, where they covered him with skins, to keep him warm, as the pain in his throat was extremely severe. As soon as it was light, they built another snow-house, about eight feet square, and six or seven feet high; yet still their situation was by no means comfortable.

The Missionaries had taken but a small stock of provisions with them,—one merely sufficient for the journey to Okkak. Joel, his wife and child, and Kassigiak the sorcerer, had nothing. They were obliged, therefore, to divide the small stock into daily portions, especially as there appeared no hope of soon quitting this place, or reaching any dwellings. Only two ways were left for this purpose,—either to attempt the land-passage across the wild and unfrequented mountain of Kiglapeit, or to wait for a new ice-track over the sea, which it would require time to form. They therefore resolved to serve out no more than a biscuit and a

half per day to each. The Missionaries remained in the snow-house, and every day endeavoured to boil so much water over their lamps as might supply them with two cups of coffee a-piece. Through mercy, they were preserved in good health; and, quite unexpectedly, brother Liebisch recovered from his sore-throat on the first day. The Esquimaux also kept up their spirits; and even Kassigiak, though a wild Heathen, declared that it was proper to be thankful that they were still alive; adding, that if they had remained a little longer on the ice yesterday, all their bones would have been broken in a short time.

Towards noon of the 13th, the weather cleared up; and the sea was seen, as far as the eye could reach, quite clear and free from ice. Mark and Joel went up the hill to reconnoitre; and returned with the disagreeable news, that not a single piece of ice was to be seen in any direction, and that it had been forced away even from the coast at Nuasornak; they were therefore of opinion, that they could do nothing but force their way across the mountain of Kiglapeit.

Towards evening some flakes of ice were observed driving towards the coast; and on the 14th, in the morning, the sea was covered with them; but the weather being very stormy, the Esquimaux could not quit the snow-house, which made them very low-spirited and melancholy. Kassigiak suggested that it would be well to attempt to make good weather; by which he meant, to practise his art as a sorcerer. This the Missionaries opposed; telling him, that his heathenish practices were of no use, but that the weather would become favourable as soon as it should please God. Still it continued extremely boisterous, and the Esquimaux were ready to sink under their disappointment. They, however, possessed one advantage,—the power of going to sleep when they pleased; for, if need be, these people sleep for days and nights together.

Meanwhile, the brethren at Nain, and especially the wives of the two Missionaries, were thrown into a state of the utmost alarm, on account of the travellers. During the storm, they had felt considerable apprehension for their safety, though it was by no means so violent in that quarter, as the coast is there protected by islands. The Esquimaux, however, who had met them, and had warned them of the ground-swell in their obscure, ambiguous manner, now threw out hints of their inevitable destruction. One of them, to whom either Liebisch or Turner was indebted for some article of dress, came to the wife of the Missionary, and said, he should be glad of payment for the work. "Wait a little," answered she; "when my husband returns, he will settle it with you; for I am unacquainted with the bargain between you." "Samuel and William," replied the Esquimaux, "will return no more to Nain." "How? not return! What makes you say so?" After some pause, he replied, in a low tone of

voice, "Samuel and William are no more: all their bones are broken, and in the stomachs of the sharks." So certain was he of their destruction, that it was with difficulty he was prevailed on to wait their return. He could not believe it possible that they could have escaped the storm, considering the course they were pursuing.

While these circumstances were transpiring, the two brethren were in no small distress how they should escape from their present dreary situation. The weather had now cleared; and the sea, as far as the eye could reach, was so completely free from ice, that not a morsel was to be seen. They were also in such straits for provisions, that the Esquimaux one day ate an old sack made of fish-skin; and the next, they began to devour a filthy, worn-out skin which had served them for a mattress. Moreover, the roof of the snow-house was melted by the warm exhalation of the inhabitants; and as this occasioned a continual dropping, every thing, by degrees, was so soaked with water, that there was not a dry thread about them, nor a dry place on which to lie.

But, meanwhile, the sea had begun to freeze, and in a short time it acquired a considerable degree of solidity. The Esquimaux belonging to the other sledge now resolved to pursue their journey to Okkak; while the brethren, after remaining six days in this miserable place, set off to return to Nain. Their Esquimaux driver ran all the way round the promontory of Kiglapeit before the sledge, to find a good track; and, after travelling about three hours, they reached the bay, and so were out of danger. Here they made a meal of the remainder of their provisions; and then proceeded on their journey, without again stopping, till about twelve at night, when they reached Nain, to the great joy of the settlement, and particularly of their own families.



A DUEL PREVENTED BY A MISSIONARY MEETING.

Two gentlemen falling into a dispute, words ran high, and a challenge to fight a duel was given and accepted. It was not known to the Missionary, who had arranged for a Missionary Meeting that same day, and had invited both these gentlemen to be present, they being accustomed to attend the chapel. They both appeared on the platform, and took a part in the arrangements of the evening. The Meeting gave very general satisfaction; and these, among the rest, were highly pleased. When they met afterwards, it was mutually agreed that their *meeting*, which had been only postponed that they might avail themselves of the opportunity to attend the Missionary Meeting, should be given up; for they could not think of meeting for such a purpose after having been so much better engaged.

How much benefit indirectly, and of a secondary character, results from the introduction of the Gospel into foreign lands! What a testimony to the purity and benevolence of the Christian religion is the above! If cordially received, if universally diffused, if individually improved, then would man find nothing in man but a friend and a brother. "Follow peace with all men; and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." "If any man love not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" Christian Missions are designed to spread these truths throughout the world. God smiles upon them, and already much good is resulting.

JONATHAN CADMAN.

JUVENILE SYMPATHY.

A LITTLE girl, about eight years of age, having heard that there were many distressed widows and fatherless children in New-foundland, where one of her aunts, a Missionary's wife, resides, requested permission to go and beg some clothing to send to them. She was asked, "Where will you go, Emily?" Her answer was, "I will go from house to house, if I can do no other way." Her request having been granted, she instantly set about the work, and succeeded in obtaining many useful articles of clothing, which are now, in all probability, on their way to New-foundland.

Many young persons might do the same among their friends and neighbours. And how thankful the poor little children on Mission Stations would be to receive such presents, sent to them, through the Missionaries, by thoughtful little boys and girls in England! It is likely that those who receive these presents would pray to God to bless their kind friends every time they put on the frock, or shoes, or stockings, or any other article which has been sent to them.

Perhaps my young readers will try to do as little Emily has done; and there is no doubt they will meet with as great success.

W. C.

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